

A GUIDE
TO STORY TELLING

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TO ALL WHO TRY TO
EDUCATE BY THE TOLD STORY:
TO FATHERS, MOTHERS, ELDER SISTERS
AND OTHER TEACHERS
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

PREFACE

THIS book is not written for the expert, or for the scholar, or for the academy; but rather for the workaday teacher, the father, the mother, or elder sister, who is willing to take some pains and can get at a library or at a friend's collection of books. The library is often disappointing, for there are so few books and so many readers. The great libraries never mock us, but we find it difficult to visit them.

I have given a wide meaning to "story," for I would have it include all suitable material, from history, literature, science; indeed, from all books and all life; but the meaning I have given to story-telling is very strictly narrowed. It means in this book the telling of story by the human voice without book. I protest against the modern misuse of the term. Flaubert and Stevenson and Stockton were story-writers, not story-tellers.

The background of story-telling, therefore, consists in careful study of the possibilities of our own voices; in a certain amount of acting; in verbal memory; in some literary skill; in continual reference to our own collections of story. It is in the details of this background that English story-tellers are so often weak.

Coaching for story-tellers is at present almost unknown; but it is a very important desideratum for all who are concerned with the training of children. If it were part of the speaker's training—as it was in former days—books like the present one would not be asked for. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any book can teach any art.

Still, I hope this book may encourage the working teacher, who perhaps does not realize how much nearer simple people are to success than are the learned. It is probable that the child within his limits, the factory hand, the working man and woman, have a much better acquaintance with the possibilities of cadence, gesture, stress, than have the educated. Dare

I say that the story-teller has to go to the uneducated to learn his art ?

In any case, the subject is vital. All good biographies stress the value of told story.

I am indebted to the following authors and publishers for permission to include in this book passages in which copyright is extant—

Messrs. H. R. Allenson—"Sing a Song of Sixpence," from *In the Land of Nursery Rhyme*, by A. Marzials (Mrs. Angus).

Messrs. Brietkopf & Härtel, Leipzig—Three stories from *Traumereien an französischen Kaminen*, by R. von Volkmann-Leander. The stories are, "The Heavenly Harmony," "The Three Sisters with Glass Hearts," and "The Invisible Kingdom"; for the translation of the first two I am indebted to Mrs. Spedan Lewis. The reader will find many useful stories in this book and in *Die Schwartz Tante und Märchen*, by Kirchbach, also published by Messrs. Brietkopf and Hartel.

Messrs. Douglas & Foulis—"An Acadian Schoolmaster" (a shortened chapter from *Madame Delphine*, by G. W. Cable).

The proprietors of *Harper's Magazine*—"A Plantation Funeral," by Miss I. Cabell. I have also to thank the authoress for permission given many years ago.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Trubner—Extracts from *Tales of Ancient Greece*, by G. W. Cox. Also, "The Rise of a City," from *Progress and Poverty*, by Henry George.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.—"The Indian Alcestis," from *Cradle Tales of Hinduism*, by Sister Nivedita.

Messrs. Macmillan—Extract from *English Literature to the Norman Conquest*, by Stopford A. Brooke. Also, Extract from *The Heroes of Asgard*, by A. and E. Keary.

Mr. John Murray—"Plash Lane," from *Freedom*, by G. W. Young.

The editor of *Révue Pédagogique*—"A Roman Boy," by M. Maynial.

Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York—*The Humming Top*, a translation from the German by Blanche Willis Howard.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson—Extract from Collier's *English Literature*.

Mr. Robert Stock—A few short stories from the *Book of Noodles*, by W. A. Clouston.

The Theosophical Publishing House (and the author, Michael Wood)—*The Dream Garden* (abridged).

The editor of the *Weekly Westminster*—"The Magic Gareoscutis," by Miss M. K. Atkinson.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

THERE are many names of books quoted in the text. Here I give but a few, but it will be found that, if properly consulted, these books will lead to all the information required. It has not been thought necessary to refer to many foreign untranslated books.

BOOKS CONTAINING LISTS OF BOOKS AND WRITERS. Sonnen-schein's *Reader's Guide*, now in 3 vols; *Current Catalogue*, in 3 vols. (Whitaker); Subject Indexes of Large Libraries (British Museum, London Library, L.C.C. Library); *Teacher's Bookshelf* (published Students' Union); *Contemporary British Literature*, by Manly and Ruckert (Harrap).

BOOKS CONTAINING ABSTRACTS OF BOOKS, AND REFERENCE BOOKS. Dunlop's *History of Fiction* (Bell, 2 vols.); Brewer's *Phrase and Fable*; Brewer's *Reader's Handbook*; Keller's *Digest of Books* (a very valuable compilation); Smith's *Classical Mythology* (3 vols.); Spence's *Dictionary of Romance*.

BOOKS ON THE ART OF STORY-TELLING. Consult in catalogues the names of Cather, Lynam, St. John, Shedlock, Partridge, Bone, Bryant. Miss Shedlock's book contains long and useful lists.

COLLECTIONS OF STORIES. (a) *For Little Children*—Bryant, Coe, Marzials; Blackie's *New Systematic Readers*. (b) *For Children*—Clouston, Croker, *Contes de toutes les Nations*, Ewing, Jacobs, *Littératures Populaires*, Molesworth, Nivedita, Keary, A. and E., North's *Plutarch*, *Pentamerone*, Sorabji, Stockton, Harris, J. C. (c) *For Adults*—Blackwood, A., Coppée, Daudet, France, A., Galsworthy, Hearn, Housman, Jack London, Novelists (especially Scott).

BOOKS IN WHICH STORIES MAY BE FOUND EMBEDDED. *Indian Romances* of F. W. Bain; Bible; *Don Quixote*; *Hakluyt's Voyages*; Herodotus; *Kalila and Dimnah*; *Notes and Queries*; Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Longfellow (and indeed nearly all poets).

STORY TELLING

INTRODUCTION

I

NEED FOR STORY

WHATEVER the "new educator" may say in disparagement of story and story-telling, the practical person knows that they are a necessity, and a welcome necessity, for the child. The day may come when they will be forbidden; but that day is not yet. Indeed, it may be said that, so far, they have not had a full and fair chance given them, the world of story not having been explored and the number of good story-tellers being still too few. I do not use this introduction as a means of defending story; I must assume the value of story and the value of the art of reproducing it orally.

Perhaps the most convinced writer in connection with the subject is Katherine Dunlap Cather. In her large book—*Educating by Story-Telling* (Harrap)—she frankly implies that THE TEACHER WHO CANNOT TELL A STORY IS NO TEACHER; and with this most audiences, in or out of school, would possibly agree.

Whether the educator be giving information or eliciting it, whether he be talking politics, or religion, or history, or geography, or literature, he doubles his power if he can see, describe, arrange, adorn; if he can avoid the common faults of the platform, the stage, and the pulpit; if he knows the possibilities of voice and the effects of cadence; that is, simply, if he can tell a story. Mrs. Cather writes on the rhythmic, imaginative, heroic, romantic appeal as we see it in growing children; she gives advice on the build of story and on the telling; and then she sails out and applies what she has said to literature, music, art, drama, ethics, religion; leaving for a second section, history, geography, domestic science, manual

training. If this is not throwing down the gauntlet, at all events it is an example of complete faith in story. I follow in her steps.

But this writer is only one of many who have in libraries and elsewhere tested the story; the most remarkable fact being not that we have discovered story and its unbounded influence, but that we have been so long in re-discovering it. We have all along professed to know that story-telling is Nature's way of teaching, that the method is consecrated by the Gospels, that all history, geography, literature, travel, invention, art, is story, that mankind never tires of it. All this we know, and when we reflect a little we also know that printing was invented yesterday and that all the great classics of the world were dedicated to the human voice. Even to-day the majority of adults in the world cannot read. Yet, in the face of all our own experience and all youthful memories, we are ready to acclaim the story-telling of to-day—in America and Europe—as a discovery.

It would be more to the point if we were to set to work and find out why it is that we cannot tell story as our forefathers did, or even as did our mothers, elder sisters and nurses, those half-ignored and important educators of the world.

If the matter seems to need little defence, at all events there may be room for one more practical guide. The story-teller needs help. Except those who have worked on the subject and are devoted to it, he is in the void. He knows he is surrounded by story, but he has little to choose from. If he wants a particular story, the book is out of the library, and the moment has gone; if he seeks a story on some special subject, say a diamond, a basilisk, a rose, jealousy, the sea-serpent, he spends time that he cannot spare in discovering authorities; and, after that, he has to run his story to earth. If he decides to specialize in the collection of story, then the rest of his work suffers. There is always room for practical help for the unhelped teacher. Whatever we may have done in the matter of chemistry or physics, it may be said that in the matter of providing literary apparatus the educational authorities of this country have yet to learn their A B C.

Except in a very few favoured towns and in those schools where some enthusiasts have spent their own money, the teacher and, of course, the child have to go on year after year without adequate help in books, pictures, even catalogues. If the teacher's library does happen to contain a few catalogues which tell him what to get, he is not so well off even as Tantalus, for the books he needs he cannot see ; their names are in the lists, close to his lips, but the books themselves are, oh ! so far away.

I am not at all sure that there is no way of remedying this state of affairs ; but, at present, when little attempt is made to remedy it, he who would practise the story-teller's art must make up his mind to read what he can, and sometimes by borrowing, and always by note-taking, must lay for himself a foundation of story—not despising the things that come to hand in conversation, in the daily newspaper, and even in an occasional magazine. But the reading of the world's great collections of story comes first, and this should be possible for all.

The Art.

The art of telling a story—when the teller has found the story to his mind—has been written on by many, and I hope I shall offend none when I say that the writers of these books fail for this reason—they attempt the impossible. We can no more teach story-telling by book than we can teach acting, and when we have written out our few rules (which will be found in this book, as in others) all that is of real value has been omitted. It is obvious that a few hours' coaching by a competent guide is of more worth than a dozen treatises ; the coach should be able to see the good points in a pupil at once.

Yet the books are not entirely unhelpful, and the teacher will pick up here and there a hint. Miss Bryant has dealt with stories for little children ; Miss Bone has collected a mass of information ; of Mrs. Cather I have already spoken ; E. S. Hartland, in his *Science of Fairy Tales*, has done what was much needed, in giving a picture of a Sicilian story-teller ; Mrs. Steel, in her *Tales of the Punjab*, has done the same, the hero in this case being an Indian boy ; Miss Lynam, Mr.

Partridge and Miss Shedlock—the last-named being well-known to English audiences—have all tried to communicate the incommunicable. But all these writers seem to have felt that there is little that can be said and have fallen back on the easy method of printing a few stories at length. When so many experts have not succeeded, it is not likely that success is possible, and it may be assumed that until the art is studied at first-hand, the best results will not be obtained.

The educational institutions of the country might, by very careful appointment of a few helpers, do a great deal towards removing the dearth of instruction (see *Report on English*, prepared for the Board of Education, page 25). We do not need voice-trainers ; rather we ask for voice-users, professors, who will devote time to private work in the use of speech and to demonstration of story, description, rhetoric, reading and kindred subjects. *The peripatetic helper, with his motor-cycle and side-car full of books, ready to answer questions, to advise, to read, to tell story, to exchange books, and always on the move from school to school, is, in these days of experiment, an experiment worth trying.* The books, in their neat boxes, now sent to schools are, except for the very receptive teacher, dead ; accompanied by a live man, a live woman, a live voice, they rise with the four winds in them, like the bones in the valley.

There is, however, one fact that is likely to bring comfort to the teacher who cannot get adequate training, and the fact is this. The “ gift ” of story-telling is very widely spread ; mothers, nurses, fathers, working-men in congenial company, all un-selfconscious people, children out of sight of the keeper, some few nations, possess this power, and it may be maintained that most adults once possessed it. If there be truth in this suggestion, then the educator has to recover a lost art, just as he may have to recover the naturally beautiful voice which he once had and which has been overlaid by “ the dirty devices of the world.” The story-teller needs encouragement quite as much as coaching, and I have known instances of people who have worked for months and failed ; and then, suddenly, the light has dawned, the forgotten power has come back again, and the story “ gets across ” to the audience.

Aim of this Book.

Now the aim of this book, which is only one of many, is to lead the story-teller to help himself. There will be found in it few long stories, but there will be many skeleton stories. Along with general observations on the art, a few stories will be found fully dissected from the story-teller's position. The range covered will be as wide as possible, and an attempt made to use old story as well as new. It is recommended that the whole of the Introduction be read before any of the skeleton stories be clothed with literary flesh.

II

HISTORY OF STORY

It must be understood that the history of story-telling is not the history of literature. Often as their paths cross, the reader is requested to remember that throughout this book story-telling always pre-supposes the sound of the human voice. It is very doubtful whether, even in reading to ourselves, we can escape hearing a dim sound of our own voices ; but at any rate our work as story-tellers is the work of people who depend on the voice, and, in addition, on all the devices of the actor, with the exception of changed dress, changed scenery, and the help of other actors.

The telling of a story is an event so usual that no latitude and no century can have been without it ; wherever there were children to listen or tribesmen to shout or maidens to weep, there must have been the child's story, or the saga, or the romance. We need not, in a book like the present, trouble to discuss how races borrowed story from one another ; it is more important to the educator to realize that just as hero-stories must have a certain similarity, so it must be with children's stories and with romances. We can trace the story of the Caskets to the respectable antiquity of a very probable Sanskrit original ; but surely the main outlines of Cinderella can spring up anywhere without any borrowing theory being required. If this be granted at all, then we find no difficulty in the presence of various stories of the Flood,

of the strong men Samson and Hercules, and of the people who in all literatures and times have sold themselves to an evil power. Thus by virtue of the borrowing, or of the similar development everywhere, and by virtue of its ubiquity, story-telling takes its rightful place as the oldest and the most real literary bond between man and man. Neither music, nor the dance, nor verse, nor painting, nor sculpture, makes the general appeal which is made by story-telling ; for all of these require a training if a man of one continent is to understand a man of another. The appeal of story is instantaneous from pole to pole.

Earliest story-telling would probably deal with dreams, with the gods, with natural phenomena, and with magic, and we are not surprised to find Professor Flinders Petrie giving us, as " the oldest story in the world," a delightful account of a sorely-bored king who was rowed up and down a lake by the damsels of his court. One of these, in steering the boat, loses her malachite brooch, and on the king's promising her another, replies, as any child would to-day, " No, but I want my own brooch back." On this the magician parts the water with his rod and the brooch is found. The story itself is a gem and the papyrus which contains it refers to older collections of stories.

One may not in a matter of story-telling lay stress on evolution, inasmuch as quite primitive stories issue from the press to-day, and some of the oldest stories are not primitive at all ; but perhaps the next sight we get of story-telling is when it is definitely used, with of course all the majesty and persuasion of the voice, in the service of religion and of religious propaganda. This didactic note, seen in Buddhistic and early Chinese story, has never been lost, and *If Winter Comes* is as propagandist as are the remarkable *Gesta Romanorum*, with their tedious morals. When Mr. Van Dyke gives us the story-teller's prayer—" O Lord, may I never tack a moral on to a story, and may I never tell a story without a meaning "—he is didactic also, but with taste. Along with these spiritual stories went the fable which inculcated worldly prudence by stories told about animals, a form of story which has lasted

till to-day and which may in good hands be made most interesting in schools. Æsop is of old, and Krilov is of yesterday.

It would be remarkable if the heroine should be omitted in early story ; indeed, if the story-teller will only patiently look through a good classical dictionary like that of Smith—three volumes—he will find a large number of beautiful stories in which women take the chief place, stories which, so far as I know, never get into the schools. These stories are superior to the goddess stories of antiquity, and they put to burning shame the “romances” which were the only bad literary failure of the Greeks ; indeed, the Greeks of Plato’s and Herodotus’s times are guiltless of it.

Already we have the main elements of modern story-telling, for folklore must have been the favourite ground of the professional from early days. No distinction was drawn in story-telling, and we need draw none between verse and prose ; each is suitable, and each might drop into the other and both be accompanied by music. It seems likely that every stage of civilization got the stories it expected, and, as directly didactic stories flourished in the day of a naïve faith, so Malory and the ballad suited a chivalric audience.

The reader is warned against the custom of developing one class of story from another ; and it is quite possible for an enthusiast to maintain with some show of justice that the early epic, prose narrative, satire, is better than anything we produce to-day. In all appraisal of the told story, in which plot, form and balance use the voice as interpreter, it must be remembered that the centuries which gave us the Odyssey, some of the stories of Herodotus, the Sentences of the Three from the First Book of Esdras, the Cupid and Psyche, and the Book of the Revelation, have not much to learn from us.

It seems to me that if the modern story-teller must invent, it would be far better for him to study the stories of old for their plot and balance, allowing his modernism only to show in the change of custom, dress, local colour : humanity changes slowly.

III

AIMS OF STORY TELLING

We have seen what may have been some of the aims of story-telling as it developed or changed with changing life ; it remains to be seen if we have any other aims in our use of the art, or if the modern story-teller varies from his predecessor in his mental approach.

It would seem that, even if story-telling is not out to enforce a moral, it does in most cases set before itself a wish to make the hearer think. The reaction against moralizing is seen in Mr. Archibald's little book, *The Danger of Pointing the Moral* ; but the moralizing tradition dies hard and often the audience itself demands a moral. Mr. F. J. Gould has issued more than one book which definitely inculcates morals (see *Life and Manners*, published by Swan Sonnenschein), and a short time ago these moralized stories had a vogue. The *via media* seems to be that of discussion rather than that of definite direct statement. When a class has the right to pick to pieces the French *Red Riding Hood* or *Bluebeard*—supposing such stories are chosen—they feel themselves outside the story ; they speak freely, they get to know the details of the story well, they reveal the impress made by the story, and all unwittingly they help the teacher in his knowledge of his pupils.

This method of discussion, so unlike the Socratic dialectic, if it leads to no academic results, at least strengthens the child's own respect for the fact that he has been allowed to have an opinion, an allowance that has only tardily been made in schools and textbooks, and that is scarcely yet made in our examinations, where very often the person examined is only the teacher of the examinee. I have therefore in one of the analyses given a series of questions and objections to a story, objections which might very well be made by a class accustomed to the discussion method. How far the method succeeds when the story is taken from the Bible is doubtful ; but many teachers welcome it and are quite ready to tell the story of the Witch of Endor or the Ship of Tarshish or the Unjust Steward, and to listen to all opinions and to all comers. If story-telling is concerned in making children think, it does

not seem fair to banish from discussion any stories which are considered fit to tell to children. Nothing need be written on the value of such discussion in promoting attention and intelligent grasp ; such value is evident.

But there are surely other aims, and the expert story-teller will not be satisfied unless he can fire at least some of his pupils with love of form. Stories differ in plot, but they are quite as diverse in form ; and by form I mean all that, apart from the actual plot, makes for beauty. Among many authors who consistently attend to their form I would mention Andersen, Dasent, the Kearys, F. W. Bain, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Molesworth, Perrault, Housman, Oscar Wilde, Yeats, Croker, the Maori writers, A. Blackwood, M. Wood, Coppée, Daudet, Mendés, Lemaitre, J. Lichtenberger. With such writers you are *safe* ; they write as it seems with an eye to the interpreting voice. But it is by no means certain when you take up a book full of good plots that you have found a book of good stories ; and the story-teller is often reduced to the necessity of altering a story in tiny details and in music in order to make story and form work harmoniously together.

Form is of the first importance in story-telling, and it is well to scotch at once the kind of criticism which would take a *précis* of " Prometheus Unbound " and consider it as of equal value with the poem. Therefore it seems that a perfection of expression may be sought in story-telling, and may occasionally be a reason for the telling of the story. I need not point out that, for anyone who holds that the voice is an index of the self, this regard paid to form is of the highest importance.

When form is added to a meaningfulness, as in the Parables of the Gospels, and the whole is kept short, crisp and easy to remember, we have one of the triumphs of story ; though it is not to be forgotten that the voice gave the signature of final beauty to the perfect word. Some examples of parables other than Bible parables will be found in this book, and the reader is strongly recommended to fasten on any specimens of beautiful parable which he may find in his reading ; but the parable in exquisite form is rather rare and is not Western at all.

Another aim of the story-teller may be to arouse an interest in life as fact. The request for "true stories" is a request for facts. That facts are all-deceiving matters not to the young—facts are facts. The first source of such stories is in verified history, and this will be dealt with when we speak of sources; but the daily newspaper will occasionally suggest just the type of story required. It is customary to say that children of one age ask for fact and that older or younger children ask for something else. But probably this is not correct and the change in likes and dislikes is rather a personal change and is dependent on other factors than that of age. Many children of fourteen will confess to a love of dolls while some of ten have outgrown such love; and story preferences are hard to explain. The fact that a class will often ask for a particular type of story only proves that all are asking for the same thing, not that they all want it.

Some educators would advise fictional story on the ground that it leads to an interest in others, i.e. altruism, but there does not appear to be any necessity for suggesting fiction, as the love of this form of story follows man from the cradle to the grave. An interest in other people's business and especially in their difficulties and sorrows is deeply implanted. Fictional relief from the weary round is quite enough to bring delight to the adult who listens to good storying, but this relief is scarcely an absolute necessity for the child, unless great poverty demands relief in contrasts.

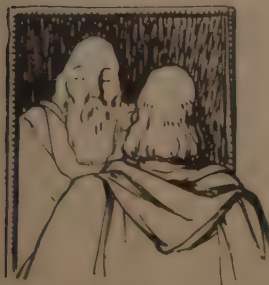
The delight in horrible fiction is not confined to children, who, indeed, vary in their demand for it. The desire to feel fear is deep-seated, but there are many who decline to pander to this desire, and there seems no reason why any risks should be run; and risks there will be when a horrible or cruel story is told to children. But it must be admitted by all who watch children that the child often welcomes what the adult shuns.

I have left almost to the last the simple and ancient aim of story-telling, which we call by the general name of amusement. What early "amusing" tales for children were we know not, but those for adults were indecent, as most of them are to-day. The tales of Miletus and Sybaris were notorious, but they are

not preserved. Lucian and Petronius are hardly short story writers. We are therefore unable to compare the after-dinner stories of antiquity with our own and are reduced to examining the funny stories of our nearer literary ancestors. The tales of the men of Gotham are still worth telling to children; if short, they are pithy enough, and everyone knows, for example, the device adopted to keep the cuckoo in the village. (You have only to build a hedge round her; the reason of the failure to keep the bird was that the hedge was not built high enough.) A small selection is found in Mr. Jacobs'



English Fairy Tales and in its sequel; the larger books containing drolls are not to be obtained in ordinary libraries. Sheer nonsense stories like Sir Gammer Vans are liked for an



occasional treat; but the relater must be prepared to play the fool in telling them, and the story-teller who is not willing to throw himself wholeheartedly into the spirit of his story has missed his vocation. Children themselves do this admirably when we are not looking, and the surest way to encourage free, natural and unconscious art is for the teacher to be a child, as the rest are, and to

cast his adulthood to the winds. Mock seriousness is of course admissible, and the child will appreciate the closed

eyes and the profound look when the following story is told—

A certain philosopher stood in front of a mirror with his eyes shut, to see what he looked like when he was asleep.

The Middle Ages had plenty of these little stories, and often they were told in church because the people "would go to sleep in the sermon"; these stories were called *exempla*, and several are to be found in Crane's *Exempla*. The following one is a good specimen suitable more for older people than for children—



A certain priest told his congregation that on one occasion he had seen many little demons with sacks on their shoulders hurrying out of church; that he had called one of them, and asked what they were carrying in their sacks; to which the demon replied that they had their sacks full of all the words that had been badly clipped or inaudibly pronounced in the service.

[There is a good deal more to be learnt about this elocution demon.]

Some of these little *exempla* are very beautiful, and it is little short of lamentable that the pulpit has on the whole given up story-telling; stern moralists like Dante and Wyclif, who condemned the use of the short story in the sermon, did not know what they were losing. Incidentally, they included in their condemnation the parabolic method of the Gospels.

As children get older, a large amount of genuine fun is provided in such books as Miss Nesbit's; but the stories are long, and the objection that they deal with well-to-do children only may be valid. Frank Stockton's stories are inimitable, and will always appeal to older children and even to adults; but they are not generally to be found in libraries. The amusing story has, indeed, to be hunted for, and the searcher

will be well advised to keep his eye on the magazine ; it is well, however, to be careful, for true comedy is much rarer than adventure, romance, tragedy, or horror.

There seems to be hardly any necessity to say how fully all this story work may be made to react on writing, which should from the first be simple, straightforward, vivid, meaningful and free from jargon, especially from story-telling jargon. The teacher who does not know the wise words of Sir A. Quiller-Couch on jargon should read and re-read the *Essays on the Art of Writing* (Clarendon Press). These, then, along of course with much deeper aims, seem to be some of our reasons for story-telling ; more will be said later on the value of the accompanying voice.

IV

THE SCOPE OF STORY

Story uses all life as its hunting-ground ; it ranges over all centuries, all latitudes, all civilizations and savageries ; it includes folklore, ancient leechdoms, and modern shamans ; it welcomes all humour that is clean ; it takes toll of men, women, children ; of wind and sea and thunder ; of the frog in the well and the leviathan in the deep and the flower in the crannied wall. It further peers into the secrets of the mind and into the passions and aspirations of the soul ; it oversteps the limits of life and possibility and peoples its world with basilisks and chimaeras, with ghosts and lamiae, with obsessions and illusions, with utopias and dreams. It seems curious that anyone should ask where story may be found, seeing that it is all round us in the casing air.

Assuming that the story-teller wishes to collect and to group stories, I set down (here and on page 109) a very few of the headings which a Common Place Book should contain in its index. They are put down alphabetically and may serve as a rough guide to the setting out of such an index. Details of such a book will be found on pages 30, 57, 168, 224, but main index lines are here given—

Abracadabra, Abraham, Abstracts of Books, Accumulatives, Acheron, Achilles, Acting (see Drama), Adam, Adventure, Aeneid, Aeolus, Aeschylus, Aesop, Aesculapius, Ahasuerus, Air, Akbar, Alcestis, Alchemy, Alexander, *Alice in Wonderland*, Allegory, Alphabet, Amazons, Ambition, Amulets, *Ancient Mariner*, Andersen, Anecdote, Angels, Anger, Animals, Ants, Anthropology, Antigone, Apes, Apocalypse, Apocrypha of Old Testament, Apocryphal New Testament, Apollo, Apostles, Apple, Apuleius, Arabia, *Arabian Nights*, Argo, Argus, Ariosto, Armour, Art, Arthur, Arts (under their headings), Astronomy, Athens, Atlantis, Authors, Authorities, Avarice, Azazel, Azrael.

Babees Book, *Babes in Wood*, Babylon, Bain, F. W., Bain, N., Baldur, Ballads, Banshee, Baring-Gould, Barlaam, Battles, Bayard, Beasts, Becket, Bell of Justice, Bells, Beowulf, Bible (stories, customs, folklore, translations, illustrations), Bibliography, Biography, Birds, Black Bull, Black Death, Black Hole, Black Prince, Black Virgin, Blackwood, A., Blood Covenant, *Bluebeard*, Boccaccio, Books (abstracts of, formative, great, transmission of), Borrowed stories, Boyhood, Boys (celebrated, sayings, doings, games, preferences), Brahma, Bravery, Breton, Bridges, Bryant, S. C., Brynhild, Buddha, Bunyan, Butterfly.

Perhaps this full list for the first two letters will show what kind of an index is required for the story Common Place Book ; and for the remaining letters of the alphabet it will be enough if a very few guiding words be put down.

Canterbury Tales, Cards, *Caskets* story, Catalogues, Ceres, *Champions of Christendom*, Changelings, Charlemagne, Charms, Chaucer, Children, China, Chivalry, Christ, Christianity, Christmas, Circe, Cock Robin, Contes, Counting-out Rhymes, Cradle-songs, Creation Myths, Cross, Crusade of the Children, Customs, Cyclops, Cyrus.

Damocles, Death, Descriptions, Devil, Divining rod, Dogs, Dolls, Dragons, Drama, Dreams, Dress, Drolls, Dunlop's *History of Fiction*.

Earth, Easter, Edda, Egypt, Emblems, England, Envy, Ethics, Evil Eye, Ewing, Exempla.

Fable, *Faerie Queene*, Fairies, Fate, Faustus, Fear, Fiction, Fire, Flowers, Folklore, Forbidden things, Form in story, Formative books, Friendship, Frost, Fruits, Future life.

Gabriel, Galahad, Gelert, Gems, Germany, *Gesta Romanorum*, Gesture, Ghosts, Giants, Girls, Goblins, God, Gotham, Grail, Gratitude, Greece, Grims in churches, Grimm, Gudrun, Gypsies.

Hades, Hair, Hakluyt, Hand of glory, Herodotus, Heroes, *Hiawatha*, History (under this head there would be at least ten sections), Homer, Horses, Humour.

Illustrations, Imagination, Imitation, India, Infants, Ingratitude, Instincts, Inventions, Invisibility, Invulnerability, Ireland, Iron, Iscariot.

Jack, Jack and Jill, Jackdaw of Rheims, Jacobs, Japan, Jason, Jealousy, Jew (Wandering), Jews, Jingles, Joan of Arc, Juniper.

Kaffirs, Kindness, King, Kinship.

Lancelot, Lazarus, Lear, Legend (Golden), Libraries, Lightning, Little People, London, Love, Luck, Lyonesse.

Mabinogion, Magi, Magic, Mahomet, Malory, Manners, Maoris, May-games, Medicine, Merlin, Miracles, Mirrors, Mistletoe, Money, Moon, Morals, Mother Goose, Music, Mysteries, Myth.

Nature, Necromancy, Norse, Nursery Rhymes.

Oberon, Ocean, Odyssey, Old Testament, Omens, Oracles, Orpheus.

Pan, Parable, Parents, Patriotism, Perseus, Peter, Phenomena, Pied Piper, Places, Plagues, Plants, Play, Poverty, Prester John, Pride, Prisons, Psyche, Puck, Punch and Judy.

Forbidden questions, Quixote.

Rainbow, Ralston, Rats, Red Riding Hood, Religion, Reynard, Riches, Riddles, Rings, Rivers, Robin, Robin Hood, Romance, Rome, Rose, Round Table, Russia.

Sacrifice, Saga, Sailors, Saints, Salt, Samson, Santa Claus, Saracens, Satan, Savages, School, Scott, Shakespeare, Sky, Sleep, Snakes, Snow, Solomon, Spiders, Springs, Stars, Stories, Story-telling, Strength, Struwwelpeter, Sun, Superstitions, Swans, Symbols.

Talmud, Tasks, Theft, Thunder, Time, Tom Tit Tot, Travel, Treasure, Trees, True Stories, Types of Tales.

Ulysses, Underworld, Unlucky, Unicorn, Utopia.

Valhalla, Valkyrie, Vampire, Vathek, Veronica, Viking, Virgil, Virgin Mary, Voice, Voyages, Vulcan.

War, Water, Wells, Werewolf, Whittington, Winds, Winter, Witchcraft, Women, Wonder, Wren.

Yew, Yggdasil, Youth, Ys, Zeus, Zodiac, Zulu.

If one of these items be taken as a specimen, it will be seen how far afield we may soon wander when in search for story. Let us take the item Solomon, for instance. Apart from Bible

references, Solomon leads us to the other two great magicians of the world, Virgil and Merlin. Solomon is found not only in the Koran, but in the folklore of the Jews. He appears all down the Middle Ages and is sometimes spoken of with scant respect, except for his wisdom ; he is even alive in modern literature, and Mr. Anstey has a story of him in the *Brass Bottle*, while he is also to be found in the *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, and in the children's tales by Miss Nesbit.

It is easy to see how he became a world-wide magician, but it is more difficult to discover Virgil's claim to such power. Still, as Comparetti's book shows, we have in Virgil a rival to the great king ; while Merlin, who is claimed of the Celts, built and was lost in the Siege Perilous, but he is alive to-day. These three great names lead the reader on to Magic, and to the history of it, and from magic the thread that connects a large amount of all story winds its way. If this be thought but trivial—though it is dangerous to label the windings of story as trivial—then these three names of a great poet, a great king, and a great magician show how fond humanity is of affixing a great name to a great exploit. Isaiah becomes a typical prophet, David a typical king, Shakespeare a typical dramatist, and each has to bear the burden of books or poems for which he is probably partly or not at all responsible. And, again, the seeker after story will be surprised to find parallels to Solomonic, Virgilian and Merlin story in places which could hardly have heard of these wizards. The thorough understanding of the language of the birds, the devices to outwit the wickedness of women, the Satanic origin of Merlin, can be paralleled among savage story-tellers, and the inquirer may be led on to the fascinating study of this question, "If these savage writers or tellers did not borrow, or if more civilized writers did not borrow from them, how did these similar stories arise?"

We have not yet finished with the indexing of these names and all that they lead to in story ; for the chapters of the Bible that deal with Solomon's glory and oratory lend themselves to the story-teller's art, and though the Messianic references in the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil may be given up, yet this poem and the *Æneid* itself are full of adaptable work, especially

if the student search the translations for fine passages with which to finish off his actual narrative ; Malory and Tennyson being used in the same way in dealing with Merlin, for the earlier Romance Merlin is almost too crude. Thus the one indexed word Solomon has led on to other indexed words, such as *Arabian Nights*, Koran, Magic Carpet, Language of Animals, Genii, Judgments, Talmud, Virgil, Comparetti, Messiah, Æneid translations, Magicians, Merlin, "Siege Perilous," Parallelism in Story ; with many others which the reader may add for himself. Cross-references should always be added in the index, such as " Magic Carpet—see Koran, *Arabian Nights*, Nesbit."

From the hints contained in the very words indexed above it will be seen that the story-teller takes all or almost all the spoken and written word as his possible province ; all logical puzzles, all ethical problems ; all description, oratory or argument ; all folklore and history ; all narrative in verse and a good deal of verse which is not narrative. It is only by thus enlarging the meaning of story-telling till it comes to be " the thing told orally " that the real possibilities will dawn on the ambitious story-teller, who, not only by his example, but by the results of his work, will be able to prove the use and the extensibility of this age-long and world-wide method.

If story-telling stretches out so many tentacles and seizes on the essentials of so many studies, it is equally true that it recks nothing of the age or the nationality of the audience. To think that story-telling is limited to work with children is ridiculous, for the stage, the novel, and the cinema, all turn in a fashion to story. How far the ear and the eye translate what they hear and see into the speech of the person listening or seeing we do not know ; and it would be absurd to say that for crude effects visualization does not accomplish all that is needed ; but when we come to the subtler impressions, then the voice asserts its power. Only, though, if the voice be at its best, and here we must admit *the weakness of the story-teller's claim*. We, especially in Great Britain, do not pay enough attention to the study of voice-effects.

The scope of story then is immense, and the wider the reading the greater will be the desire to track down examples which will repay careful study before they are presented to audiences. When once the excellent story is recognized no pains spent on it will be thrown away ; a story-teller has no more business to face people with an ill-prepared story than has a preacher to step into his pulpit, open his Bible, and preach from the first verse that catches his eye.

V

SOURCES OF STORY

The sources of story are, as I have said, everywhere ; but the reader, collector and teacher ask for very definite information. Most story-tellers work at haphazard ; they borrow from friends or by good luck drop on a satisfactory book in the library. When the reader keeps a Common Place Book, this haphazard finding and forgetting should be a thing of the past. Order takes hold of the collection.

The first and most important book for all who deal in story, is Sonnenschein's *Best Books*, and this is followed by the *Reader's Guide*, in the latest edition. These are books of reference which every teacher's library should possess. A long way after them comes the best guide to modern English books that are still on sale, the *Current Catalogue*. This catalogue (published by Whitaker) does not contain lists from all publishers, but it is indispensable. I do not know of any book list or catalogue which for foreign work corresponds with the *Current Catalogue* ; at any rate British bookshops do not stock such a book. A large number of the useful books noted by Sonnenschein can hardly be seen except at a great library ; and this is the reason why the collector of stories has so often to be referred to the British Museum.

The next books that tell us about books are the subject indexes of the libraries ; those at the British Museum will be found under the name Fortescue, and those at other libraries are generally known by the name of Subject Index. The ordinary catalogue of a library is of little use.

Smaller catalogues or bibliographies are published on many divisions of our subject. Baker has a large *Dictionary of Fiction* (Routledge) and another dictionary dealing with historical fiction; each of these books contains short notices of the books catalogued. Hastings' immense dictionary of religion and ethics supplies short lists of useful books, and the same may be said of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Indeed, if a story-teller were studying, say, witchcraft, perhaps the shortest way to go to work would be to consult the great *Encyclopaedia*, a subject index, and Poole's *Periodical Literature*. This last book points to the more valuable articles in the magazine and review press. I am aware that few have the time to follow up story thoroughly; but these hints for those who need them will save a great waste of time, even in a cursory study.

A great amount of help may be gained from the newer edition of Dunlop's *History of Fiction* (Bell); and for folklore the lists published by the Folklore Society, along with Mr. Gomme's little book on folklore, are enough. Classical mythology is best worked at with the well-known three-volumed dictionary, published by Murray, and among many lists of Bible books the student will find the *Teacher's Bookshelf* quite modern.

Among the many writers who have collected or have themselves written stories for little children, are the following—

S. C. Bryant's books are well-known. There are three volumes and the form is good. Advice is given and the books (published by Harrap) are admirably printed. The Bible stories strike the right note and show how to use literary additions; thus the Twenty-third Psalm is woven into the David and Goliath story. In the same way the "Song of the Bow" may be added to the story of the death of Saul for older children (see pages 31, 103). F. E. Coe, who writes also for Harrap, is a brilliant collector. Her very table of contents will show where the vast field of books lies. Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Molesworth belong, like Kipling and Mrs. Brightwen, to the classics. A writer who cannot be disregarded is Miss Marzials, who has worked up nursery rhymes into story. Here the form is

beyond criticism, and the suggestion that an ordinary rhyme will lend itself to the story-teller's art is, if not quite new, worked out with unexampled success. The Parents' Educational Union, of Victoria Street, might be induced to reprint Mrs. Clement Parsons' *List of Books for Children*, but the list contains no stories.

For children who are not very little, the lists of books are alarming ; but it must not be supposed that numbers always denote quality. Andersen, who is best seen in Newnes' edition (illustrated, but, alas, out of print), is not wholly for children. Still, we may say the same of Gulliver. The real value of Andersen's work lies in its form and fun, not in its satire. Like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Andersen attracts the illustrator, and we do not know how much a told story, reinforced by the loan of a well-illustrated book, will tell in a child's education. That singular book, the *Arabian Nights*, is another instance in point. Strictly speaking, we do not know enough about it to say whether it is a genuine picture of any time ; the real treasures of real Arabia wait to be revealed. That there are treasures the English reader may guess from such a work as the "Stealing of the Mare," translated by W. S. Blunt, and now out of print. Most of the Arabian stories are overladen with eastern flowers, which do not appeal. Still, the story does appeal, and it is a pity that with the exception of the Dent edition, containing illustrations by the late Mr. Batten, the book of the industrious Galland is not generally presented in good form for children. For form in the limited sense of style, I know nothing that approaches the famous translation of Lane, and I think a reading aloud from Lane would soon convince any doubter that it would be better to choose from among the thirty school editions published one which, either in full or in an abridgment, uses Lane's words. The semi-scriptural character, as it has been called, of Lane's translation, is a help and not a drawback.

The teacher will find Chaucer, Spenser, Froissart, the Mabinogion, and, indeed, all the well-known classics, done in prose form for schools ; but a caution is necessary, and it is not given to everyone to put the verse of Chaucer or even to

abridge Lady Charlotte Guest's "Mabinogion" into readable story. It seems strange that there should be more original literary genius in the world than power of adaptation; but while poets are as plentiful as blackberries and good fiction abounds, the number of really great translators and adapters is ridiculously small, the reason perhaps being that men and women of parts prefer to produce second-rate work of their own rather than to popularize authors greater than themselves. Jowett of Balliol advised a well-known literary man to make translation his life-work, and, when we consider what the world would have been without translators and how much it needs them to-day, we cannot think such advice unwise. Some of the very greatest stories of the world in prose and verse are still awaiting the touch of the very great translator; perhaps translation and adaptation are not the hack-work that we consider them to be. The history of the translation of the English Bible (1525-1611) consecrates the office of the great translator.

It may be thought that I should go on to suggest many other books for children. But this is an unending task, and the reader is referred to the longer lists already spoken of.

Story-telling for adults is almost a lost art; but it is worth recalling from its medieval grave. Here the teller must rely on his own reading, though I set down a few names of writers whose works repay study. The best known names are omitted. Bain, F. W., Cable, Daudet, Coppée, Galsworthy, Kalila and Dimnah, Pierre Loti, Luzel, Korolenko, Lichtenberger, Mendés, Nivedita, Philpotts, Q., Sorabji, Steel, F. A., Miss Wilkins.

If the writers belong to another nationality than ours, the story-teller will probably have to revise translations and attend to the advice of his own voice. Very good work has been done for Greek, Roman and German literature, but the translators from French and Russian have not always the skill to recommend their wares as story. Very often a Russian story, such as the far-famed *Taras Bulba*, seems quite a different thing when presented in a translation by — and by —. This difference of effect is seen most startlingly if one compares certain of the Psalms in the three divergent versions, the

Great Bible of 1540, the Bishops' Bible, and the Authorized Version.

A source of story for all ages is the daily press and the monthly magazine. It is an error to think or say that all magazine story is rubbish ; for many magazines do their best to avoid bad and unliterary work, and a sweeping condemnation of all is but parrot-talk. A short time ago the *London Mercury* printed over a well-known name a story, called " Whenever I See a Grey Horse," so poignant and terrible that few story-tellers would venture to tell it even to a hardened audience. On page 305 will be found a very beautiful story named " A Plantation Funeral," which saw the light only once, in small type, at the fag-end of a *Harper* ; and though the *Mercury* and *Harper* are well-known, it may be said with certainty that gems are now and then to be picked up in unlikely places. I believe that the admirable study of an animal in captivity, called " The Monkey," and now reprinted in *Understudies*, by Miss Wilkins, appeared first in a magazine, and the same may be said of some of the work of Miss Tennyson Jesse. The Danish story named " The Pilgrimage of Truth " is printed with a riot of blazing colour in its illustrations in another number of *Harper* (December, 1900).

The daily newspaper, if we except France, is not so full of finished work ; but skeletons of story abound in it, and the tales told by friends and easily forgotten, tales of the heroism of the poor under countless difficulties, tales of comic happenings which did happen, but which one would scarcely believe, tales of romance even in our days—these are worth remembering, though we have to be careful in our re-dressing them. The War tales have not yet seen the light ; we wait for what was most thrilling, most unbelievable, most true, all over Europe. This is merely said to show that story of good quality abounds all round us, and not the worst section is that which happens to be " true " and which is not worked up with literary finish.

Fable and Parable.

The didactic aim of story referred to in page 6 has been so fully recognized in all ages that a few words may here be written

on the fable and parable. It is customary to restrict the term fable to those short stories which deal with the animal world and which generally inculcate a moral lesson. Æsop, if the reader can obtain a full Æsop, is still quite useful, and may be seen along with the other fabulists in Hervieux' great edition; Phaedrus and Babrius, with the more modern J. A. Fontaine, Gay, Krilov, are in their several ways admirable, and if one knows how to deal with the material one need not be so terribly afraid of the moral. In no case is it so bad as are the religious applications tacked on to the stories in the *Gesta Romanorum*. But the finest book of all for older children is the book which has been translated into every European language and which was old when Æsop was not known (if, indeed, Æsop be anything more than a name). I refer to *Kalila and Dimnah*, the best version of which is (I think) that of W. Knatchbull, published in 1819 at Oxford, and republished in 1905. The reader of Dunlop's *History of Fiction* will remember the genealogical tree which shows the wanderings of this famous book. A great deal of savage folklore almost approaches the fable; for the animals which take on the leadership in wisdom—the fox, the rabbit, the spider—are Æsopian without the applications.

It is quite another matter when we come to the parable. This form of story is the "Cinderella" of literature. It has, as far as I know, neither been thoroughly studied nor collected. Most of the modern imitations of it—if we except some of those which are being written to-day—are banal, and it may be said that only in the East, and in the East of an earlier day, has the parable been brought to its exquisite perfection. Bitter, sarcastic, and very clever parables are being written now, but the parable proper is not bitter nor sarcastic nor very clever. It is simple; it deals with the ordinary details of the ordinary life; it is easily understood of the people, so they think, and it gives the thinker something to ponder; its meaning is perfectly plain and wonderfully deep; for the moment it is a story, but it insists on returning to be reconsidered. It was chosen by Christ as the best vehicle for carrying his thought to the public of his day, and it is wit!

rare exception neglected by pulpit, platform and classroom. Never was there such tacit refusal of the method of the Gospels as our admission that we can do nothing with, and care nothing for, the parable.

There have been plenty of opportunities for the study of this section of story. The parables of the New Testament are preached to death, and in the many books which deal with these parables there have been occasions on which by preface, notes or excursions, learned writers might, had they pleased, have traced the parable in secular literature. Next to nothing, even in the revision of Trench's great work, has been done. Yet parables are to be found.

The excuses offered privately—for no public apology for this slur on the Gospels has been, or could be, offered—are as follows : The parable is suited to the East but not to the West. The parable is suited to the ignorant and not to the educated. The parable belonged to a bygone day and is out of place with us. There are no parables to be found in literature. All these excuses are lamentably untrue and disingenuous. There are plenty of parables to be found ; they appeal, as they always did, to any crowd, in any century ; they are no more out of date than the stories of the " Man on the Jericho Road " and the " Dishonest Bailiff." *The real reason for the neglect of the parable is that it takes too much time to find it.* It is hidden away in Mohammedan and Chinese books, in medieval Exempla and in out of the way travel, folklore, biography ; it is all round us and therefore we value it not.

I will tell thee a parable, for men of good understanding will generally readily enough catch the meaning of what is taught under the shape of a parable . . .

At the siege of Naples in . . . a cannon was pointed at one of the churches of the city outside which hung a stone crucifix ; and as the cannon was fired, the figure on the cross bent forward ; and the cannon-ball sped on its way, lifting from the bowed head—the Crown of Thorns. . . .

A certain king, seeing two tattered beggars approach him, descended from his chariot and threw himself at their feet. At this the king's brother and the courtiers showed great displeasure.

Now it was the custom of that land to send a herald to sound a blast upon his trumpet at the doors of such as were condemned to death. Therefore, the king sent this herald to his brother, who thereupon presented himself with his family, before the king, with all the signs of despair. "Fool," said the king, "thou fearest the herald of thy brother, though thou art not conscious of any



offence ; and yet thou blamest me for humbly greeting the heralds of my God before whom I am guilty." Then the king caused four caskets to be made. Two were richly gilt, with golden locks, but filled with bones ; two were covered with pitch and filled with precious stones. The courtiers, commanded to choose, took the gilt coffers. "I knew it," said the king, "ye see the outward with the eyes of sense." [This is 2,000 years older than the *Merchant of Venice*.]

A lover who had spent many years in fasting and in prayer came to the door of the Beloved and knocked. And a voice within said, "Who is there ?" And he answered, "It is I, Lord." And the voice within the house said, "There is not room in this house for me and for thee." And the door remained shut. Then the lover went again into the desert and spent many years in fasting and in prayer. And he came again to the door of the Beloved and knocked. And a voice within the house said, "Who is there ?" And he answered, "It is thou, Lord." And the door was opened. [This well-known parable is not of Christian origin.]

A drop of water fell from the sky and came down into the ocean. And it looked round and said, "What a wonderful place this ocean

is. If this is existent then I am non-existent." And fortune favoured it and it fell and fell. And an oyster opened its mouth and the drop of water fell into it and it became a royal pearl.

It had knocked at the door of Nonentity—to enter into Being. [This is from a famous Persian poet—A.D. 1100.]

An unknown Sufi, as he was asked for an example of religious fervour drew a red-hot piece of iron out of a blacksmith's forge. "Behold it" . . .

[The well-known story of the Tooth does not appear to be contained in the Apocryphal Gospels; it has been made the subject of short poems and has been again and again re-told.]

"When the boys of Nazareth were playing in the street they found a dead dog. And they began kicking and reviling it. But the boy Jesus stooped down and uncovered the dog's lip and pointed—to the beautiful white tooth."

[The reader who wishes to follow up parable will have a road all the more interesting because it is so little trodden. I do not think the possibilities of parable or even the make of it are considered by the critic of beautiful prose. Among the names of those who have, with occasional great success, written the parable in modern days are Tolstoi, Turgenev, Gorky, Wilde, Barrow, Richards, Sorabji, Crosland; the reader is referred also to the additional matter on page 36.]

The last sources to be mentioned are those of history, geography and literature. There are signs that history is again coming into its own as story; it need not be said that history contains more than story. Still, the specialist and the précis-writer are too much to the fore in early work and the storyteller will have to hunt before he can find his history written with much respect for Form. Perhaps this is why people who read the older historians, Herodotus, Tacitus, Thucydides, Livy, prefer them to the writer of to-day, and think that the writing of history ended with Clarendon and Gibbon. Anyone who wishes to apply the art of story-telling to history must be content to do without multiplicity of detail. There seems no reason why at all events world-history, of which we are all woefully ignorant, should not, by story, form part of our mental

equipment from early days. Most people retain only the knowledge which has been laboriously acquired and that which is kept bright by constant use ; but that which is inculcated by story, if great principles be stressed and details be severely limited, rests on foundations which last equally well. History without revision is naught, and all story lends itself to revision excellently. I do not plead that history should be limited to storying ; all I would say is that story should be the basis of history, geography and literature, which in a child's life may easily make their appearance together.

It is not the province of a book such as this to draw up a history syllabus, and I limit myself to one event in history, showing how by means of story it may extend in various directions.

The Black Death of 1348-9 is described by many writers. Jessop, in the *Coming of the Friars*, tells of its ravages in East Anglia. It was, as all readers know, only one of the great plagues, and a telling of its march leads the story-teller to Italy and the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. This again suggests Lucretius, who copied his Thucydides. The Plague of Athens, the Plague of the Decameron, and that in England, lead on to Defoe and the Plague of London. But this is only one side of the work. The very track of the 1348 visitation may be followed on maps ; its itinerary is peculiar and, of course, without the map, history cannot be.

The well-known effects of such disasters on the minds and morals of man allow the story-teller to dwell on the ever-recurring aspects of humanity in face of extraordinary trouble ; all plagues present the same stories of self-abandonment and self-sacrifice. (*King Solomon of Kentucky*, a story by Cable, illustrates human action in a plague as vividly as do the pages of Thucydides.) Here, already, a skilful hand will have woven history, geography, literature and ethics together. The plague is even connected with school life in more ways than one ; for Charterhouse was founded by a man who bought an old plague burying-ground and in the later times the would-be scholar was asked not for fees or testimonials, but whether they had had the plague at his home.

It is further said that the prayer against sudden death in our Litany refers to the plague. Eyam cannot be forgotten.

As one of the results of this plague—and here the story-teller will weave his causes and results together, making his history coherent—we have the Great Society and the Peasants' Revolt, brilliantly described by Trevelyan ; and we are at once ready for a picture of the social and industrial life of the late fourteenth century. Langland is crammed with pictures, and he and Chaucer give us information in a form that never fades ; while he who prefers a modern prose narrative may go to Florence Converse's historical study, *Long Will*. Not far removed from all this is the Lollard movement and the curious story of the so-called Wyclif Bible.

The London of the day will be found in Langland, and the great volumes of Besant will supply all that is needed and more. Lastly, the play of *Richard the Second* will open up new areas for one who loves his literature. In all this I have merely hinted at the way in which one calamity that devastated many countries links itself up with other great events. The story-teller who reads round the years 1348-9 will be amazed at the way in which important events and movements light up and interlock. And the same may be said if the story-teller will take the Dissolution of the Monasteries, or the Battle of Marathon, or the Eruption of Vesuvius, or the Voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers, as his subject. Neither the continuity of the history work nor the newer Daltonism need suffer at all if only it be understood and maintained that history must be vivid to be of use, and that re-telling, revision, extension and interconnection of events are all possible and indeed necessary. The hard-pressed teacher may ask for authorities and may be referred to two—to E. Power's *Bibliography for Teachers of History*, published by the Women's International League, and to the *History of Everyday Things*, by the Quennells. E. Power's *Medieval People* should be in every teacher's library ; we should be grateful if the notes were four times as long as they are. Anna Buckland's *Story of English Literature* has been reprinted, and Tappan's books on Greece and Rome (Harrap) are on story lines. Though modern

geographies may be too precise and scientific, true stories of adventure abound, and the *Teacher's Bookshelf* will supply yarns. The teacher's bookshelf, with a small "b," is still inadequately filled.

VI

PRACTICE IN PREPARING AND IN TELLING

Although I have said above that no amount of writing will make up for the want of a little personal coaching, it is expected of everyone that some of the recognized rules for story-telling should be enforced and some of the errors noted, if only that the reader may ask himself how far his practice agrees with or differs from that which is here suggested. These rules and these errors are not written for those who, somehow, by the grace of the gods, may defy most rules and yet gain all the results required. Rules in this matter are not absolute.

All story-telling is based on an interest in the method. If one does not believe in story, description, parable, and in the living voice, aided by action more or less dramatic, then it is of little use for that person to touch the method at all. It seems absurd to stress this; but it is perhaps the only rule that is a rule.

Next to interest, comes reading and the thorough knowledge of a few great books. Opinions differ on the subject of these great story books; but there is no doubt that authorities do recommend an exact acquaintance with a few books, Professor Gilbert Murray saying that it is the book which you read for the thirtieth time that is the one which will be of use to you. Certainly among great books are the Bible, Herodotus, the Odyssey, Malory, and some would add *Don Quixote*, Froissart, *The Mabinion*, Æsop, *The Nibelungenlied*, *Reynard the Fox*, Grimm, Andersen, Tolstoi's shorter works, *Cupid and Psyche*.

Of these, the Bible (with Apocrypha) is best read for most of us in the Authorized Version, but anyone who wishes to get a taste of earlier and quainter English should read the two parts of Wyclif, published by the Clarendon Press, and should

buy a second-hand reprint of Coverdale and Tyndale. No publisher has been induced to reprint the Great Bible of 1540, or the Bishops' of 1568, or even the Geneva.

In the *Teacher's Bookshelf* will be found the names of many books dealing with the telling of Bible story ; but the teller will soon find that wide reading on Biblical subjects is the best preparation. G. A. Smith's *Historical Geography*, Sayce's *History of the Hebrews*, Bird's *Jesus of Nazareth*, Bird's *Joseph the Dreamer*, stand out as helpful works.

For Herodotus, the most useful translation is that of Rawlinson, published in *Everyman*.

Lang's *Odyssey* is considered the best of the translations, but for verse additions to story perhaps Worsley is the most dignified. Miss Harrison's *Myths of the Odyssey* and Flaxman's *Illustrations* may be added. Some people deride Flaxman.

Malory is done by Messrs. Dent in four volumes.

Don Quixote translators are many ; perhaps the old-world Lestrange will satisfy most people, but for an illustrated book Warne's edition of Jarvis's translation is good.

A full *Æsop* is not easy to get. Dent's small edition contains a good deal ; but there is a cheap edition of the *Fables of Pilpay*, a variant of *Kalila*, published by Scott, which gives additional matter.

The Nibelungenlied has been translated by Miss Armour and by Lettsom (Williams & Norgate) ; and by Cox (*Tales of Teutonic Lands*).

Reynard the Fox must be read in Caxton's translation, edited by Arber.

Grimm is best seen in Bell's two-volume edition, and the notes are most valuable.

Andersen should, if possible, be read in Newnes' illustrated edition.

The *Cupid and Psyche*, one of the world's most wonderful stories, should be read in Adlington's translation, published by the De La More Press. This work, the only classical romance that is worth the name, is still living, and the reader would do well to study its history in Dunlop. The present Poet Laureate's beautiful poem may be read with Adlington's

beautiful prose. The tale is a good introduction for anyone wishing to work at the mysteries of folklore.

A thorough study of six of these books will provide the student with material for the Common Place Book, to which I again turn.

This book (see page 13) is the mainstay of the story-teller. It needs no recommendation, for most people who have to do with letters have kept it. Marcus Aurelius praises it as a resort in old age ; Richter knew its uses ; R. L. Stevenson depended on it. The book itself may be one-volumed or many ; but the index should perhaps be in one volume only. Some hints for headings are given on page 13, and these may be extended to act as guiding lines. The indexer must be careful to remember that certain letters require much more room than others, and A, B, C, D, M, P, R, S, T will need much space, while Q, X, Y, Z will need scarcely any. A reference to any dictionary will serve as a guide.

Every story should be indexed at least twice ; cross-references should be abundant. The index should be an infallible aid to a fallible memory. Entries in the book may be made in any order. Once the book is paged, it scarcely matters whether the serious or the comic stories or the references to them are grouped together or no, for all pages will, as well as their paging, have a number at the foot connecting them with other pages. The story of the Battle in the Hills (see page 103) will be indexed under Saul, Bible, Gratitude, or in any other three ways the reader prefers.

The keeping of such a book may seem to be a laborious matter, but entries may be made on definite days and copied in from the chance scraps on which they were first noted ; it is well not to trust the memory, the memory which says " I must remember that story," for it is sure to forget that the story has to be remembered. " Make a note of it," is sound advice. This brings us to the question, Should the *verba ipsissima* be entered or the abstract ? On this matter the teller must please himself. In cases where the form is of importance—and in very many cases the story is saved by its form—it would seem necessary to preserve the actual words ;

and it is recommended here that the telling of a story once settled should not vary. The voice gets accustomed to the cadences and the story increases in value if the same words be kept. This advice does not apply to such stories as are told to different classes, for the story of Saul referred to above may be told in varying words to varying ages.

Some story-tellers, while keeping a complete index of their work in book form, prefer to type the stories themselves on loose sheets. This is particularly useful to those kind people—the minority—who are ready to lend what they have laboriously collected. The loose sheet method is also useful in the task of memorizing.

My own practice is to memorize very fully. I know that this takes time, but it does not take the time that people suppose. The suggestion that it is more difficult for the normal person to memorize at the age of 40 than it was at the age of 12, I regard—I say it openly—as dangerous nonsense. Any barrister or actor would ridicule it; but barrister and actor have kept their verbal memories in working order. It is the easiest thing in the world to forget how to use an arm or an eye or a by-memory or even a good temper. Fishes become blind by remaining in the dark; anyone to whom story-telling is important is entreated to practise and regain a half-forgotten skill rather than to attend to some of the primers on psychology. It may, however, be said that two hours' verbal memorizing is quite enough at a stretch, and that the method of such verbal memorizing must be suited to the student. Some divide the piece into sections and gain a rough acquaintance with it; others prefer to learn the lines thoroughly and slowly. The typist may take the opportunity of saying the words aloud as they are typed; then the hand, eye and ear are working together to help memory.

When a story is known, the study of it begins. Here we are on difficult ground, for it is quite beyond the power of words to explain the possibilities of interpretation opened up by pause, stress, cadence, light and shade, and the like. Any one who would feel what the voice can do in the interpretation of speech may take or make a few short sentences and discover

for himself the dozens of differing meanings of which they are capable. I subjoin a few sentences for practice—

Why will ye die ?

The short and simple annals of the poor.

All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

Thou shalt not steal.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

Tendentesque manus ripae ulterioris amore.

It will be found that a dozen differing meanings, according to the stresses and the cadences employed, may be assigned to these words, which at first sight seem to have one meaning and one meaning only. And this recognition of the infinite possibilities of the voice will be the first revelation to the story-teller of the possibilities of his art. These possibilities, like the air, are all around us ; they hide and laugh at us in every conversation ; they delight to show themselves in children's talk ; but so little do we regard them as subjects of study that we are amazed to find an actor or an actress who has advanced so far in his or her art as to dare to be natural in the matter of speech. Instead, we cultivate the conventional. There are cadences, drawls, hurries, and all sorts of painful exhibitions, in the pulpit and on the stage, with which we never come in contact in real life. They are unnatural, traditional, meaningless. Audiences like them.

The Voice and Its Aids.

The study of one's own voice then, and of its capacities, is of prime importance.

There does not seem to be any great necessity for the story-teller to know too much about the mechanism of the voice, and Sir Morell Mackenzie poured ridicule on the books which parade a learning in regard to voice-production based on anatomical diagrams and medical and surgical terms. But to the story-teller the voice mechanism is of such importance that the principal facts should certainly be known. It is,

however, of more importance to be able to speak for a long time without weariness or huskiness ; to know what is the easiest note to which the voice readily returns ; and above all, to be able to play on the voice as on an instrument. Very few people have voices that are congenitally insufficient for their work.

Breathing through the nose—inhalation—is the first enemy to throat troubles ; the practice is learnt most quickly by allowing the tongue to fall upward on the upper palate at all times when no speaking is going on. It is said that the easiest note for the speaking voice is that which is given to the vowel when the word “ the,” as in “ the door,” is *whispered* ; but practice should show on what note the speaker can dwell with restful pleasure. Ease and not distinctness should be the aim of all story-tellers ; indeed, TOO DISTINCT AN ENUNCIATION IS FATAL TO SUCCESS. Books and printed advice (such as this) are of less value than the answers of a common-sense friend who will listen to questions and give honest answers. It is very difficult to get the services of a coach who speaks naturally, and the teller has to coach himself by listening to good examples and to what his friends are ready to say about him. Even children are admirable critics of voice-effects, though they cannot tell how they are produced. But this counsel regarding the common-sense friend is hard to follow, and it may be said that a speaker who is not touchy about his voice is a very rare bird indeed.

All advice should be sought privately ; class-criticism, in the writer’s opinion, is worthless, except for the most patent faults.

It is remarkable that good story-telling may be attained, and often is attained, by a bad voice and a rather halting manner ; but these defects are made up for by some indefinable charm before which all rules vanish. A thorough interest in the story told covers many sins. If the story-teller *sees* his characters, if his light gestures are enough, if his voice and his hands and his body are moving together—though they may move but little—then the audience forgets the speaker even as he has forgotten himself. This self-forgetfulness, which some find so hard to gain, is largely dependent

on visualization ; a man who is seeing his story has no time to be looking for himself.

The velvet voice may be an asset, but it is not a necessity. It is not the voice in itself, the original timbre-carrying sound, that is of such immense importance, but rather the aids to the voice which make up the voice *in toto*. I cannot make my meaning clearer in this very difficult matter than by saying that the man who plays upon a second-rate piano may, if he knows his business, produce all the effect that another, playing on a first-class instrument, may miss. It is very useful, indeed, to the story-teller to watch for effects in other players and to try to analyse the production of them.

There are hardly any rules for gesture, except the cardinal rules that it should be varied with the audience and that it should never come after the phrase which is being explained (but see page 39). Children are—so far as they go—past masters in correct gesture, and no teaching of them should be allowed. It is better for their gesture to grow with their years. All show-gesture is to be deprecated, unless of course it be intended for public show. It is doubtful how children can be presented for such show without being taught gesture, intonation, modulation, and all the other voice and body graces of which, within their limits, they are such masters, when untaught and uncoached. *But no amount of writing in the public Press or in educational books is likely to have the slightest effect on the desire to exploit children's undoubted powers, a desire felt equally by parents, teachers, friends, and by the children themselves.*

There remain the difficulties in regard to rooms acoustically bad or noisy. Anyone who has to teach and story-tell in a noisy room is to be pitied. There is little to be done except to grow accustomed to the distractions and, if possible, to forget them. But for ill-built rooms there are two palliatives. The first consists in not raising an echo ; and this is managed by not giving the vowels, especially the long vowels, their full sonority. Of course the work loses charm, but it becomes more audible. The other method is to hang heavy cloth at that end of the room opposite to which the speaker is standing.

If the audience be small, it may be grouped round the speaker, and bad acoustics may then be defied.

I omit all reference to the preference given by many to reading as contrasted with telling. There is a good deal to be said on this matter, but the present place is not the place to say it.

I leave to the close of these remarks on the voice a matter that has been already touched on—the matter of form. If only the term would allow of my doing so, I would like to include under this heading everything that lends grace and beauty to the told story, with the exception of the plot and the gesture.

Form alone cannot make story, but it may be said that it can turn ordinary story into good story and good story into exquisite story. No one would maintain that the parables of the New Testament, given in bald outline, are as literature particularly noticeable; but in the form in which we have them, the right words in the right place, the voice-music of the balanced phrases hanging round and echoing till we come to the finish—with the additional knowledge that the plot is kept simple, that the meaning may ever be extending its first horizons—these gems of speech are a continual reminder to the teacher of the immense part played in literature and in life by form. Form is to the story what grace is to the dance.

Yet it must also be remembered that form, like grace, must not obtrude itself. There are certain writers of note who are almost all form, and others from whose writings form seems to fly. The story-teller has to judge when there is enough, and not more than enough, form in his story. As this is a subject which is best explained by an example, I will end by setting down a literal translation of a short reflection from Sadi—

Engaged one day in the public bath, I had a piece of scented clay handed me by my mistress. I addressed it, saying, "Art thou ambergris or musk, for I am charmed with thy grateful odour?" It replied, "I was a worthless piece of clay; but for a while associated with the rose; thence I partook of the sweetness of my companion; otherwise I am that vile piece of earth I seem."

From a chance magazine I copied the following version—

A Persian fable says : One day
A traveller found a lump of clay
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its fragrance scented all the room.
" What art thou ? " was his quick demand,
" Art thou some gem from Samarkand,
" Or spikenard in a rude disguise,
" Or other costly merchandise ? "
" Nay, I am but a lump of clay."
" Then whence this wondrous fragrance, pray ? "
" To thee the secret I disclose,
" I have been dwelling with the Rose."



Let the reader try these two versions of the story on the voice ; he will at once see what form can do. If it be replied that verse always excels prose when it deals with one and the same story, then let the reader turn to his Malory and see whether at the close of that famous book, Tennyson's versification of Malory's prose is a certain improvement. The reader may have come across versified Gospels ; we recoil from them in horror. At the same time it must be remembered that other considerations, apart from those connected with literary form, will occasionally, and with certain anomalies, drive to the winds all dogmatic statements. There are hundreds of thousands of people who would not give a thank-you for the Psalms of Coverdale or of the Authorized Version ; they have the rhymes that have been sung for more than two hundred years.

There follow a few stories on which the reader may try his hand. They come from many sources, and the sources are not always indicated. But if he will consult only a few of the books mentioned in the preceding pages he will soon be put on the track of story. The great mistake that the beginner makes is that he expects to find one book which will give him all he wants. There is no such book ; there never will be. Perhaps a series of volumes, say thirty, would help. For this reason a library continually filled with new books and old, and continually scrapping its useless books, is the

desideratum of the teacher, and it looks as if it would be a desideratum for a long period.

It is suggested that the reader should, where the story is short, try his hand at enlarging it, according to the hints given on pages 51 to 55. Some stories, however, though quite short, are perfect of their kind, and any attempt at an enlargement seems sacrilegious. It is necessary to say this, for this enlargement of very beautiful short stories amounts in some hands to a vice; the pulpit is not altogether free from blame in this respect. It is one thing to discuss a short story from many sides, and quite another to add details and guesses in the telling. Many people think this enlargement is necessary for little children, but all that is here required is a simplification of difficult words and phrases; difficult thought should not be presented to the little child, except for very special reasons.

Doubtless many of the stories here given may be improved by certain alterations, and this is always admissible. All the stories of the world have been at one time or another changed, modified, placed in different countries, furnished with different heroes, customs, local colour, tacked on to other stories, docked of important parts, and loaded with differing and entirely irreconcilable morals and meanings. The story is made for man, and not man for the story; and while it is important for a collector to obtain and to report exact words, it must be remembered, as Mr. Joseph Jacobs shows, that not only he himself is an offender in the respect of his making a story what he thinks it should be, but even the great brothers Grimm varied their stories in the several editions of their epoch-making collections.

I may then bid the reader good-speed, using, and of course misusing, the words of Chaucer, who was not thinking of a story-teller at all—

Through me men go into that blissful place
Of heartes hele and deadly woundes cure ;
Through me men go into the Well of Grace,
Where green and lusty May shall ever endure.
This is the way to all good aventure,
Be glad, thou Reader, and thy sorrow off-cast.
All open am I ; pass in ; and speed thee fast.

A FURTHER NOTE ON VOICE AND GESTURE

THE story is greatly dependent on cadence, stress and modulation. It is the fashion in this country to minimize emphasis, and to make the voice undramatic. This is, of course, wrong from the story-teller's point of view, but it is not at all wrong to advise restraint. All voice-devices may and should be, used quietly and naturally; the rule being this, that *the speaker should always be able to justify and give a reason for his way of saying a sentence or a verse*. The reply that he was taught to say it in a particular fashion, or that there is a stage tradition in favour of a particular fashion, or that he is blindly copying someone else, will not do.

Readers who wish to see how far the careful and delicate study of short passages, sentences, and phrases can be taken are referred to the works of Legouvé; the French are far ahead of us in the matter of reading-analysis. It was a Frenchman, Joubert, who wrote thus of the human voice: "La voix est un son humaine que rien d'inanimé ne saurait parfaitement contrefaire. Elle a une autorité et une propriété d'insinuation qui manquent à l'écriture. Ce n'est pas seulement de l'air; c'est, de l'air modulé par nous, imprégné de notre chaleur et comme enveloppé par la vapeur de notre atmosphère dont quelque—émanation—l'accompagne et qui lui donne une certaine configuration et de certaines vertus propres à agir sur l'esprit. La parole n'est que la pensée incorporée."

The best way to make the most of voice-capability is to get hold of a good coach. If this be impossible—and it generally is—the best advice that can be given to a beginner is to study with a friend the different meanings that a slight alteration in voice will give to a given sentence. Find out what stresses, cadences, whispers, modulations will accomplish. I give a simple example—

"You don't know what he said to me."

According to the way in which these few words are said, the sentence may take on the following meanings, among many others—

1. You (one person is pointed to) don't know . . .
2. You (a class or set of persons) don't know . . .
3. I'm quite *sure* you don't know . . .
4. You don't know what *he* (pointing to him) . . .
5. You don't know the *terrible* things . . .
6. You don't really *know* though you may guess . . .
7. You don't know what He (the reference being to God) . .
8. You don't know what he *said*, apart from the way in which he looked.
9. You don't know what he said to *me*, apart from what he said to *you*.
10. You *don't* know? I am sure you do.
11. You don't *know*? Then I'll tell you.
12. He told *you* one tale and *me* another.
13. I am very angry. You don't know . . .
14. He told me a great secret.
15. I am afraid to think of what he said.

These are but a few of the different meanings which can be put into such a sentence. I append for practice a few sentences taken from stories in this book.

Alexander never rode any other horse.

You go to seek God; am not I also a child of God?

Come thou and reign over us.

Sir, said Sancho, the Devil has run away with Dapple.

So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber.

Be bold, be bold; be not too bold.

Enter, and thou shalt repent; enter not, and thou shalt repent.

One misty moisty morning.

I give a few other passages on which the student may make experiments. The intended meaning should always be honestly given to the companion in the experiments before the voice tries the sentence.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Out, out—brief candle.

All the world's a stage.
 Since there's no help come let us kiss and part.
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
 My mind to me a kingdom is.
 Can you deny this ?
 What on earth do you mean by that ?
 Advice to those about to marry : Don't.

I have said nothing about the pause and phrasing or about audibility. Though of the greatest importance, these cannot be treated in this book.

GESTURE

It has been laid down that gesture is to be natural. The story-teller must be able to justify and explain—at all events to himself—why he chooses this gesture and avoids that. It follows that no one should copy a gesture without understanding it, and that no one should teach gesture without explaining it. All pictures that set out to show gesture without explaining the movement are dangerous.

Gesture is the attempt to say something without using speech, as when anyone smiles, shakes his head or his fist, or waves a hand in farewell. Or a man may eke out his voice-work with hand, head, body, in the description of a scene. It is certain that gesture preceded speech, and it is known that savages express more in their gestures than do the more civilized peoples, even the Latin races.

In a book called *Thinking Black* occur the following words—

“ I wonder, in a way, whether these negroes learned their gestures from the monkeys. Amid all the jabber of rival dialects the best, because most eloquent, sort of lingo is this language of negro gesture, arms waving in the wind like semaphores. Not the zigzag movements of an excited Frenchman, this, nor yet the impoverished expedients of deaf-mutes ; here I say you have a serious vocabulary of gesture with deep abstract ideas stinging you into sarcasm. The mechanics of African speech this, so to speak, the pulley and lever and screw of conversation. O that magician wave of the negro hand. With it they demand, they promise, they call, they refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent, express shame, express doubt, instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify,

accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, reconcile, recommend, gladden, complain, afflict, comfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not, with a variety and multiplicity that keep pace with the tongue."

The Englishman, as I said before, does not use overmuch gesture; but he is given in the pulpit, on the platform, and even sometimes on the stage, to tricks which have nothing whatever to do with the words spoken.

I enumerate a very few. Their number is legion.

Fiddling with papers, or with a coat or waistcoat button, or with a pencil, or with an eyeglass; moving from one place to another, and finally spilling a glass of water; shuffling; constantly repeating without any meaning at all the same wave of the hand or the same smile; bowing from the hips at nobody and nothing; raising a finger to some part of the head; clutching a parapet, a table, a chair. There is only one way of getting rid of such futilities: it is to ask a candid friend to make a list of them and to report regularly until they disappear.

To the story-teller, it is of the first importance that he should not distract his audience from his story; the more impersonal he can become the better.

The few rules about positive body-gesture are as follows—

1. Gesture should always precede, or at all events should never follow, the spoken word.

2. Gesture, except when intentionally exaggerated, as in farce, should be restrained.

A modification of this rule is sometimes allowable with less cultivated audiences or with little children who love gesture, and are, within their limits, masters of it.

3. Gesture should be learnt—if learning be necessary—from life rather than from books; from people walking, talking, quarrelling, in the street. A railway station, where people are off their guard, is an excellent place in which to study gesture.

4. Never look at your own gesture when telling a story.

5. Though it is true that the story-teller's gesture, if taught, is likely to be stiff, and though it is in my opinion almost

wicked to teach gesture to a child, yet there is such a thing as restrained and cautious coaching in gesture followed by discussion of it. Darwin, in his *Expression of the Emotions*—a book of which the writer himself had no great opinion—states at length his conclusions; I give the very briefest summary alphabetically arranged.

ABSTRACTION, MEDITATION, THOUGHT. Lower eyelids raised; eyes vacant. Perplexity sometimes raises hand to chin or rubs brows or taps forehead.

ADMIRATION. Eyes open and bright; a smile.

AFFIRMATION. Nodding several times. Negation expressed by moving head away or by shaking head.

ANGER, HATE. Nostrils raised; mouth compressed; head erect; possibly clenched fists; protrusion of head and body (as in women quarrelling).

ANXIETY. Eyebrows oblique, mouth corners drawn down. Forehead muscle like a horse-shoe.

CHEERFULNESS. Eyes open, head erect, no frown.

CONTEMPT. Slight uncovering of canine tooth on one side, with consequent appearance of smile; or by a smile alone; or by turning eyes away; or by half-closed eyes; or by nose turned up which follows from upturned lip; or by wrinkled nose only. Finger-snapping, loud or gentle; or simple frown; or even by spitting or saying "ugh"; or by shudder. Cf. scorn, disdain, etc.

DECISION. Closed mouth; tightened lips.

DEVOTION. Eyes raised; and sometimes hands raised and joined or open; body standing or kneeling.

ENVY. Cf. Jealousy, Avarice, Revenge, Suspicion, Deceit, Slyness, Guilt, Vanity, Conceit, Ambition, Pride, Humility. Darwin doubts if we can fix these; though they are recognizable. Guilt and slyness show odd looks in the eyes. Perhaps Pride shows puffing up, nostrils open, lower lip turned out.

FEAR. Heart beating; eyes and mouth open; figure at first motionless; crouching down; pallor; perspiration; mouth is dry; trembling; fixation of eyes on object of fear; possible convulsions and arms raised; if fear becomes terror a possible scream; viscera affected; (the rising of the hair is a fact in some instances). Sometimes the body shrinks, pushing fear away; shudder. (Actors raise shoulders and press arms to sides closely, bending the arms.)

HELPLESSNESS. Hands open outwards with elbows pressed to sides; shrugging; head on one side; mouth open; (artists sometimes call the shrugging muscles the patience muscles); resignation is sometimes shown by hands folded on abdomen.

ILL-TEMPER. Frown; closed mouth. Sulkiness shows a pout.

MODESTY. Flushing; turning the face; occasional tears; hiding all the face.

Something may be learnt from the careful study of well-known pictures, in which we instinctively recognize the propriety of the positions, gestures and expressions. But if the story-teller wishes to translate the actions in his story, apart from the delineation of the emotions, there is, in my opinion, only one way for him to go to work. The first thing he should do is to buy a long slip of glass in which he can see the whole of himself, and in front of this glass he should practise. The next thing is to enlist the services of a friend, a candid friend, and TRY his gestures on this friend, asking for criticism.

Whenever a bit of a story seems obdurate and the gesture will not "come right," the best way to proceed is to act the scene or clause with the very things in your hands to which the story refers. If you want to gesture the sweeping of a room, or mounting a ladder, or the throwing a bucket of water out of a window, or the kissing of a child, or the wearing of a sword, or the turning someone into the street, just get hold of broom, or ladder, or bucket, or child, or person to be thrown out and **DO THE THING**. After doing it half a dozen times, watch your action and repeat the movement restrainedly without the help of broom or ladder or bucket.

For the passion and grief often required in story the only advice is to learn to simulate. Any child can pretend; why cannot the adult? The true answer is that the adult is generally ashamed of giving himself away, even in jest. If so, he had better give up story-telling.

The present writer views with horror the extravagant gestures of many film-stars, the equally distorted exhibitions of children who have come under the baleful influence of teachers who aspire to be elocutionists, and the absurd books

in which boys and girls are photographed posturing for Shakespearian speeches. The best antidote to such teaching is a subscription to *Punch*, in which, week by week, good gesturing is shown in the large pictures, and bad gesturing is pilloried in the smaller.

I think a word of caution is required for all who admire poses, whether the pose be that of a mannequin or of an ecstatic Eurhythmist. Poses are not always positions, and many of the so-called Greek poses are quite unlike anything that belongs to the great period of Greek art. For the story-teller, all dance and ballet poses are impossible, except as farce.

In the story-teller's art there is a good deal of description that admits of some gesturing. In addition to the hints already given, the following may be considered.

The key to all naturalness is visualization. When the parts of a story are SEEN by the teller there should be no difficulty in translating them into restrained picture. (Some persons, it is true, declare that they cannot visualize, but probably there is in them a compensation that enables them to feel a scene when they cannot see it. The majority can, and do, visualize, and the encouragement of this power leads them to *forget themselves*, a matter of the very first importance.)

It is to be understood that in the following suggestions the teller is always advised to work before a mirror, and when in doubt to consult a friend. Descriptive matter is here arranged alphabetically.

ARCHITECTURE. The outline of church, house, etc., or of figures, such as squares, circles, may be clearly and decisively drawn by both hands, working symmetrically. The outline always begins with the top.

ANIMALS' MOVEMENTS. These are generally full of grace, and it is dangerous to gesture them, unless, for comic purposes, they are to be travestied, as in the case of a lumbering elephant or an angry, back-arched cat.

BECKONING AND DISMISSAL. Beckoning uses one finger, the first; dismissal uses the whole hand.

COLD AND HEAT. A shiver is sometimes aided by the "bbrrrr" of the trilling lips; but, as in most gesturing, the whole body takes

part. Heat is shown by a slow puffing, with a pretence at opening a coat or fanning.

DISTANCE. A steady look in one direction is quite as real as a pointing with the hand.

FALLING, ETC. Only the very beginning of a fall or stumble may be shown ; anything more is ridiculous.

FIGHTING. This is generally very badly done, and most stage fights are no fights at all. It had better be left alone ; but, for the coach who wants to represent a fight in which several people take part, the best advice is to analyse the fight into three or four parts and study them separately.

HURT AND PAIN. Pain alters the face ; and a look at the part hurt is enough. If the head is hurt, the hand may be raised to it. In farce, the face-pain is exaggerated, and the hurt limb is nursed.

LISTENING. Head is tilted with an ear towards the place from which the sound comes ; the eyes are sometimes opened, sometimes half closed. In a refusal to listen, the head is shaken and the open hand dismisses the matter.

PRAYER. The gesture is well-known, but it requires care if it is not to become sanctimonious. Probably it is best left alone.

STANDING STILL. The story-teller must learn how to stand so as to avoid a meaningless wavery movement like that of an uncertain pendulum. It is not necessary always to stand when telling ; but, if the standing position be preferred, as it generally will be, then the standing must be easy. The recognized advice is to practise standing with the fingers lightly locked behind the back, and the head well up. A sound rule for a man is that he should just be conscious of the existence of his collar at the back of his neck. This upright position will be constantly altering, but it is the normal position to which the easy standing should return. When in repose, the hands are difficult to manage ; and, if not required for light gesture, they should be out of the way ; or if seen, they may be moving very lightly indeed with the varying story. Stiff hanging arms are unsightly.

I quote here, for the encouragement of those who fear gesture, the description of Yvette Guilbert—

“ There are no exaggerated contortions nor superfluous grimaces. In the uplifting of her eyebrows, the slightest movements of her lips, the expression of her eyes, she gets all the effects. As a matter of fact, she hardly moves at all ; her gestures are so minute as

almost to escape the notice of the uninitiated ; she gets more significance out of a sigh, a laugh, a pout, than most actors get out of a whole act."

Throughout the preceding pages reference has been made to the eyes. It is a matter of doubt whether, apart from their dullness in sickness and death, and apart from special brightness in sickness or the alteration in size produced by drugs, the eyes can be said to alter at all. The muscles round the eyes are constantly altering ; but, though the story-teller may open, close, half-open, half-close, raise his eyes, lower them, or squint at will, can he make the iris bright or dull ? Can he " sparkle " ?

I close these few notes on gesture with a quotation or two from three of Shakespeare's plays. They may set the reader searching these and other plays for signs of what Shakespeare thought he saw in gesture as he looked round upon the people of his day.

The three plays chosen are *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*.

From *Macbeth*—

" . . . You seem to understand me
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips." I.3.

" Your face my lord, is as a book where men
May read strange matters." I.5.

(Looking on his hands) " This is a sorry sight." 2.2.

" The cloudy messenger turns me his back
And hums." 3.6.

Ross. " Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered ; to relate the manner
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you."

Mal. " Merciful Heaven, . . .
What man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows." 4.3

Doct. " What is it she does now ? Look how she rubs her hands."

Gentlewoman. "It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot." 5.1.

Mac. "My fell of hair . . .
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in it . . ." 5.5.

From *Romeo and Juliet*—

"I will bite my thumb at them which is a disgrace to them if they bear it. 1.1.

"She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it." 2.1.

"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand." 2.1.

"Now afore God I am so vexed that every part about me quivers." 2.4.

From *Hamlet*—

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play." 1.2.

(Ghost beckons).

Hor. "It beckons you to go away with it."

Mar. "See with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground." 1.4.

"You never shall . . .
With arms encumbered thus or this headshake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase
(Note) that you know aught of me." 1.5.

"O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit
 That from her working all his visage wanned
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing.
 For Hecuba.
 What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
 That he should weep for her ? ”

2.2.

The last and most important quotation, though so well-known, is here printed in capitals. It is, as everyone knows, the *locus classicus* on our subject.

Ham. “ SPEAK THE SPEECH, I PRAY YOU, AS I PRONOUNCED IT TO YOU, TRIPPINGLY ON THE TONGUE :



BUT IF YOU MOUTH IT AS MANY OF YOUR PLAYERS DO,
 I HAD AS LIEF THE TOWN CRIER SPOKE MY LINES.
 NOR DO NOT SAW THE AIR TOO MUCH WITH YOUR HAND
 THUS, BUT USE ALL GENTLY ; FOR IN THE VERY TOR-
 RENT, TEMPEST AND WHIRLWIND OF YOUR PASSION,
 YOU MUST ACQUIRE AND BEGET A TEMPERANCE THAT
 MAY GIVE IT SMOOTHNESS. O, IT OFFENDS ME TO THE
 SOUL TO HEAR A ROBUSTIOUS PERIWIG PATED FELLOW

TEAR A PASSION TO TATTERS, TO VERY RAGS, TO SPLIT THE EARS OF THE GROUNDINGS, WHO FOR THE MOST PART ARE CAPABLE OF NOTHING BUT INEXPLICABLE DUMB SHOWS AND NOISE. I WOULD HAVE SUCH A FELLOW WHIPPED FOR O'ERDOING TERMAGANT : IT OUT-HERODS HEROD : PRAY YOU AVOID IT."

First Player. " I WARRANT YOUR HONOUR."

Ham. " BE NOT TOO TAME, NEITHER, BUT LET YOUR OWN DISCRETION BE YOUR TUTOR ; SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD, THE WORD TO THE ACTION, WITH THIS SPECIAL OBSERVANCE THAT YOU O'ERSTEP NOT THE MODESTY OF NATURE . . . O, THERE BE PLAYERS THAT I HAVE SEEN PLAY AND HEARD OTHERS PRAISE AND THAT HIGHLY, THAT HAVING NEITHER THE ACCENT OF CHRISTIANS NOR THE GAIT OF CHRISTIAN, PAGAN, NOR MAN, HAVE SO STRUTTED AND BELLOWED THAT I HAVE THOUGHT SOME OF NATURE'S JOURNEYMEN HAD MADE MEN AND NOT MADE THEM WELL, THEY IMITATED HUMANITY SO ABOMINABLY."

First Player. " I HOPE WE HAVE REFORMED THAT INDIFFERENTLY WITH US, SIR."

Ham. " O, REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."

STORIES

It has been stated in the Introduction, and with the statement all writers would agree, that the secret of story-telling cannot be put on paper. This, however, is true of all art ; and it is equally true that an hour's coaching with a competent instructor will, for the promising pupil, do more than any book ; while, for the pupil who is hopeless, the hour will be as useful in suggesting his energies into some other channel. But, fortunately, there are or should be few that are " hopeless " in our art ; and often it happens that practice and self-forgetfulness will suffice to bring back the story-telling powers of childhood. In any case this present chapter is written not to instruct the initiated, but to encourage the beginner, the waverer and the possibly disappointed.

I may repeat what has been said before.

1. Find, if you can, your own excellence ; most people can tell one kind of story better than another. Friends will help you to discover yourself.

2. Begin with stories that bring out this excellence ; other kinds of stories may wait.

3. Copy the stories or abstracts of them into your Common-place Book.

4. Learn the actual words or learn your abstracts. If you are relying on mere skeletons of stories study the literary make-up of the short story (p. 55).

5. Alter the story—but not radically—where you feel that your voice asks for an alteration ; but, when the alteration is once made, keep to it.

6. When the learning is complete, so complete that you have no need to think of your next word or phrase, practise before a mirror ; and, after that, ask the criticism of a candid friend.

7. Of course it is supposed that no one will inhale through the mouth or use a gesture that is conventional and unmeaning. If " golden rules " exist, they may be summed up thus. Get

your words forward on to the lips ; and, if you gesture, gesture with your whole self, and not merely with a hand or an arm.

8. Visualize all your work ; or, if you cannot visualize, at least *be* your characters. Then there is no time to attend to self.

9. The success of a story, when it is a good story well-given, depends on many features in the teller ; but it also depends on the character of the majority of the audience. There are audiences who would not have attended to the Parables of the Gospels when given for the first time. The *common people* heard them gladly.

A good deal more will be added to these nine simple suggestions, as the stories unfold themselves. But in these "rules," most of what is vital is contained.

10. A great deal may be said in regard to speech ; but the gist of it all is this. Correct English, i.e. that which calls no attention to itself, is good ; and the same may be said of correct articulation, enunciation and pronunciation. But every thing that is ultra-correct (and the speech of a large number of teachers comes under this heading) is *bad*. We have to aim at *easy* English, *easy* articulation and enunciation, and at a pronunciation that takes itself for granted. The excuse, generally offered by teachers, that they are bound in the interests of audibility and good example to exaggerate the correctnesses of ordinary speech will not bear much investigation. For the story-teller, at any rate, an incorrect articulation and pronunciation are much more tolerable than anything that is sticky, forced, or academic.

As for modulation, stresses and cadence there are no two ways at all. *The natural way is the only way, and all that falls short of it or exceeds it, whether on the stage, in the pulpit, or in the class-room, is anathema.*

The "Don'ts" may be inferred from what has been already said. But, for the sake of any who may see themselves reflected here, I enumerate some of the most important.

Don't shout ; don't look at any particular spot or person ; don't correct or interrupt yourself ; don't fidget or indulge in any noticeable peculiarity ; don't repeat yourself ; don't

bring in irrelevant matter ; don't keep your climax too far from your finish ; don't talk down to any audience ; the simplification of story must never go so far as to reduce it to milk and water ; only for the very littlest people is this ever allowable.

All these require explanation and modification ; but this will show itself as we proceed.

There are two questions which should be answered by the story-teller at an early stage in his work. The first is this : at what part of my story are the necessary explanations to be given ?

It is clear that they may not be given while the story is in progress. I say it is clear ; but I put it to anyone who values the beauty and the form of the story that any break or interruption of beauty or form is unthinkable. This of course is not true if a story is being studied bit by bit. In that case the only place for explanations is just after or just before the sentence or thought that for the moment holds the attention. But we are dealing with the telling as a whole ; and probably most people will prefer to give the explanations *before* the story. If there be any doubt in the reader's mind I would put a definite example of special difficulty before him. Suppose that we have to say without book, i.e. to tell, " The Hound of Heaven " (see p. 80). The poem is divided into parts, for which there is no special name ; they are not stanzas or verses, or, strictly speaking, strophes. Each part ends with a refrain. The whole is not intelligible—though the general sense and the music are graspable—without some knowledge of Francis Thompson's life and studies ; and each part of the poem may stand almost by itself. If the teller would bring this poem home to people who are not too grand to listen to explanations, it is best to deal with the poet's life, with his degradation in London, with his medical studies and his wide reading ; and then go on to a paraphrase of part one. Suddenly the voice takes on a new tone, and without a word more of preface, the first part is said. This being finished, the paraphrase of part two is begun and part two is said. If at the conclusion it be thought best to give the

poem as a whole, then the audience will, provided the teller has been skilful, have a clearer and finer idea of the poem than they would have had from many private readings. Let any teller try this method with a longer and perhaps more difficult poem, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," and he will, I think, be convinced that the best place for paraphrase and explanation is at the beginning of each verse or set of verses. In shorter poems or in prose pieces one explanation or paraphrase is enough.

It is said that children should be introduced at once to the simple story without any explanation; and this is true. But for older children it is often convenient and even necessary to tell a story that demands a few explanatory words; and, if we make a hard and fast rule that we will give no explanations, we cut ourselves off from a good deal in history and literature that is treatable in story-fashion. It comes to this: that explanation can only be introduced at the beginning, in the middle, or at an end. The last two positions seem to be impossible.

The second question that the story-teller has to answer is this: "If I am going to use skeleton stories and fill them out (and I really feel I have not the time to learn the actual words of long stories) then should I not have some knowledge of the true make of a good story?"

Now this is important. And, as I am here catering for more kinds of story-tellers than one, I intend to give in the subsequent pages many outlines for the reader to fill in. These may be added to indefinitely, for story lies about us everywhere. I do not, however, suggest in these pages that the teller should invent the whole of the story. Not only would this lead me away from the purpose of the book, but I hold that there is enough of very good material in the world to satisfy everyone. The teacher's entirely original stories are bound to be, in most cases, very second-rate; and it is my opinion that, except perhaps occasionally for little children, the teacher should take either the actual words or the outline of what has been provided already.

With this limitation, therefore, I proceed to a few suggestions

on the make and form of the finished work that is to be offered to audiences.

1. If possible, always give work that is, from a story-teller's standpoint, not second-rate.

This is a hard saying, but its meaning will appear as we proceed. For the moment let me be content to say that all ill-prepared work, all formless or unbeautiful work, along with all that may be by the audience labelled too difficult or "goody-goody," is second-rate. Stories that confuse by reason of their intricacy or the multiplicity of event, or by the introduction of episodes that have no bearing on the main story, come also under this heading. The Eastern method of linking in a loose fashion stories that have little or no connection with one another, stands by itself, and may, of course, be defended; the world has been nursed on the method, *Kalila and Dimnah* and *The Arabian Nights* being the best-known examples in old days, while Mr. F. W. Bain in his several volumes of *Indian Stories* has followed it. Audiences, especially child audiences, are apt to be critical, and they can generally distinguish the grain from the husk, the second-rate from the best.

2. Let the subject of the story be ONE.

It is almost unnecessary to point out that if the story be about an elephant, or a diamond, or a forget-me-not, or a Christian martyr, the teller should see to it that the elephant or the martyr holds the stage, and the centre of the stage, all through. If a promising story be found and excrescences occur in it, the best method is to try such a story on the voice; the voice will pick out whatever is likely to bore or distract attention. If the reader does not trust his voice, then let the story be tried on a friend; if the episodes break the main flow badly, away with them.

It may be said, once for all, that *alterations in stories, if not too radical, are permissible*. The reader who thinks such teaching unliterary, is requested to read and re-read the prefaces and notes written by Mr. Joseph Jacobs to his two volumes of *Fairy Tales*.

3. Every story should have an introduction, even though

the introduction be nothing more than a formula ; it should have an ending even though such ending be again no more than a formula ; and the rest of it is the story. This story rises to its one or two climaxes. One climax is preferable to two. The climax should in most instances be kept close to the end of the story.

4. The form of story—and by form is meant words, phrasing, music and all turns of speech—is the criterion by which a story is finally judged. By this is meant that, plot and aim being good, a story is generally saved by its form. So important is this for the teller that it is almost worth while to name again a few writers who are worth imitating for form alone. Among these are Basile in the *Pentamerone*, Dasent in his translation of Ashbjörnsen, Hans Andersen, A. and E. Keary, F. W. Bain and Laurence Housman. For little children's stories add the name of Ada Marzials. Quite apart from the content of the stories told by these authors, it is worth the teller's while to spend a good deal of time over their form, and to see how the effect of the plot is increased by the music, the quaint phrase, the ease of speech. There are other writers whose form should not be imitated, but they need not be named. As he progresses in his work the teller will be able to put his fingers on weaknesses, especially in translations ; some really good stories being rendered useless by the form in which the translator has clothed them. The art of the translator is one of the most difficult of all arts ; in the best of the translators, the art, i.e. the skill, is lost to sight in the inspiration of genius.

5. It will be found that stories fall into types. A story generally *means something* ; and, though it may be as free from "moral" as Henry van Dyke could wish, yet a large number of stories may be "plotted" in one word. It will therefore be found convenient to make lists of such words to which, as types, stories may in the first instance be referred. The advantage of doing this lies in the fact that it enables us to gather together the names of stories from very diverse sources to illustrate a particular scheme. A brief list of this sort is subjoined—

Adventure, Affection, Anger, Appearance and Reality (*Beauty and the Beast*), Avarice and Prodigality, Cheerfulness, Constancy, Courage, Cunning and Straightforwardness, Descriptions, Emotion and Stoicism, Friendship and Enmity, the Fool (a very frequent type, especially in Russian story), Forgiveness of wrongs, Generosity, Gratitude, Honour and Dishonour, Hope and Despair, Jealousy, Justice and Injustice (*The Bell of Atri*), Kindness and Cruelty, Love and Hate, Mystery, Patience, Patriotism, Perseverance, Pride, Poverty and Riches, Remorse (*The Ancient Mariner*), Revenge, Self-sacrifice, Wisdom.

These words must find their places in the index of a Common-place Book, and it is astonishing how many stories will be found to group themselves readily under headings.

The cursory reading of such books as *Malory*, the *Faerie Queene*, *Don Quixote*, and the Bible, will enable the teller to write down reference after reference. And this writing down of mere references to stories well known will be found most helpful when the teacher is faced with the request "Tell us another story about courage, like that of Regulus that you told us yesterday."

But this method of arranging types of story is not the only one; and, indeed, by far the more popular way of considering a story is to look at it not from the side of its telos or aim, but rather from that of its content or plot. The two sides cannot be altogether separated, but the following rather long list of story-contents will give much choice to anyone who tries to satisfy the insatiable child.

1. The hero or heroine is forbidden to ask the Name or to find the secret of another. In the Name lies power. Jacob is forbidden to ask the Name when he wrestles with the angel. Psyche and Elsa must not ask their lovers' Names. Melusina must not allow her husband to see her. In Mrs. Steel's *Ruby Prince*, the prince who has come from a snake-ancestry will not tell his wife his name, and when she presses for it he disappears into the river and she loses him. Bluebeard's wife is forbidden to pry, and in the story of the Witch, the girl must not look up the chimney. Sir Faithful must not

boast of the beauty of his lady. In modern stories, that is, in stories dealing with modern or preserved beliefs, a Devonshire man is very unwilling to tell his name (as in the terrible story by Zack, *On Trial*). This forbidding is a very common device in tales. The command is—either intentionally or unintentionally—disregarded ; and the unintentional disregard brings us to the group of stories that have for a motive “unintentional harm,” a tragic transcript from daily life, which will suggest much to the thoughtful teller. The Greek stories of destiny are full of such “unintentional harm.” The results in story are generally, in the end, satisfactory ; but folk and fairy tales are not expected to reflect the sadder sides of life. Of course, the plot details of these “forbidden stories” are supplied in inextricable confusion from other types to which we turn.

2. The hero's or heroine's happiness or life-chances lie in some trifle which must not be interfered with or lost or destroyed. It is a dress or the hero's own skin, or a ring or a hair ; there is nothing so insignificant that it cannot be made to serve the purpose of the narrator. In the story of Samson the hair may not be cut ; in the stories of the men who can change into wolves the skin must not be interfered with ; or, if it be salted, the wolf is not able to regain his human form without pain or death. In the *Merchant of Venice*, the ring must not be given away or lost, if happiness be desired. The whole series of stories of Swan-maidens belongs to this class ; they lay aside their swan-dresses when bathing and the man who can steal a dress compels the owner of it to be his bride. If at any later time she can recover her dress from his custody, she is free again, and her husband and children see her no more. The story of Joseph in the Old Testament contains a beautiful and pathetic reference to the life-truth that men's and women's lives are often bound up with something or some person extraneous to themselves. In Gen. 44, Judah says of his father in reference to Benjamin, “his life is bound up in the lad's life,” and in the older versions, “his life dependeth on the child's life” ; “his soul hangeth by the soul of this” ; “his life is tied unto the lad's life” ; and all stories about

Luck of Edenhall, and about amulets and charms which must not be allowed to depart from the body of the wearer point in the same direction. The glass is broken, the treasure is lost, the amulet is left at home, the child is lost ; and life is never the same again ; or, indeed, life departs with the loss of the " life-index."

The stories often, but by no means always, even in folklore, tell of the recovery of the lost life-index.

3. The faithful hero or heroine—sometimes faithful unto death—goes through unnumbered troubles.

This is almost too common a plot to be written about here. Fidelity of wives, of husbands, of children, of servants, of animals, and, of course, of lovers, is, fortunately for human nature, as well illustrated by history and biography as it is in story. The teller need not go far for details ; though for marvel he will have to resort to stories which are not considered " true." The following names will suggest others : Alcestis, Penelope, Saul's armour-bearer, Cleopatra's women, Gelert and its many parallels, Margaret Roper, Wordsworth's poem " Fidelity," Orlando and Adam, Sancho Panza.

If the reader objects that in this last we have fiction and history carelessly mingled, the answer of the story-teller may well be that for his purpose there is no such thing as " fiction." There exist for the story-teller only the true and the false ; and with the latter he has or should have nothing to do. Even younger children should know what we mean when we say, " This story is not a story of fact ; but it is true for all that."

4. The hero—in this instance there are not so many heroines—outwits the greater Power. This Power may be Death, or the Devil, or the Ogre, Giant, Witch, Wizard, or even his own Fate ; though it must be admitted that stories are, on the whole, very respectful to Fate, Destiny and the fulfilment of Dream and Prophecy. One of the most beautiful as well as one of the oldest typical stories is that of Alcestis, which will always bear re-telling ; the " Indian Alcestis," printed in this book, is to be found in *Cradle Tales of Hinduism*, by Sister Nivedita. The author, in introducing the story, outlines the Greek tale first ; but the Greek tale demands

much more than an outline. It would be well if we could fill it with detail of ritual, belief and custom ; but even the Greek of Euripides seems a little pale beside the rich colouring of the Indian story. The victory over death is gained in the one instance by hard fighting and in the other by a delicate piece of trickery ; but at the back of both stories is the unceasing enmity of men towards Death and of Death towards men. A parallel is found in *The Boy Who was Always Thirteen*, by Miss C. Sorabji. But Death is always being outwitted—in story ; the wide-spread story of Misery being one of the best instances (p. 278). The outwitting of the devil belongs rather to Christian literature than to the world-tale, and readers do not need to be reminded that in the Faust legend and in some of its parallels, the devil's due has to be paid. *The Pentamerone*, of which Mr. Fisher Unwin published an abbreviated edition for children, contains some very good outwitting of giants, ogres and magicians, which outwitting is, along with other extravagances and curious morals of story, admirably parodied in the minor works of Frank Stockton. If anyone would raise among children or adults a laugh at folk and fairy lore, he has but to turn to *The Griffin and The Minor Canon*, *The Floating Prince*, *The Giant's Quilt*, *The Reformed Pirate*, and to *Ting-a-ling and the Five Magicians*. These delightful fancies are not so well-known as they deserve to be, and they supply the best-tempered antidote to "fairy rubbish" that any modern reformer could wish. It is not fair to say that, in this matter of outwitting, the ethics of the folk-tale can always be defended.

5. A born Fool, with everything against him, succeeds.

The fool in story either does not know how to do anything at all or he knows how to do everything in a wrong and perverse way ; or, more rarely, he can do one thing well and by this he is saved ; or the fool is good ; or he is something "beyond good and evil," and a hazy symbol of other Powers working. In this delineation of the Fool the story is not far removed from life, but in story he finds a much better reception than in the impatient workaday world. Russian story is above all others tender to him, and Tolstoi in *Ivan the Fool*, and

Dostoeffsky in the long novel *The Idiot*, have blessed—almost consecrated—him. It is true that the term “fool” requires explanation; and it may be said generally that the Old Testament reviles him and that the New Testament does nothing of the sort; but the Old Testament fool and the New Testament fool are not the same thing. Mr. Laurence Housman has written a tiny epic on Noodle in his *Field of Clover*, and Noodle is a fair type of the folk-tale fool. The most foolish fool is seen in *A Pottle of Brains*, in Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*, and in the delightful Pickle, printed on p. 275; *The Pentamerone* has a fool, too, who is to be put side by side with our friend Epaminondas.

If anyone wishes for fools for whom there is no salvation, he must go to Clouston's *Book of Noodles* and to *The Wise Men of Gotham*. They are dealt with briefly in the two books by Mr. Joseph Jacobs called *English Fairy Tales*; but the reader must see that he buys the books with their learned notes; an unannotated edition is of little use.

6. The hero is set to hard tasks; and the heroine, perhaps, to harder. They are both helped by Outside Powers, generally because it is felt that the tasks have been set unjustly; sometimes they are helped because they *are* hero or heroine; and sometimes because at some former time they have assisted a relation or an animal, or—by a kindly act—the “thankful dead.” It is well to make something of these latter stories, for, first of all, they are not untrue to life; next, they are very encouraging; and, further, they afford a means of making a protest against the universal “fear of the dead,” that shows itself in all latitudes, in all centuries, and under every religion. *A story-teller who would to some purpose impress on the young that the quiet dead do not really intend any harm to us might be as much a benefactor to human thought as an artist who would discard the traditional monstrosities that represent Death, and would give us a more Pagan and beautiful “thanatos.”*

The tasks show in their differences a considerable power of invention. They refine upon the labours of Hercules, to which no doubt they were to some extent indebted; but it is likely that children could invent tasks as hard as those of Psyche.

(The children may be invited to try.) Sometimes the tasks take the form of the answering of riddles, a subsection which has a literature all to itself and which is represented in the Bible; there are also the riddle of *Œdipus*, bride-winning riddles, and the guessing of the hidden name. The performance of all these tasks is usually accompanied by a promise of decapitation if the task is not performed or the riddle guessed; and in those instances where it is intended to punish the malefactor the riddle is left unsolved. These riddles are found often in folk-tales outside of our civilization. Sometimes the solution of the riddles is of so doubtful a correctness that the story will provoke smart discussion, as in *The Boy and the Apple*, where the motto over the palace door is "Enter and thou shalt repent: enter not, and thou shalt repent"; and the last riddle asked is this: "There were a diviner, a physician, and a swift runner. The diviner said: 'There is a certain prince who is ill with such and such a disease.' The physician said: 'I know a cure for it.' 'I will run with it,' said the swift runner. Now tell me: Who cured the king's son?"

7. The hero accomplishes wonderful and beneficial works.

This section of story belongs rather to mythology and legend than to folk-tale. But it is no less valuable on this account; for it leads insensibly to history and literature. Prometheus, whose myth is always worth telling in one or more of its aspects, is the prototype of all such benefactors; and, if this be not too high-sounding a suggestion in a book meant mainly for schools, the story may be traced from the somewhat ridiculous "casket" story of the beginning, through the Epimetheus and Pandora stage to the discovery of fire and the teaching of the human race, and soon to the Caucasus and *Æschylus*, till, later, we come to Manfred and Shelley. Prof. Woodberry, in *The Torch*, has dealt at some length with the Titan Myth, but the teller of the tale must go to *Æschylus* and Shelley.

More interesting, perhaps, is Hiawatha. Those who are fortunate enough to be able to see the works which Longfellow consulted may add considerably to the interest; but, as in all story-telling applied to literature, frequent quotation is

necessary of the Longfellow lines that continue to make their appeal to the young. The forest sights and sounds, the curious names, the soothing trochees, the unfamiliar air, the savagery of it all, and the undoubted music of long extracts, may account for the liking for this epic ; its Promethean side links it up with Greek and English literature.

The names of heroes who have benefited or disturbed a section of humanity are legion ; round the names of all—Perseus, Samson, Siegfried, Rustem, Judith, St. Joan—there is gathered story uncounted.

8. The hero or heroine will overcome, after a time, apparent death.

In this class of stories we may group all tales that promise, to those who have failed or slept or passed through life, another awakening. The folk-lorist sharply distinguishes these stories from one another, but to the teller who has in his mind the idea of further life and renewed hope, the "resurrection" motive takes in Arthur, who lies sleeping in Avalon, Owen Glendower, Buddha and the Last Avatar, the immortal Baldur, and all prisoners in fairy-land, such as the Sleeping Beauty, or Philip Ronayne.

The "long sleep" has always had an attraction for the literary artist, and the very old story of the Monk Felix, who followed a white bird and stayed away from his convent for a hundred years—which were to him but a few hours—can be traced to a kind of doubt in the human mind in regard to the reality of time. Dreams annihilate time ; history sometimes brings the far past to our own doors ; "once upon a time" mixes up past, present and future in a comprehensive aoristic formula. All the stories of reincarnation from Buddha to Pythagoras, from Pythagoras to Plato, from



Plato to Wordsworth ; all the supernatural lapses of time in Fairy-land on which Mr. Hartland has written in his *Science of Fairy Tales* ; all the Sleeping Beauties, the Mary Roses, the Rip van Winkles, and the winter sleeps of Earth, are but representations of breaks in waking consciousness. The unwillingness to believe that a great personage can really be dead ; the belief that hangs about for a time in regard to Romulus, or the Tsar, or Lord Kitchener, or Joan of Arc—all point in the same direction. Above all other famous stories we may say that the Briar Rose still lives and still inspires. But wherever we turn in story we find the thought which is expressed in the folk-tale of Kashmir ; “the story seems to mean that in the great Hereafter, that is, outside our world, a cycle of years is as one second and a second is as a cycle of years.”

9. The hero or heroine is presented at birth or later with a prophecy or promise, which is usually made by supernatural beings out of kindness or malignity or justice. This promise must in some fashion be fulfilled.

Instances are many ; typical stories are those told of Jezebel, Achilles, Jason, Charles I. Sometimes the promise takes on a form which seems impossible of fulfilment, and indeed all the resources of strange coincidence are employed to save the face of the prophet. In the curious ballad by Pushkin, the king is warned that his death will be brought about by a favourite horse ; the king no longer rides that horse, but has him carefully kept in a meadow. The horse dies, and the king, returning to his farm some time after, is told of the horse's death. He openly ridicules the prophet and takes in his hand a white bone that had formed part of the body of his old favourite. Instantly out of the bone darts a serpent, and the king dies of the bite. Biographies of the great are full of such prophecies, and the folk-mind is fond of inventing parallels to the “ides of March.” A good deal of popular superstition, especially in regard to dreams, is bound up with the fulfilment of such promises, and often a family possesses an “unlucky month.”

I may here set down a few more types ; the reader will be

able to recognize them at once. There is the Gelert story, as old as 500 B.C. ; the success of the Youngest, a type known everywhere, and beautifully illustrated by the story of Joseph ; the Cordelia type, aristocratically dealt with in *King Lear*, and democratically in *Cap o' Rushes* ; the Step-mother stories, as old as the times of the Greeks, who called rocks the step-mothers of ships ; the impersonation stories in which people get so confused and mingled that neither they nor the storyteller can sort them again ; the accumulative stories, like *Henny-Penny* or *The House that Jack Built*, all of which, some people say, have their origin in a Jewish hymn, still sung ; the *Dick Whittington* type, which certainly owes little to the history of the man in Richard II's time ; and all that can, apart from the types I have referred to, be collected under one covering word, Magic. Magic rings, magic caps, magic flutes, magic ointments, magic formulae, and even magic boots and slippers are dear to the teller of the tale, whether the teller be an Arab on the sand, or a Russian *babushka*, or an Irish bard, or a Nigerian child. The armoury of world-story is filled with typical weapons. All this varied plot-material is at the service of those who with a good motif in hand wish to extend it, fill it, enrich it.

It is not my purpose to lay great stress on the special divisions which, according to some, may be found in the mentality of the young. Enough has been said to show the teller that he must have stories of different kinds of work at hand ; and when an audience clamours for the true story or for the animal story or for the travel and adventure story, the teller should be able to gratify the wish. It is unwise to teach and believe that all people aged 11-12 love ballads, and then to proceed to give them doses of ballads ; or to think that all girls of fourteen love Romance, and then to dose them with what they are supposed to love. Story-telling must be varied. Grading in the matter of story is of the highest importance ; and though it has been said before in this chapter that we are not to talk down to any class, it is obvious that stories are to be adapted to the ages, likes and intelligence of the persons who

have to listen. We do not expect boys of ten, as a rule, to appreciate the last chapter of *Malory*, nor do we tell the *Three Bears* to our highest classes. Common sense is demanded in all our work.

But indeed, children are often more adult than we. It is they and not we who have given up belief in witches and fairies ; they are more doubtful than we on the subject of the ghost ; and it is we and not they who hand on to others, with a half-sneaking belief, the superstitions of earlier days. *We*, the adult, demand fiction, and little but fiction, at the library counter ; Romance is ever with *us* ; a new ghost story devoid of any evidence finds credit with *us*, and not with the young ; uncanny and uneasy things, like the *Memoirs of a Midget*, or *The Turn of the Screw*, we fasten on avidly ; Mr. Chesterton writes Magic and Mr. Wells tells of sudden fairy wealth—for the grown-ups ; and, to take an extraordinary example of adult credulity and gullibility, it is *we* who believe and even preach about “ the Angels of Mons,” who were simply invented by Mr. A. Machen, “ with no foundation in fact of any kind or sort,” as he tells us. It is absurd for the twentieth century to point a finger at any other “ superstitious ages.” Mr. Punch’s picture of two uncles playing with a new toy while the rightful owner stands aside is no exaggeration ; and the adult Russian Pushkin can exclaim, “ This evening I listened to *skazki* to fill in the gaps in my education. What beauty there is in these old Russian tales ; every one is a poem. “ The child is father to the man ” is true in a sense that the poet never thought of.

There is a great deal of solemn nonsense talked about the outgrowing of our childhood. The story-teller need not fear whether his audience be young or old if his wallet be only filled with good stuff and if he himself has in him the spirit of the story-tellers that have gone before him.

I proceed to a few worked stories and to further hints. The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order.

The short studies are under the following headings—

Animal Stories ; Bible ; Biography ; Descriptions ;

Discussion ; Epic ; Ethics ; Fairy and Folk Tale ; Funny Stories ; History, Chronicle and Legend ; Literature ; Myth ; Retelling ; Romance ; the Story-teller.

None (or few) of these stories are thoroughly filled out ; this filling-out is left to the teller.

ANIMAL STORIES

THE FAMOUS HORSE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

(The teller is supposed to be speaking, in outline, as follows)

THERE have been many famous horses in history and story. I suppose if I looked in my Common-place Book I could give you the names of more than a hundred. There were the talking horses of Achilles, who foretold the hero's fate ; there was Cuchulain's horse, who roamed about disconsolate after his master's death ; there was Napoleon's horse Marengo, that you have seen in pictures ; there was Don Quixote's patient horse Rosinante, all skin and bone ; and there are the horses of the Sun and the four horses, the white, the red, the black, and the pale, that you read of in the book of the Revelation—the Four Horses of the Apocalypse. Story, especially the story of knighthood, is very fond of the horse, but you will have to go far before you find a master who understood his horse and a horse who understood his master so well as Alexander the Great and Bucephalus understood one another.

[This is one sort of introduction. The advantage of it is that it may lead to inquiries, and the teller may tell story after story, taking his audience into the pages of Homer and Cervantes and Arabian poetry and the Bible and Shakespeare. If this be done, the whole of the stories may be revised, and higher classes at least may be induced to put down in their books the instances of the many links between the horse and man, in war and peace, in the chariot-race, and in the hunting field. If preferred, the introduction may be entirely skipped and the story be begun in words largely taken from North's *Plutarch*.]

There was a man of Thessaly who brought a horse to King Philip, Alexander's father. I won't tell you what he asked for him ; it was an enormous sum. And when they took this horse out into the field to ride him, he was found to be so rough that the grooms said he would be of no use at all. No man could mount him ; no man could get even near him. Out went his heels and he yerked

at them. That's what the old writer says from whom I take the story. "Take him away," cried the King; "he is a wild beast and of no sort of use to us."



The young Alexander was standing near and watching, and he said quietly, "What a fine horse, and what fools they are to send him away just because they aren't clever enough to handle him." His father heard him, but he said nothing.

[The whole scene, the kicking horse, the frightened grooms, the watching boy, should be before the hearers. This will happen if the teller *sees* it all and himself watches the horse Bucephalus.]

"What a pity, what a pity," said the boy.

"Why?" said his father, "do you think you could do any better with him than those men who have spent all their lives among horses?"

"Yes," said Alexander, "methinks I could handle him better."

"What will you forfeit if you cannot?" said his father.

"I will forfeit the price of the horse," said the boy.

Everybody laughed, but the boy ran to the horse and took him by the bridle and turned him towards the sun. I suppose that the boy had seen how mad it made the horse to see his own shadow; that was really what was frightening him.

[The brief dialogue between father and son is managed by the faintest turn of the head ; the voice may, but need not be, changed at all, but the position of the head must be changed. It is difficult for the teller to change himself into a horse suddenly ; but *this must be done*, and the teller, that is the horse, must catch sight of his own shadow on the schoolroom floor.]

Then the boy soothed the horse and spoke gently to him and clapped him on the back with one hand till he stopped all his fury and his snorting. When Alexander saw he was quiet he softly let his cloak fall off his shoulders and lightly leaped upon his back ; he got up without any danger and held the reins hard and never struck the horse ; the horse was gentle enough.

[There is a chance at the dropping of the cloak ; the gesture, which is slight, comes more naturally to a woman than to a man.]

Then when the boy saw that the horse was no more afraid, he put him to the gallop and shouted to him to encourage him.

The King said nothing, though he was very much afraid ; but when he saw the boy turn the horse and gallop back, they say the King actually wept and all the lookers-on gave a great shout of joy.

Alexander never rode any other horse and the horse would allow nobody else to mount him unless he heard Alexander give permission. When, long after, in the Indian wars, Alexander ventured too far into the ranks of the enemy, the horse was struck again and again with arrows in his neck and on his flanks ; his strength was failing, but he managed to turn and bring his master full gallop into a place of safety. Then he fell ; and knowing that his master was safe, he cared no more and died. And the King built a city in the region where Bucephalus died, and named it after the horse that he loved.

[There is no harm in the teller's trying to represent the failing strength of the horse as he stands panting in the place of safety. There should be a distinct pause between the death of the horse and the reference to the city ; for this city building is unusual and a very striking finish to the story.]

If the story provokes enough comment to enable the teller to refer to other authorities, it is suggested that the following

may supply fresh story. When, at the close of the Iliad, Achilles at last comes from his tents, and in his beautiful armour, fresh from heaven, mounts his chariot, he calls on his horses by their names, Xanthos and Balios, and bids them take him into battle and bring him safe again. Then the horse Xanthos bows his head till his mane sweeps the ground and turns and answers his master. The goddess Hera gave the horse speech, and this is what he said: "Yes; for this time it shall be well with thee; we will carry thee into the battle and we will bring thee home. But thy Fate follows thee and this we cannot save thee from. *We* did not lose the life of thy friend Patroclus; *we* can run as swift as any wind, but we cannot outrun Fate. Thy doom is near thee and thou art marked for death."

"Speak not of it, Xanthos," said the hero. "I know well that I shall die far from my native land; but not to-day, not to-day."

The reader is also referred to Brewer's *Phrase and Fable* for information about named horses; to Morgan's translation of Xenophon's *Art of Horsemanship*, which (published by Dent) contains fine illustrations; to *True Stories about the Horse* (Harrap); and to *Our Friend the Horse* (Equine Defence League).

References in literature should be picked up and indexed; the descriptions in the Book of Job, in *Richard II*, and in the *Venus and Adonis* are known to all; but Macaulay's verses on Black Auster in *The Battle of the Lake Regillus*, the prayer for the horse in the Russian *Liturgy*, along with some pictures such as "The Last Furrow," must not be forgotten. Grimm says, in his *Teutonic Mythology*, that a hero may be known in folklore by his possession of an intelligent horse; and there is no doubt that horses were often sacred and were sacrificed to the gods. It is not difficult to obtain photographs of the bronze horses of Venice which are associated with the name of Alexander and which have had a strange history; anything that will bring home to an audience man's immense debt to the horse in peace and in war may be collected, shown or told. I add a few notes on other animals, to suggest story.

ARION

The beautiful story of the great musician will always bear repetition. It links itself with the power of great music, with gratitude, and of course with inordinate love of money ; it may remind us also of Pliny's story of the boy and the dolphin. Generally it is an instance of the feeling, in very early stages of story, that men and animals were, once, more closely knit than they are to-day. The importance of stressing this—even if it be but a folk-tale—cannot be over-estimated ; for it leads us not only to a saner basis for our “ kindness to animals,” but it enables the teller to point to the presence in animals of the important instincts and emotions that we see in man. Man and the mouse may never have been cousins ; but for all that Burns's poem is true. We pride ourselves as a nation on being kinder to animals than some other nations are, though we give in our schools very strange reasons why we should be kind. Our kindness, too, is rather modern ; and, as far as literature is concerned, Arabia possessed a treatise on the subject seven hundred years before we seriously thought about it. I print the story of Arion (with asides).

The story goes that Arion (beginners *must* learn the accepted pronunciation of Greek names, which, even in some secondary schools, are woefully mis-handled), who lived at the court of a king (poets are not retained in such places nowadays), once sailed from Corinth to Sicily to enter for a contest in song and on the cithara. Having won his prize and brought his presents aboard, he sailed again for the king's court. (There was no false shame about taking money for artistic, literary and athletic success, for all that we may write about the crown of wild olive.) The sailors coveted the singer's treasure and plotted to murder him. Finding that no prayer availed, Arion at length persuaded them to let him sing once more ; and, in his robes, he stood at the prow and called upon the gods in prayer and sang and played and leaped into the sea. But the dolphins had surrounded the ship in numbers, and one of them carried the singer safe to land. He made his way to the Court of Periander and told his tale, and when the sailors arrived and falsely asserted that Arion had stayed

behind at Corinth, the singer stood forth and proved their guilt. (This is the bare outline.)

Herodotus (1.24) tells the tale in full, and points, as the teller may to-day, to the coins that show Arion riding on the dolphin.

Pliny's story is much more modern in feeling. He says that he has good authority for it. (Most story-tellers say this, especially if they are dealing with ghosts.) There is an estuary at Hippo in Africa ; and the sea rolls in and falls back with the tide. And all the boys go swimming and fishing there. (No opportunity should be missed when dealing with old story, whether the story be from Homer or from the Bible, or from remote Egypt, of making it quite clear to modern schools that children always were children, and did, six thousand years ago, the very same things that children do to-day.) And the champion boy is the one who swims out farthest. Well, up came a dolphin and swam in front of the boy, behind him, round him ; took him on his back and carried him to sea and brought him to shore again. People began to talk about it ; they crowded to the place and bothered the boy with their questions and lined the shore to see what would



happen. (The cynical teller will probably not lose the chance of a remark about the modern crowd and the modern newspaper.) Up comes the dolphin and takes the boy upon his back ; indeed, another dolphin did the same with another boy. The dolphins even let themselves be taken to land and dried, and then thrown back into the sea. One important gentleman went so far as to pour scented oil upon the dolphin, as people used to do upon their favourite elephants ; but the dolphin did not like this and went out to sea for a long time. The place became quite noisy and expensive and famous, and it lost its old quiet character. So what do you think the authorities did ? They decided to kill the dolphin, secretly.

" Oh," says Pliny the gentleman, " I am sure you will be very sorry to hear this ending of the tale."

[It is against the true story-teller's way to point a moral ; but the youngest child will see that, because the people were fools, *that* was no reason for killing the friendly and innocent beast. Let us hope that some of the executioners were followed by Remorse, as the Ancient Mariner was.]

BEAR

The stories of bears are numerous. I suppose the palm must be given to the wonderful Monarch whose story is told by the well-known writer, Ernest Thompson Seton. The little book in front of me costs but a shilling. It is full of phrases that are a trifle new to our children ; but the story is, as the author says, an " historical novel of Bear life." It is rather sad ; it always is sad to tell of freedom jammed into a narrow cage to please people who visit zoos ; and possibly the younger children would weep a little if the story were well told on the human voice. Here there arises the question whether we are not justified in raising wrath or tears even in children, when we deal with man's cruelty to the animal world. I referred before to a story-poem by E. V. Lucas, entitled " Whenever I see a Grey Horse " ; I fancy that it would require rather an experienced story-teller to read that story to an adult audience without a shudder or catch in the throat ; no more powerful denunciation of the bull-fight has been written. But the greater part of the story of Monarch is not sad ; it breathes liberty.

Much more happy—even with its dash of tragedy—is the story of Kroof, the she-bear, and the Initiation of Miranda. These little stories deal with a girl who made friends with a bear-cub and afterwards with the mother. They come from the work of C. G. D. Roberts (*Some Animal Stories*, Dent, 6d.). Mr. Roberts is a master of style ; the form in these stories is past praise and it is difficult to know whether to suggest for telling the tale of the ravens, or that of the porcupine, or that of the black mule. The attitude of all the stories towards the predatory and cruel habits of some animals is the attitude of the Book of Psalms, which, along with the

Book of Job, contains so much in regard to animal life that readers of the Bible pass by ; " the young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are thy works ; in wisdom hast thou made them all."

It is difficult to know what other attitude there is for the person who is up against the cruelty of land and the much worse cruelty of the sea. It is impossible to blink this ; and the writings of F. T. Bullen and Roberts, Prof. Thomson and Fabre—to name only a few strictly " religious " writers—prove to the hilt that the upward movement of life is inwoven with what seems to us to be horrible cruelty. Perhaps the storyteller is right in stressing the wickedness of all *unnecessary* cruelty on the part of man ; but he must be prepared for questions from the wideawake child, questions very difficult to answer. Man's cruelty is as nothing compared with Nature's.

A really relentless story of a bear is told by Selma Lagerlöf. I give an outline of it from memory ; but the reader should go to the full story.

A man who at Christmas time has lost his way in the woods, takes refuge from the snowstorm in a hollow tree, in which a bear is already sheltering. The two pass the whole night pressed close to one another, and the bear does the man no harm. In the morning the man finds his way home and tells the story, and leads his friends to the place. They attack and kill the bear, but not before the infuriated animal has rushed at the man and killed him. When the man's body is brought home his widow calls her son and goes with him to the minister or priest and says that she has come to make arrangements for her husband's funeral.

" I want no sermon, please ; no procession ; no ceremony ; no honour to the dead. We have been in this village for long ; we have always set an example of honour and good conduct. This is Christmas time, when, as you know, there is peace between man and beast. The bear knew this ; my husband knew this ; and—broke the Christmas peace."

BEES

Apart from the story of the bee as told by Lubbock, Maeterlinck, and many other writers, we find a good deal in literature and folk-lore that is ready for the teller. Virgil is full of bee-lore ; Whittier and others have written on the curious practice of telling the bees about an owner's death and of covering the hives with crêpe ; Shakespeare's famous speech in *Henry V*, inaccurate though it may be to-day, must have a place in our books. The bee settles on the mouth of him who is favoured of heaven ; it is a relic of the golden age and was saved from Paradise ; indeed it is a kind of messenger between man and heaven ; " the bee," says the Geneva Version of *Ecclus* (11. 3), " is but small among the fowles, yet doeth her fruite passe in sweetenes."

BUTTERFLY

The story-teller will not need to be told that the butterfly belongs to ancient myth. The whole story of Cupid and Psyche (see p. 180) is the story of immortality, and in art Psyche always has the tiny wings on her shoulders. Perhaps the most striking of the old butterfly stories is that of the priest who, according to the version given by Lady Wilde in her *Ancient Legends of Ireland*, became proud of his knowledge and denied God and the saints, and the existence of the soul, and even taught his pupils the same, so that things went from bad to worse in Ireland. Then, one day, an angel appeared to this priest and told him that he would die in twenty-four hours, and go to hell, unless he could find someone who by his faith would intercede for him, and assure his final salvation. The priest finds a little child who upsets his foolish arguments, and who, being bidden to do so, stabs the priest to death. The pupils of the priest stand round and see the soul, escaping from the body, winging its way into the air. " And this was the first butterfly that was ever seen in Ireland ; and now all men know that the butterflies are the souls of the dead waiting for the moment when they may enter Purgatory and so pass through to purification and peace."

It is also to be noticed that the soul may be a bird, a snake, a mouse, a phoenix, a winged child ; but the best and most



beautiful symbol is the Greek symbol of the fairy thing that leaves the dull chrysalis behind.

DOGS

There are admirable studies of dogs from which stories may be told *ad infinitum* ; it is only necessary to mention one or two, such as *Owd Bob*, *White Fang*, *Rab and His Friends*, *Dog and Man*. All of these are to be obtained quite cheaply, and there is an anthology by Miss Menzies called *The Friend of Man*, which collects the chief references in literature. Greeks and Romans kept dogs as friends and as pets, and the dog of Tobit in the Bible is in many stained windows ; Coverdale's verse deserves to be quoted : " then the dog . . . came as a messenger and wagged with his tail for gladness " (Chap XI). But, apart from Tobit, the Bible does not like dogs and the cult of them is, on the whole, modern. To this statement an exception must be made in favour of Homer, whose beautiful lines on Argus might be expanded into a short story. When Odysseus had returned to his home in Ithaca he was recognized of two only, his old nurse and his old dog.

It was Argus, whom Odysseus himself had bred before he went to holy Troy. Of old days the dog had hunted the wild goats and the deer and the hares, but he lay forgotten, for his master was far away. . . . Yet now, when he was sure that it was Odysseus standing there, he wagged his tail and drooped his ears, but he had no strength to get nearer to his master. And Odysseus turned his head that none might see and wiped a tear from his eye. He knew what that dog had once been ; how in the depth of the forest no beast could escape him ; swiftest and strongest was he. . . . Twenty years old ; and on him came the shadow of death as soon as he had seen his master.

This picture can scarcely be paralleled in antiquity, but it is there, and it shows that there must have been other such dogs and other such masters. The dog which, by himself, almost proves Shakespeare to have been a dog-lover, is found in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. He is not entirely proper, and it would be difficult to make a story out of him ; the lady's dog which he tried unsuccessfully to replace is described by the poet as a " squirrel." It is doubtful if in any language a more apt name could be devised for the monstrous little things we know to-day. Small pets must have been always known in England, and on medieval brasses three have been affectionately named " Iacke," " Bo," " Terry." A little Roman girl, as old North tells us from Plutarch, had a dog named Perseus, and was inconsolable at his death. The story is worth recalling.

So being consul now and appointed to make war upon King Perseus, all the people did honourably accompany Æmilius home unto his house ; where a little girl, a daughter of his called Tertia, being yet an infant, came weeping unto her father. He, making much of her, asked her why she wept. The poor girl answered, colling him about the neck and kissing him : " Alas, father, wot you what ? Our Perseus is dead." She meant by it a little whelp so called which was her playfellow. (Her father, of course, took this for an omen ; so should we to-day.)

The dogs of the Middle Ages are important, but we know little of them. We remember, later, the Prioresses' dogs (smale houndes) in the Prologue. The well-known story of the dog Dragon, who attacked the murderer of his master and was

allowed to fight the man in a duel, is told in more ways than one. The date of this strange encounter is 1371 (see Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*). Perhaps the wounding of the hound Roswal in his defence of the banner and his subsequent attack on Conrade, was suggested to the author of *The Talisman* by the earlier story ; the incident in the novel is well known.

" Here, Roswal," said the knight, throwing down his mantle by the side of the standard spear, " watch thou there and let no one approach."

The majestic dog looked in his master's face as if to be sure that he understood his charge ; then sat down beside the mantle with ears erect and head raised like a sentinel understanding perfectly the purpose for which he was stationed there. The wounding of the dog and the cure by the wonderful physician are followed by the scene in which Roswal tears the traitor Conrade from his horse.

The dogs of Dickens cannot be separated from the comic company in which they find themselves. Diogenes in *Dombey and Son*, and the Jerry dogs in *Nicholas Nickleby*, cannot be thought of apart from Mr. Toots and the Old Hundredth ; but Bill Sikes's cur belongs to the real aristocracy of dogdom which is faithful unto death.

Scott, Dickens, Landseer were all dog-lovers.

Among Mohammedans there are at least three stories that are worth telling, relating to the dog. The most modern is that of the woman of ill life who went on the great Pilgrimage, and who was scorned by her companions. With her she took her dog, from which she would not be parted. The dog fell ill and the woman stayed in a desert place to tend it. When the others arrived at Mecca they heard a voice which said, " This is not the place where prayer is to be made. Go back to where the woman ye call evil is tending a fellow life." I have quoted from memory ; the story is either an old one or an original tale (by Miss C. Sorabji).

An older tale is that connected with the " Seven Sleepers of Ephesus." We are told that in the reign of the Emperor Decius seven noble youths fled from the persecution to a cave, the mouth of which was afterwards blocked up. With them

went a dog which they drove away, but God caused the dog to speak and he said, " I love those who are dear unto God ; go to sleep therefore and I will guard you." Or, according to another story, the dog said, " You go to seek God ; am not I also a child of God ? " In this cave they remained asleep two hundred years and more, and are now buried in Marseilles ; and when they turn in their dreams disaster is sure to come on Christendom.

The Seven Sleepers story is one of the best known in the Middle Ages, and Gibbon, to point a moral or to justify reflections of his own, has, in his 33rd chapter, told the tale at length. It is inserted here by me merely on account of the words attributed to the dog, so unlike anything we might expect from a Christian writer.

The third story I cannot trace beyond the time of Jellaladin, the Persian poet of the eleventh century ; it should be somewhere in the Apocryphal Gospels, but I cannot discover it. It is one of the perfect parables of the world. I have quoted it before.

When the boy Jesus, with his companions were playing one day in the streets of Nazareth, they came across a dead dog. And the children kicked it and reviled it. But the boy Jesus stooped down, lifted the dog's lip and pointed—to the beautiful white tooth.

Hanauer in his *Old Testament Folklore*, has put this story into admirable verse.

I refer the reader to one quite modern story. We may here leave out the very wide-spread tale of Gelert, perhaps, and conclude this section with referring the reader to Chapter 10 in the second part of the *Forsyte Saga*, by Galsworthy. The title of the chapter is " Death of the Dog Balthasar."

There is a great deal of story, partly mystical, to be found under such titles as *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (by Conan Doyle), in which the dog is the ancestral curse ; *The Hound of Ulster* (for which see *Cuchulain*, by E. Hull), the hound in this case being a chieftain ; and the famous poem " The Hound of Heaven," by Francis Thompson, where the hound is the following, tracking, relentless Love of Christ. All this may be treated as story for older children, and on p. 225 I have

suggested a method of dealing with Francis Thompson's very difficult poem.

THE FAWN

Considering the many animals that are to-day acting as mascots to regiments and even to football teams, it may not be out of place to give an ancient and well-authenticated instance of this widespread custom. The student who wishes to go farther may be referred to Bird's *Joseph the Dreamer* for the sacred animals of Egypt; to Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology* for beliefs in the protecting powers of animals; and to the article on "Totemism" in a good cyclopaedia. There is no sort of need for the story-teller to act as the crowd does, and to spread and perpetuate superstition; the whole subject may easily be introduced by an account of the Boy Scouts and their friendly emblems; but the undoubted fact that men have in every century and under every religion identified their own safety with that of some guarding animal must be admitted. I give here in outline the beautiful story of

The Fawn of Sertorius.

In the times when Marius and Sulla were carrying on the civil war in Italy, this strange man Sertorius appeared, first as an adherent of Marius, but afterwards as a rebel in Spain. And, being himself—for all his wars—a man not devoid of imagination and good will, he was glad to receive from the simple inhabitants presents that showed their confidence in him. On one occasion, a countryman had found a fawn, milk-white, which could not escape from the hunters; he brought it to Sertorius, who tamed the little thing, so that she would come at his call and follow him wherever he went, being not at all afraid of the noise and tumult of the camp. Afterwards, when any secret news was brought to him, he would pretend that the fawn had told it him, and that she had been sent to him by the goddess Diana. When, once, the fawn was lost, Sertorius offered a great reward for its recovery, and when it was found his soldiers were much encouraged. (A now forgotten novel by R. E. Landor, and a play by Corneille, tell of this milk-white fawn.)

The *Lion* of Androclus is too well-known a story to be set down here at length; but, well-known though it is, it is not

to be neglected. A story-teller who can fill the tale with detail from old Rome will make it as interesting as Aulus Gellius did. The description of the cruel theatre and of the crowds waiting for bloodshed ; the fear of Androclus himself ; the recognition of the man by the lion and afterwards of the lion by the man ; the explanation of their friendship—so different a story from that of the bear of Lagerlöv ; the acclamation of the sentimental crowd, equally ready to see Androclus torn to pieces or to watch him leading the lion on a string through the streets of the Capital ; all this gives the teller a chance. The objection that the story is threadbare is of no value ; no story is threadbare when a new teller of it arises. Moreover—though I repeat that moralizing is to be avoided—kindness to animals and gratitude are not the unbroken rule in human conduct.

Indeed, the cynical story-teller might possibly remember the mission of the little imps sent from hell to compare their own iniquities with those of mankind, in order that the parallels might be exact and the books be kept accurately. When they had returned and submitted their report, the Devil said to them, " Yes, this is all very well ; but there is a sin in the list which I cannot find among you—ingratitude." " Thank-you," replied the head demon, " we leave that to men."

MELAMPUS

It is only of late, if we omit Bible references, that the smaller animals have received due attention ; apart from the ant and the bee, we may say that neither literature nor science has found them interesting enough. But now they have come into their inheritance, and any teacher who would interest children in beetles, woodlice, centipedes, earwigs, ladybirds, in the language of birds and in the innumerable tales about snakes, might take Melampus and the stories regarding him as an introduction. The beautiful, but rather hard, poem by George Meredith recalled the name of Melampus to a generation which had let him rest in the obscurer pages of the classical dictionary ; perhaps he was a myth.

When Melampus lived in the Peloponnese he reared two

little snakes whose parents had been killed ; and on a day as he lay asleep in his garden the two snakes came and licked his ears. (The reader may take down his *Lavengro* and read again what happened to the boy Borrow.) He woke and felt that somehow he now knew the language of the birds and with their help he could foretell the future ; and at a later time, when in prison, he found he could hear the woodworms talking about the insecurity of the wooden walls ; and he became, with the help of little things, a great physician.

Of course, the facts are non-existent ; but it is not so easy to deny the meaning, which, even in fabulous history, may lie concealed. No one quite knows at what these mythical stories hint.

I quote but one verse from the poem—

Divinely thrilled was the man, exultingly full,

As quick well-waters that come of the heart of the earth,
Ere yet they dart in a brook are one bubble-pool

To light and sound, wedding both at the leap of birth.

The soul of light vivid shone, a stream within stream ;

The soul of sound from a musical shell outflow ;

Where others hear but a hum and see but a beam ;

The tongue and eye of the fountain of life he knew.

To make a story out of this poem would be a task that would tax the powers of most people ; that is why I suggest that some of my readers should attempt it with their higher classes.

For a further introduction to story of the smaller things we may go to the Fabre books, and to the older but not less loving studies by Mrs. Brightwen.

BIRDS

The birds, to whom reference is made in the story of Melampus, would require a whole book for themselves ; it must be enough here to point out some of the titles that will supply story.

The birds generally are connected in story and in art with St. Francis. At Bevagno we are told he preached to them ; "and when the Saint had ceased speaking the birds made

such signs as they might by spreading their wings and opening their beaks to show their love and pleasure ; and when he had blessed them with the sign of the Cross, they sprang up and, singing songs of unspeakable sweetness, away they streamed in a great cross to the four quarters of heaven " (Canton : *A Child's Book of Saints*). The reader who prefers a less mythical tale may go to Longfellow's *Birds of Killingworth*.

The *Cock* is seen on church towers, but this is probably not due to the story of the denial by St. Peter. The bird is met with in all folklore. There is an admirable story of him and his slaughtered spouse in Caxton's *Reynard the Fox* ; Chaucer has a long and interesting story.

The *Cuckoo* generally has a very bad name ; some writers say that bad as it is, he deserves worse. A very comic story quoted by Grimm comes from the thirteenth century : " A certain Abbot on a journey heard the cuckoo calling and calling, and counted up the number of times he said ' Cuckoo ' ; and, finding they came to twenty-two, he thought that he would have twenty-two more years to live. ' Eh,' says he, ' If I've got twenty-two more years to live, why should I go on mortifying myself in this Order ? I will e'en go back to the world and will live for twenty years in every kind of worldly enjoyment ; and then, for the last two years, I will be a penitent.' "

The *Dove* and *Eagle* belong to all time.

Felix the Monk heard the white bird singing in front of him for a hundred years ; and thought it was but an hour. There is a beautiful variant in *Canadian Folk Tales*, by Wallace.

The *Goose* is heard of in Rome and in the fables of Æsop.

The *Gull* is the soul of the dead sailor ; Mr. Masefield has a poem on this belief.

The *Hawk*, which is first met with in Egypt, has a long story dedicated to him in the *Canterbury Tales*. Longfellow's falcon is well-known ; falconry itself will provide story.

Ibicus is spoken of as having been avenged by the crying *Cranes* ; the story is almost a parallel to that of Arion.

The *Jackdaw* is claimed by Rheims.

The *Lark* is rather the subject of lyric than of story, though we find him in *Kalila*.

The *Nightingale*—whose original story is revolting—is best known to us through Hans Andersen's satire.

The *Owl*, celebrated for wisdom, for prophecy, and in the sadder scenes of life, is Athene's bird. F. Caballero has an excellent story called "The Bird of Truth." I am afraid the stories are out of print, but see p. 330.

The *Parrot* has verse written about him from Roman times downwards; he is a favourite bird in Eastern story, and the *Fairy Tales of a Parrot*, by A. C. Stephen, contains among others the excellent story, "The Wooden Woman." But the book tells us little about the bird.

The *Peacock* is a royal bird in story; he is too proud ever to look at his feet, which are never clean. His beautiful feathers are unlucky, because they contain the "Eye" which is always on the watch to harm people. (This takes us to stories of fascination, a topic which the story-teller in school should avoid.)

The *Raven* is, like the owl, ominous; he belongs to Odin; he is unpopular in Rome; but Bible story knows nothing of this. Children know Grip in *Barnaby Rudge*; they need not know E. A. Poe.

The *Robin* would require a volume to himself if we were treating of folk belief. There are three separate reasons given for the redness of his breast; he is always associated with the wren, and they are or were hunted—a practice investigated by Miss Eckstein in her *Nursery Rhymes*; he is the friend of man and child, and yet he is the harbinger of death. The reader who would follow the robin's story might begin with the index of *Notes and Queries*, a storehouse of out-of-the-way beliefs and practices. Fear of the robin and of his "wailing" exists in many counties of England to-day.

The *Stork* is better known in Germany than with us; but the ecclesiastical legend of the pelican that feeds her young from the blood of her own breast is very old; she is found in maps and in stained windows.

The *Swan* is as well-known in story as any bird. He is long-lived; he sings just before death; he is, through the swan-skin, closely allied to the prince or princess who takes

his form—(see Hartland, *Science of Fairy Tales*)—and above all, he figures in the beautiful story of the *Children of Lir*. Perhaps the finest version of this is in Joyce's *Old Celtic Romances*.

The reader will be able to add to these few hints if he will turn to such books as those of Gubernatis, Seton Thompson, Warde Fowler, Long, Groos, Fabre, St. Mair, and Prof. Lloyd Morgan ; Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* is useful.

While there is every reason for our attributing to animals the instincts and some of the emotions of man, we are, I think, less ready to furnish them with the vices and virtues of civilization ; and the worldly-wisdom fable of the earlier East—though used by La Fontaine and Krilof—is not now so much to our taste as are the stories from folklore and the new facts of Natural History.

BIBLE STORIES

It is not quite the duty of a guide such as this to consider the attitude of the teacher towards the narratives of the Bible. Our views on this matter have changed so greatly during the past twenty years that all we have to do here is to record the change and to give the names of one or two books which represent divergent opinions.

The extreme position is taken in the five volumes by Dr. Oort, whose *Bible for Young People* has been translated by P. H. Wicksteed (Sunday School Association). Nothing is admitted as being historical before the times of King Saul, and the whole of the early narrative is subjected to a rather relentless criticism. A good deal of the "miraculous" falls away from the New Testament. The books are clear, poetically written, and thoroughly religious in tone; and in the hands of a good teller they might create, especially in higher forms, a newer and possibly truer respect for the Bible. The more moderate position is adopted by such writers as Prof. Sayce in his *Early History of the Hebrews*; by Canon Foakes-Jackson in his *Biblical History of the Hebrews*, and by Canon Ottley in his *History of the Hebrews*. In the New Testament narrative, the extreme position is taken in Neumann in his *Jesus*, translated by Canney and published by A. and C. Black. Perhaps T. R. Glover's *The Jesus of History* may be said to take a moderate position. For brilliant pictures of New Testament scenes it would be hard to find anything better than Bird's well-known *Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth*. The *Teacher's Bookshelf*, a catalogue selected by Allen Warner, contains full information in regard to modern writers.

Whatever view the teacher adopts, or is expected by authorities to adopt, the value of Bible stories remains. Mrs. Cather, in her *Education by Story-Telling*, reminds us that DR. REIN ADVOCATES USING BIBLE STORIES IN THE THIRD AND FOURTH YEARS OF SCHOOL LIFE TO THE EXCLUSION OF ALL OTHER STORIES. It would be easy to fill a couple of pages with short remarks by well-known writers eulogizing from almost every

point of view the short story in the Bible. Yet, with this consensus of opinion from Coleridge to Ruskin and from Ruskin to to-day, the teacher is scarcely convinced.

No wonder, for the books written on the Bible as a part of our English literature are to be numbered on the fingers of one hand; and nearly all in this miserably inadequate collection are written by American scholars. This country has been contented to point to its English Bible as its most wonderful book, its "high water mark in English prose," and the like; but it leaves the matter there. You must not speak of the wonder or of the prose; the Bible is not literature; it is not prose; it is the Bible.

It is unnecessary to say that the story-teller cannot accept this conspiracy of silence. To him the stories are beautiful as stories: and whatever opinion he may have of their date, credibility, accuracy; whether he accepts the reputed authorship by this or that chronicler, prophet, evangelist; the stories remain, clear-cut, admirably made, human, full of wisdom, and, after all their two thousand years, deeply operative in life's questions. It is impossible to name any other book of the size of our Bible which contains stories half so wise, deep, pathetic; while in their form, their music, their finish, they leave the professional story-writer far behind. The reader must not look on these words as my words, or as the opinion of an enthusiast; I am but registering the expressed opinions of the great majority of critics. I name here but a few stories, without particularizing the school ages to which the several narratives may be suitable—

The Opening Poem of Creation, the Pleading for the Wicked Cities, the Interrupted Sacrifice of Isaac, the Burial of Sarah, Eliezer's Mission, the Treachery of Jacob, the Dream at Bethel, the whole story of Joseph ("The Epic of the Younger Son"), the Burning Tamarisk, the Burning Mountain, the Book of Balaam, the Burial of Moses, the Fall of Jericho, the Trickery of the Gibeonites, Deborah, Gideon, the Story of Jotham, Ruth the Moabite, the Boyhood of Samuel, the Modesty of Saul, the Giant Goliath, David and Jonathan, Saul in the Cave, the Midnight Visit to Endor, the Song of

the Bow, the March of the Men of Jabesh, the Death of Absalom, the Prayer of Solomon, the Prophet of Bethel, the Scene on Carmel, Elijah at Horeb, the Farewell to Elijah, the Lady of Shunem, the Story of Naaman, the Prologue to the Book of Job, the Praise of Wisdom, the Voice from the Whirlwind, the Preacher's Description of Old Age, the Call of Isaiah, the Song of Hezekiah, the Dream of Nebuchadnezzar, the Lions' Den, Belshazzar's Feast, the Flight of Jonah, the Three Sentences of the Young Men of Darius, the Heroine Judith, the Fear in the Darkness, the Song of the Three Holy Children, Bel, the Dragon, the Brave Mother and her Seven Sons, the Gospel Story and the Parables, the Scene at Pentecost, the Death of Stephen, the Dream of Peter, the Shipwreck of Paul, the Slave Onesimus, the History of Faith, the Opening Vision on Patmos, the Great Multitude.

These are but a few of the Bible stories, and the reader may perhaps not recognize every one of them under the names I have given ; they are taken in strict order from the Authorized Version of the Bible and no one need be surprised that six of them belong to the Old Testament Apocrypha, which in 1611 was, and still is, part of our English Bible.

There is, it seems, a greater willingness of late not only to treat these stories in a less polarized fashion, but to discuss them with classes. In older days scarcely any "discussion" of Bible story would have been permitted. There is no doubt that, if possible, discussion should be allowed to take the place of the older moralizing. But this will be dealt with later.

If then it be granted that the stories are fine and that they may be talked about, the question for the teacher is : How are they best put before classes ?

The simplest way is by far the hardest. This is, to learn the stories and tell them in the Bible words, just as if they were exactly like any other stories.

To do this with success, that is, to do it without overdoing or overdramatising the story, requires great skill. To begin with, the language is in parts slightly obsolete, and the meaning must be made crystal clear. Next, there is the objection felt by some children and nearly all adults to seeing these stories

acted, gestured, felt. The depolarization which so many people, using the Autocrat's word, desire, should, they think, be obtained not by keeping, but by altering, the Bible phrase. At the risk of offending those reformers of Sunday School methods who have accomplished so much, it may be asked whether any serious attempt has ever been made by the most advanced teachers to tell Bible stories in Bible words, using with sobriety the cadences, stresses and gestures that are used by the expert story-teller. It is here suggested that the attempt should first be made with one or two of the best-known parables, and an opinion be given by the class on the result.

The student who would try this method must first learn his work so that the words will come to his lips with no trouble at all. He must continually practise till he is satisfied with every tone and every slight movement. He must of course be able to defend his interpretation in all particulars; and from every bit of exaggeration his telling must be free. It would also be well if, before he attempts to tell the story to his class, he should induce a friend or two to listen to him.

Such a method does not do away with a necessity of a preface given in his own words.

I outline a preface to the telling of Jotham's fable of the trees. (The story-teller speaks; though, of course, in his own, not in my words.)

Gideon, whose story you have heard a short time ago, was now dead. He had many sons; seventy, we are told. And one more, Abimelech. The Israelites might have remembered Gideon; he had done so much for them; but they did not, and the men of Shechem conspired with this Abimelech to expel the sons of their old leader. As we often find in these barbaric days when every man did what was right in his own eyes, Abimelech plotted to kill all his brothers; the men of Shechem helped him, and all the seventy except one were killed. That one, Jotham, escaped, made his way to the hill Gerizim, and from the top of it shouted a fable at the ungrateful men of Shechem. In that fine air the voice carries far, and they heard all he said. Jotham had no great opinion of kings, and his fable means just this, that kings are tyrants; they will

take men and make soldiers of them and make their wives bakers and confectioners. Samuel told them this long after, and Jotham meant by his story that every good tree and every man worth anything does not particularly want to be a king in such days as the days of the judges. The olive refuses; the fig-tree refuses; the vine refuses; only the miserable bramble-bush Abimelech consents, and on that bramble-bush will ruin come. Here are his words—I try to tell the story as he told it, looking down from the hill at the men of Shechem below, but I don't shout it, of course.



Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem, that God may hearken unto you. The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon. Now, therefore, if ye have done truly and sincerely, in that ye have made Abimelech king, and if ye have dealt well with Jerubbaal and his house, and have done unto him according to the deserving of his hands; (For my father fought for you, and adventured his life far, and delivered you out of the hand of Midian. And ye are risen up against my father's house this day, and have

slain his sons, threescore and ten persons, upon one stone, and have made Abimelech, the son of his maidservant, king over the men of Shechem, because he is your brother); If ye then have dealt truly and sincerely with Jerubbaal and with his house this day, then rejoice ye in Abimelech, and let him also rejoice in you: but if not, let fire come out from Abimelech, and devour the men of Shechem, and the house of Millo; and let fire come out from the men of Shechem, and from the house of Millo, and devour Abimelech. And Jotham ran away, and fled, and went to Beer, and dwelt there, for fear of Abimelech his brother.

If the teacher likes to make more of the power of the Eastern king, he has but to turn to the remarkable picture drawn in the beautiful story of the Three Young Men and Their Sentences (see p. 95), which is one of the most direct accounts we possess of early absolute power. If, on the other hand, he wishes to stress the conduct of Abimelech, he may tell the story of the miscreant's fall before the words of Jotham are uttered. It will be found that in more points than one the Jotham fable may be linked up to other Bible stories. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

In the same way quite a long preface may be prepared before the parable of the Good Samaritan is told. We must remember that the audience knew or knew by report the dangers of the Jericho road; they knew the long-existing hatred between orthodox Jew and schismatic Samaritan; it meant much more to them than it means to us.

In the same way the comic story of the Gibeonites—for comic it is—can be told with a very useful preface.

Whatever we from our more developed civilization may think about the cruelties which seem to have accompanied the military invasion of Joshua, the order given was that no treaty, mild or severe, should be entered into with the nations of the invaded country. The map, without which no Old Testament story can be understood, shows that Gibeon was in the line of conquest. Apparently the news of Joshua's and the Israelites' success had spread far, and the people of Gibeon, despairing of meeting Joshua in the field, "went to

work wilily." In fact, they fooled Joshua and the people. The story is admirably told. It admits of plenty of gesture ; it appeals to the humour of any class. To exclude the possibility of humour from the Bible just because the book is the Bible is to insult the nation whose literature is largely, but not wholly, made up of the Old Testament. As soon as a class recognizes that it may laugh at incidents at which it is assuredly meant to laugh, you distinctly add to the value of the Bible as a human document. So here ; the Gibeonites present a most woeful appearance, though there was no reason on earth for their woe ; and you proceed and tell the story in the inimitable words of the Bible itself.

And when the inhabitants of Gibeon heard what Joshua had done unto Jericho and to Ai, they did work wilily, and went and made as if they had been ambassadors ; and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine bottles, old, and rent, and bound up ; and old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them ; and all the bread of their provision was dry and mouldy.

And they went to Joshua unto the camp at Gilgal, and said unto him, and to the men of Israel, We be come from a far country : now therefore make ye a league with us.

And the men of Israel said unto the Hivites, Peradventure ye dwell among us ; and how shall we make a league with you ?

And they said unto Joshua, We are thy servants. And Joshua said unto them, Who are ye ? and from whence come ye ?

And they said unto him, From a very far country thy servants are come because of the name of the Lord thy God : for we have heard the fame of him, and all that he did in Egypt, and all that he did to the two kings of the Amorites, that were beyond Jordan, to Sihon king of Heshbon, and to Og king of Bashan, which was at Ashtaroth.

Wherefore our elders and all the inhabitants of our country spake to us, saying, Take victuals with you for the journey, and go to meet them, and say unto them, We are your servants : therefore now make ye a league with us. This our bread we took hot for our provision out of the houses on the day we came forth to go unto you ; but now, behold, it is dry, and it is mouldy : And these bottles of wine, which we filled, were new ; and, behold, they be rent : and these our garments and our shoes are become old by reason of the very long journey.

And the men took of their victuals, and asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord.

And Joshua made peace with them, and made a league with them, to let them live : and the princes of the congregation swore unto them.

And it came to pass at the end of three days after they had made a league with them, that they heard that they were neighbours, and that they dwelt among them. And the children of Israel journeyed, and came unto their cities on the third day. Now their cities were Gibeon, and Chephirah, and Beeroth, and Kirjath-jearim. And the children of Israel smote them not, because the princes of the congregation had sworn unto them by the Lord God of Israel. And all the congregation murmured against the princes.

But all the princes said unto all the congregation, We have sworn unto them by the Lord God of Israel : now therefore we may not touch them. This will we do to them ; we will even let them live ; lest wrath be upon us, because of the oath which we swore unto them.

And the princes said unto them, Let them live ; but let them be hewers of wood and drawers of water unto all the congregation ; as the princes had promised them.

Once more. The teacher determines to tell the story that not one Bible-reader in a hundred knows, the Three Young Men and their Sentences. He decides that he will tell it, with a slight omission here and there, in the Bible words, but that some sort of preface is required. I here suggest an opening for the story and I append the story itself. (The teacher speaks)—

I give as a title to this story the Three Young Men and their Sentences ; I can well remember the occasion on which I first read about these three young men. I had been reading a book which long ago made a great stir, *The Reign of Law*, by the Duke of Argyll ; and in it I came across a passage which pointed to this story, which I am going to tell you. The writer said that in it was contained the best description of an absolute monarch to be found in all literature. I was only a boy at the time and I turned to my Bible to find the third chapter of the first book of Esdras. Of course, I could not find it, because it was not there. I did not know then,

but I found out then, and I have never forgotten the fact, that our modern Bibles are in many respects not what they set out to be, that is, exact copies of the Authorized Version of 1611. I have since that day always remembered that the Old Testament Apocrypha, from which this story comes, was part of the 1611 Bible, and that it was also part of all the earlier Bibles, including the Geneva Bibles, on which the English nation was brought up. Every Bible used in British schools is incomplete if it omits this Apocrypha. If you want to hear more about this matter you can. But I learnt more than this; I learnt that we not only have in this story a description of absolute kingship in olden days, but we have a finely finished and patriotic story that will bear comparison with most modern stories for its make, its polish and its artistry.

The occasion of the story was this. The Israelites had been taken into captivity; their city Jerusalem had been laid waste; only a few Jews were left in it. The chosen nation had become the captive nation; everything was a failure, even their defending God; they were in a strange land. "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, 'Sing us one of the Songs of Zion.' How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

You need not suppose that this story is actually true to fact, but it is true to truth. The Israelites did long to return and in this book we are told that first one king and then another did promise the captive Jews that the walls of Jerusalem should be rebuilt. Cyrus, we are told, began the rebuilding; Artaxerxes stopped it; Darius again promised it. You must keep this in your mind if you wish to see how very wise the making of this story is.

Now when Darius reigned, he made a great feast unto all his subjects, and unto all his household, and unto all the princes of Media and Persia, and to all the governors and captains and lieutenants that were under him, from India unto Ethiopia, of an

hundred twenty and seven provinces. And when they had eaten and drunken, and being satisfied were gone home, then Darius the king went into his bedchamber, and slept, and soon after awaked. Then three young men, that were of the guard that kept the king's body, spake one to another ; Let every one of us speak a sentence : he that shall overcome, and whose sentence shall seem wiser than the others, unto him shall the king Darius give great gifts, and great things in token of victory : as, to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold, and to sleep upon gold, and a chariot with bridles of gold, and an headtire of fine linen, and a chain about his neck : and he shall sit next to Darius because of his wisdom, and shall be called Darius his cousin.

And then every one wrote his sentence, sealed it, and laid it under king Darius his pillow ; and said that, when the king is risen, some will give him the writings ; and of whose side the king and the three princes of Persia shall judge that his sentence is the wisest. to him shall the victory be given, as was appointed. The first wrote, Wine is the strongest. The second wrote, The king is strongest. The third wrote, Women are strongest : but above all things Truth beareth away the victory.

Now when the king was risen up, they took their writings, and delivered them unto him, and so he read them : and sending forth he called all the princes of Persia and Media, and the governors, and the captains, and the lieutenants, and the chief officers ; and sat him down in the royal seat of judgment ; and the writings were read before them. And he said, Call the young men, and they shall declare their own sentences. So they were called, and came in. And he said unto them, Declare unto us your mind concerning the writings. Then began the first, who had spoken of the strength of wine ; and he said thus, O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine ! it causeth all men to err that drink it : it maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one ; of the bondman and of the freeman, of the poor man and of the rich : it turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt : and it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembereth neither king nor governor ; and it maketh to speak all things by talents : and when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out swords : but when they are from the wine, they remember not what they have done. O ye men, is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do thus ? And when he had so spoken, he held his peace.

Then the second, that had spoken of the strength of the king, began to say, O ye men, do not men excel in strength, that bear rule over sea and land, and all things in them? But yet the king is more mighty: for he is lord of all these things, and hath dominion over them; and whatsoever he commandeth them they do. If he bid them make war the one against the other, they do it; if he send them out against the enemies, they go, and break down mountains, walls and towers. They slay and are slain, and transgress not the king's commandment: if they get the victory, they bring all to the king, as well the spoil, as all things else. Likewise for those that are no soldiers, and have not to do with wars, but use husbandry, when they have reaped again that which they had sown, they bring it to the king, and compel one another to pay tribute unto the king. And yet he is but one man: if he command to kill, they kill; if he command to spare, they spare; if he command to smite, they smite; if he command to make desolate, they make desolate; if he command to build, they build; if he command to cut down, they cut down; if he command to plant, they plant. So all his people and his armies obey him: furthermore he lieth down, he eateth and drinketh, and taketh his rest: and these keep watch round about him, neither may any one depart, and do his own business, neither disobey they him in any thing. O ye men, how should not the king be mightiest, when in such sort he is obeyed? And he held his tongue.

Then the third, who had spoken of women, and of the truth, (this was Zorobabel) began to speak. O ye men, it is not the great king, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine, that excelleth; who is it then that ruleth them, or hath the lordship over them? are they not women? Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land. Even of them came they: and they nourished them up that planted the vineyards, from whence the wine cometh. These also make garments for men; these bring glory unto men; and without women cannot men be. Yea, and if men have gathered together gold and silver, or any other goodly thing, do they not love a woman which is comely in favour and beauty? Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob and to steal, to sail upon the sea and upon rivers; and looketh upon a lion, and goeth in the darkness; and when he hath stolen, spoiled and robbed, he bringeth it to his love. Wherefore a man loveth his wife better than father or mother. Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned,

for women. Then the king and the princes looked one upon another : so he began to speak of the truth.

O ye men, are not women strong ? Great is the earth, high is the heaven, swift is the sun in his course, for he compasseth the heavens round about, and fetcheth his course again to his own place in one day. Is he not great that maketh these things ? therefore great is the truth, and stronger than all things. All the earth calleth upon the truth, and the heaven blesseth it : all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing. Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and such are all their wicked works ; and there is no truth in them ; in their unrighteousness also they shall perish. As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong ; it liveth and conquereth for evermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards ; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things ; and all men do well like of her works. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness ; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty, of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth. And with that he held his peace. And all the people then shouted, and said, Great is Truth, and mighty above all things. Then said the king unto him, Ask what thou wilt more than is appointed in the writing, and we will give it thee, because thou art found wisest ; and thou shalt sit next me, and shalt be called cousin. Then said he unto the king, Remember thy vow, which thou hast vowed to build Jerusalem, in the day when thou camest to thy kingdom.

That, then, is the story. You can see for yourselves how skilful it is. All the three sentences lead up to the Praise of Truth ; and the Praise of Truth leads up to the promise from the king that the young man shall have whatever he asks for, a familiar promise in many stories. This was expected ; and the young man at once sees his opportunity. The king and all the people have acknowledged Truth to be the greatest thing in the world. The king had promised to build again Jerusalem ; now is the time for him to show if he means to abide by his promise. The king cannot escape ; he is bound to keep his word ; all the people are watching him. Apart from this the language of the three chapters is so fine that even in our Bible, which is crammed with wonderful English prose, it stands out almost unrivalled as narrative.

[The saying of these chapters will require much study ; but it will be seen at once how the first two items, wine and the king, and even woman's power are but introductions to the amazing crescendo in which Truth is praised. As soon as this is finished, the voice drops to quiet ; and the last three lines—to which the whole story rose as to a climax—are said slowly and very quietly. The young man knows that he will gain his request.]

I proceed to give a hint or two more in regard to the telling of the story itself. Very few, I think, are required ; the story tells itself—

(a) In the first paragraph notice how easily the narrative falls off the lips. But this ease must not make the teller hurry ; the whole scene must be taken in. The paragraph is a paragraph, and at the end there is a distinct pause.

(b) The second paragraph is very slow. Especially must the three sentences be given slowly.

(c) The third paragraph contains humour ; but this must not be stressed. The praise of the strength of wine is quite serious, however much it may be our custom to make fun of drunkenness.

(d) The fourth paragraph is that which shows what the king's power can be, and indeed was in early days. Instances are quoted till one would think there were no more that could possibly be given. The people at the king's command have to fight, to slay, to sow, to reap, to spare, to build, to plant ; and finally not to do anything that they want to do for themselves. All these instances of the king's power and authority have to be hammered in on a level voice, as if the teller were cataloguing the king's titles.

(e) The fifth paragraph may, of course, be shortened ; it is quiet and slightly satirical in the second part.

(f) The sixth is by far the finest part of the story. It begins quietly and as if it were an argument. But as soon as the word TRUTH is uttered, the enthusiasm of the young man shows itself in the tremor of the voice. Then at the words, " As for the truth . . ." the crescendo begins, and at the final blaze, " Neither in her judgment . . ." the voice peals out.

Instantly the teller recalls himself to prose and the whole of the story is quite simple until the last words, "Then said he unto the king . . ." which as I said before are gentle but immensely impressive, carrying as they do the whole weight of the story.

The reader must understand that this is but one way of treating this wonderful narrative.

The story may, of course, be told without any preface at all, and without any explanation; or the explanation may be left to the time when the discussion takes place. There are more ways than one of using the method. It is, however, the method of the *ipsissima verba* of the Bible. The second method is quite different.

The method now to be described does not use the Bible words; or, rather, it uses them only occasionally. Roughly we may say that it retells the Bible narrative with any help the teller may be able to gain from reading. It is the ordinary method of the teller of Bible stories, and it is, as a method, applicable to any age, any class. It is the method of the pulpit and of anyone who attempts to give an abstract of a book, a poem, or some masterpiece of literature. It is subject to much variation and no amount of reading and skill is thrown away in its service. Readers will remember how skilfully Charles Lamb gives an account of some of the plays of Shakespeare, allowing the poet himself to tell the story without seeming to quote from him at all. In order to do this well, the reader must have his story at his finger's ends.

Suppose we take the story of the Call of Samuel. Now it is perfectly plain that this story may be told either to a child of eight or to a sixth form in a secondary school. In the former instance we need the bare narrative; anything that will make the story vivid to the little child is to be welcomed, but the story can hardly go beyond this, that the sanctuary is very simple, that the child was called in the night, that he assumed he had been called by his master and that he did just what Eli told him to do, and heard the condemnation of his master's house; afterwards, on being pressed, telling to his master the purport of the message. A few side-lights—not many are

possible—are added. The thrice-repeated call, at first quiet and afterwards rising in insistency, makes the story very impressive.

But if we are dealing with boys of 16 or more, this simple narrative so well known to them requires amplification. The story itself may be taken as a typical "call" in more than the literal sense of the word; and it need disturb none that there were other reasons for the fall of Shiloh than the wickedness of Eli's house. Shiloh was passing; Zion was the seat of the religion of the people when this story was written. But the call of a child is a truth as well as a fact of biography; and the most striking part of this story is that here we have a dedicated child, "in spotless white of dedicated days," clean, innocent, in a degraded atmosphere. Old Shiloh may have had its day and done its work; that was no reason why a couple of priests should have dirtied their profession. The old man accepted the message; he was tired; he could fight no longer. If we turn to the call itself, the names of Paul and Ignatius Loyola and Joan of Arc and Isaiah are among the first to rise; and fiction supplies many more, Œdipus at Colonus, Paul Tregarva (in *Yeast*), Saul Kane (in *The Everlasting Mercy*). What is a "call"? Subjective or objective? Is it in any sense "real"? If not, how is it that it carries with it such tremendous power?

Someone waitin' to come in,
A hand upon the door-latch gropin',
Knockin' the man inside to open.
I know the very words they said,
They bayed like bloodhounds in my head :
" The water's goin' out to sea,
And there's a great moon callin' me ;
But there's a great sun calls the moon,
And all God's bells will carol soon,
For joy and glory and delight
Of someone comin' home to-night."

If after telling the story in this fashion the simple version be recalled, it will have gained a new meaning. And it is a

comment on the somewhat fierce after-life of the child who answered in the old tent-sanctuary.

Perhaps the beginner asks the simple question : Where am I to find out the detail that will give me the chance of filling in—not for the sixth forms, but for children of fourteen—the Bible narrative, so that my picture may be vivid and not incorrect ?

The first thing a story-teller wants, at any rate for Bible work, is a map. And the map must be a relief map.

Then come books of description, travel, geography, topography. The largest is the *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, by G. A. Smith. This book is almost worth its price for the chapter on Esdraelon alone. Murray's and Baedeker's *Guides* are useful ; but the fullest book for the student is the little two volume edition of *The Holy Land*, by MacCoun, and published by Partridge. These volumes revel in small maps. For travel books it is probable that the ancient *Land and the Book* of Thomson, published by Nelson, has not yet been quite superseded. Neil's *Palestine Explored* ; Masterman's *Studies of Galilee* ; Mackie's *Bible Manners and Customs* ; Kent's *Biblical Geography and History* are to be supplemented by a commentary. *The Teacher's Bookshelf* gives all the information required.

Story, however, cannot be fully made use of unless the teller works hard at the subject. No one can sit down and write, *currente calamo*, a good introduction to the telling of the first chapter of the Apocalypse. Some knowledge of the Empire at the time, some account of the first faint breathings of Christianity, some knowledge of Patmos, and—if the reader is not alarmed—some acquaintance with the literature which was being produced in Pagan Rome while the imaginative romance of the Revelation was preparing, all these are advisable if not actually necessary.

The result justifies the trouble taken. One may say that a grip, as far as we can get it, of the years A.D. 50 to 150 is the most useful asset that a teacher can start with. Glover's *Conflict of Religions in the Roman Empire*, and Schurer's *Jewish People in the Time of Christ*, will supply an immense

amount of background, and will suggest if necessary other reading. Nothing in the way of vivid big books should be refused in favour of the little books. Story-tellers should now be on their mettle and should be ready to show the possibilities of their art. And no pains, no reading, is too great or too wide.

I add here as a specimen of simple work, a story which may be called "The Battle in the Hills."

There is no need to tell the class that you are going to talk about the ending of the tragic life of King Saul. They will find this out before you have gone far. The teacher who is not afraid of the incident may even admit at the outset that the story is of Saul's death and may preface the battle with the night journey to Endor, surely one of the most dramatic stories ever written. Some little map is necessary if the king really did skirt the host of the enemy in order to visit that old woman at Endor. Tradition says that she was a relation of the king and the story in our Bibles rather countenances this. Of course the teller must be prepared either with some explanation of the necromancy or with none; whether explanation is forthcoming or no, the story is finely told. The dangerous position of Saul, the darkness and the adventure, the despair of the man himself, the woman's art, the sentence passed on Saul by the phantom Samuel, the miserable meal and the return through the darkness, combine to make the tale as vivid as anything produced by professional short-story writers of Russia, France, or America. And the story belongs to, though it is easily separated from, the Battle in the Hills, to which we turn. (The teller speaks.)

We do not know quite why the king and his sons met their enemies the Philistines in the hill country of Gilboa; it may be that the Philistines wished to keep the roads clear for their commerce. But one thing is clear; they were rather in the plain and Saul was on the rising ground. The battle went against Saul; his three sons, including the knightly Jonathan, the friend of David, were all killed, and Saul, driven to despair, fell on his own sword. Bad news travels quickly, and it was soon known in a southern town, some sixteen miles away

beyond the river, that a battle had been fought. First came the tidings that the king's sons had been slain ; then that Saul himself was dead ; then that the heads of the royal victims had been cut off and paraded through the towns, and that the armour of the Israelites was fastened up in the temple of the Fish-god ; and lastly, that the naked bodies were crucified on the walls of Bethshan. All this the inhabitants of Jabesh-Gilead heard and they were filled with sorrow and anger. Saul had been their good friend, their preserver ; for in old days when an enemy had come out against them, Saul had saved them. It may well be that now when this sad news reached them, some old man, respected of all, called a solemn assembly and addressed them in words like these—

“ You have all heard that King Saul is dead. His body hangs with those of his sons upon the walls of Bethshan across the river. You know what Saul and his sons did for us. When our enemy Nahash attacked us we agreed to serve him, but this was the condition that he made, that he should put out the right eye of every man in this city. To this we would not consent and we sent our appeal for help far and wide. Saul was but a farmer then, king though he was ; but when he heard our cry he promised help before the next day's sun was hot. He kept his word ; his host overthrew our enemies. If every man who hears me speaking has two eyes with which to see, it is to King Saul, our friend, that he owes them. Now I call for volunteers to cross the river this night and to march to Bethshan and take down those bodies of our friends from the wall—whether the men of Bethshan will or no.”

Instantly he had his response ; and that night the men of Jabesh dropped from their higher ground, followed the river course, crossed the ford, arrived at Bethshan, and did what they had promised to do. They returned carrying the dead that same night ; they stood round their sacred tamarisk tree and burnt the bodies ; then they buried the bones and proclaimed a solemn mourning for a week in honour of the dead. It may also be that before the mourning was ended they heard that David had made an exquisite song of lamentation, and—perhaps—at the ending of their mourning, the same old man

who had summoned them to their deed of gratitude, stood forward now, and half said, half chanted, the "Song of the Brave"—

The Beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places :
How are the mighty fallen ?
Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon ;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa,
Let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you,
Nor fields of offerings :
For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul,
As though he had not been anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain,
From the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided :
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle !
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan :
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me :

Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished !

In this simple re-telling, hardly any liberty has been taken with probability ; but the song is put into a place which surely fits it. It is scarcely necessary to say that, as the story is told, no more daring deed of corporate gratitude can be found in the whole of history.

The story-teller will at once see that, in places, Bible song can be used to end or illustrate Bible story ; and it is this that has been done with great effect in the Bible for Young People (Edited by Dr. Oort). Very often the heart of a Bible narrative is expressed in a part or a whole of a psalm, and this " poetry " may be added to finish the story. It is impossible to explain, but it is not at all impossible to realize, the exact thrill which comes over teller and audience alike, when a simple narrative of David's boyhood at Bethlehem, told carefully and pictorially, suddenly, and without one word of introduction, breaks into the well-known words, " The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. . . . "

[The actual words quoted must, of course, depend on the custom of the teller ; he may prefer always to use the Authorized Version, or a Revised Version ; he may be one of those to whom the Psalms sound wrong if the old Coverdale version from the Great Bible be not used, a version which has held its own since 1540. He may even—if he be an enthusiast for the quaintnesses of other translators—go back to that of Tyndale, to whom we owe nearly all the beauty of our Bible English. Perhaps he will even occasionally refer to the older and virile " Wycliffite " Bibles. In all cases he will find that his story increases in interest if he can show to his class the actual volumes, or their reprints, from which his altered words are taken ; and his Bible story-telling may lead thus to some intelligent inquiry on the fascinating story of Tyndale, Coverdale, the Genevans, the Bishops', the Rhemes and the Douay Bibles. There is no sort of fear that the Authorized Version will lose any of its glory in the eyes of those who see it in its true light as a perfected edition of other men's labours.]

The teller who would like may try his hand upon the story of the rising under the captaincy of the Prophetess Deborah ; drawing a picture of the woefulness of the land at the time ;

and then ending with the burst of poetry in the great Song. The same may be done with the magnificent story of Judith which was once so well known to Englishmen, or with the remarkable and possibly symbolic story of Jonah. All of these end with hymns that not only are beautiful in themselves, but which give an admirable opportunity of opening up to classes an elementary knowledge of the principles on which Hebrew poetry is based. Even in our own literature it is not true that all verse is either rhymed or scanned ; and parallelism of thought may be just as poetical as rhyming endings or as the perfect music matched with perfect words.

There is another modification of the method, and it is this. In many instances our own literature has taken Bible scenes for its subject, and it may be that a Bible story will find a suitable ending in verses that do not come from the Bible. Browning's "Saul," may be far away from any Bible thought ; but this cannot be said of the verses occasionally found in Longfellow, Whittier, Herbert, Keble, Lowell, Lord de Tabley, Tennyson, Milton, Addison, Smart, and many other poets who have gone to the Bible for subjects.¹

¹ Stanley's *Jewish Church* and Milman's *History of the Jews* are vivid story-telling books.

BIOGRAPHY

ALL that can be done in this section is to give the reader some idea of the wealth of material and to work out a couple of stories. The best way to index biography for our purposes is to set down interesting names such as Aksakov, Alfred, Augustine, Borrow, Montaigne, Verdi and the like. It will be found that there are hundreds of names of people, men, women and children, whose doings, characters, childhood, provide story-material. Sometimes it is a mere incident that can easily be enlarged upon, such as the climbing of the steeple by Clive, the discovery of Bible stories by Hugh Miller, the raising of the devil by Shelley, the swimming of the river by the girl Cloelia, the rescue of the pig by Abraham Lincoln, the cobra-poisoning of Buckland, the story of Wordsworth's watch, the river scene before the taking of Quebec, the death of Mary Queen of Scots, the relief of Lucknow, the dance of Joan round the fairy tree, the figure of old Dr. Johnson carrying home a woman of the street whom he had found lying in the roadway, the story of the Burghers of Calais, the death of Minnehaha, the curtain that deceived Zeuxis, the Seven Sleepers, the riddle of the Sphinx, the Gordian knot, the steam kettle of James Watt, the Renunciation of Buddha Gautama. Sometimes the whole curve of a life is delineable in fine story.

The names of world-wide heroes and heroines can be found in catalogues. Usually, however, the brief biography does not stress the anecdotal side enough ; it is a sane method to judge a man by the authentic stories told about him ; or if this be considered absurd, at least it is a safe guide to the opinion held by the world about men in history. The best way to proceed is to consult subject indexes for biography.

The teacher who keeps his notebook going as Frank Buckland did will never be in want of incident ; will never hark back despairingly to Alfred and the Cakes, Lady Godiva, and to the Black Prince at Crécy. But if the memory be not kept going and working by means of continual entries in a C.P.B.

we do not learn how to "call up one thing to illustrate another," as Bacon says in his *Essay on Studies*.

It is obvious that the instances given here may be indexed in another way; indeed, they must be so indexed. Clive's exploit is an instance of Daring or of Boy's Daring; Hugh Miller's reference to the discovery of the Bible may come under Self-education; Shelley's chemistry is under School; Cloelia's swimming is under Bravery or Swimming or Patriotism; the rescue of the pig in the ditch is under Kindness, or Kindness to Animals; and so on. We have at least two index headings for everything. So all anecdotes dealing with self-education will be indexed with one another; the riddle of the Sphinx will go with other riddles, although in the body of the book itself they may be a hundred pages apart. If we keep the subjects together in our index that is enough to enable us to call up one thing to illustrate another.

But the teller will not of course be content with anecdote. He wishes to find swathes of biographical material. The dictionaries are few and are not in the least satisfactory; that is, they are not for our purposes anecdotal enough, personal enough. The only dictionaries I have seen are Hyamson's, Chambers' and Blackie's; it is a wonder that this department of literature has been so much neglected in this country. And, reluctantly, the teacher is compelled to go to separate biographies, which of course are legion.

Among the many books which supply material may be reckoned the following: Aksakov's anecdotal writings on a Russia of the past, excellently translated and published in *The World's Classics* (Milford); there are few people who have written down so vividly the scenes of childhood, and at the end of his recollections he has given us a very remarkable tale told him by his nurse, a tale recalling the best pages of *Vathek*; Alfred's life by Asser, published in the *King's Classics*, takes us to one of the fountain-heads—though possibly old Asser is not always correct; Andersen's life has been written by himself and by R. N. Bain. (And here the comparative method tells us to turn to Perrault, Carroll, H. Hoffmann, and even to Swift when we reflect on the many people who have

become famous in spite of themselves ; who, fancying themselves important for humanity from other angles, have achieved an unexpected immortality from the votes of generations of children.) *Augustine's Confessions* belongs to another order of books, but there is a good deal in them for the story-teller in higher classes ; Belisarius, the Black Prince, Borrow, are stories in themselves, and it seems strange that the last days of the Prince should be omitted so heartlessly from the histories, while no child should be ignorant of the horses, snakes, gipsies, fights and prisons so graphically told of by Borrow. Buckland should be in every teacher's note-book ; one does not know where to begin and where to end with him, and Warburton should, *longo intervallo*, go along with Buckland ; the *Curiosities of Natural History* are in four volumes, but the life published by Nelson for a shilling contains a great deal. *Cellini's Autobiography* (Everyman) does for anecdotes of artists, along with Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*. The Engineers have been recorded by Smiles in five volumes, and the story-teller will not let himself be led away by modern sneers at Samuel Smiles and his work ; the life of Faraday, with which may be counted the life of Hugh Miller, in the *Pioneers of Progress* (published by S.P.C.K.), and the fascinating *Discovery* of Sir Richard Gregory, will set the searcher on the road of the innumerable stories connected with the pursuit of science. The teller may well include in his index such suggestive words as candle, coal, silkworm, chloroform, aeroplane, and a hundred others round which story has gathered ; and to this section of his work belongs the list of names which so often are mere names to the teacher and pupil. At the risk of being accused of reminding people of that which they all know, I would have in an indexed book of stories the names of Agassiz, with his immortal remark — " Gentlemen, I have no time to make money " ; Archimedes, Bacon, Brahe, Bruno, Cavendish, Curie, Cuvier, Darwin, Davy, Edison, Fabre (as interesting for his story as for his studies), Galton . . . down to Wren. It is one thing for us to say glibly that the whole story of scientific discovery is one of dogged perseverance, of public apathy, of national parsimony, of single-hearted devotion in the face of odds that would turn

most of us back dismayed and disgusted ; it is quite another thing for the teacher to be able at a moment's notice to recall the story of Pliny watching the Eruption of Vesuvius ; of Tischendorf sitting down in the cold to transcribe part of his *Codex Sinaiticus* ; of Francis Bacon in his dying hours asking after the success of the experiment that had brought on his death ; of Blériot's epoch-making flight ; of last scenes in the lives of explorers at the Poles or on the mountain top ; of Galileo's terrible and pathetic recantation ; of Sir Humphrey Davy, boy story-teller ; of Lord Kelvin, " for whom every sailor ought to pray every night " ; of Simpson experimenting on himself with chloroform and falling to the floor in his dining-room ; of the ill-health that dogged Huxley, Darwin, Pascal, Spencer, and the fight for more time for work ; all these things have to be noted when we come across them, and set down. " Let us now praise famous men."

But apart from the votaries and martyrs of science, we may go on with our alphabetical enumeration of a few more interesting sources of story. Marjorie Fleming brings us to the records of wonderful children who, it would seem, died before their day ; to Prince Henry, son of James the First ; to the young Marcellus ; to Chatterton.

Perhaps it is difficult to persuade people to turn to Herodotus, but if they do, they will be rewarded as well as by the large *Dictionary of Mythology*, in three volumes ; there is nothing like going to the fountain head. Among the many stories of Herodotus are the boyhood of Cyrus, the wisdom of the little girl Gorgo, Cleobis and Biton, Artemisia at Salamis, the cry of Croesus at the pyre, the blinding of Epizelus, the bridging of the Hellespont, and the ever-famous story of Thermopylae. But Herodotus is all story, as Plutarch is ; and any reader may find enough for a school lifetime in these two. Richard Jeffries is full of autobiography in his slight animal stories ; Dr. Johnson is known to us quite as much by the stories that have gathered round him as by his dictionary or his criticism. Everyone knows of his standing bare-headed in Uttoxeter market-place as an expiation ; everyone does not know of the story of his receipt of the Lord Chancellor's letter offering

him a pension ; Boswell, carefully read, will reveal much, and the same may be said of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. Ockley's *Saracens*, and Motley's *Dutch Republic* are classics, but, like classics, they are not enough resorted to by the story-teller. And to make an end of these few suggestions I would plead for such books as the *Life of Colonel Hutchinson*, and the story of Margaret Roper. It cannot be impressed too strongly on the younger teacher that it is a woeful mistake to leave the great books alone and to turn to the last collection of biographical anecdote.

TWO WORKED STORIES

THE BOY CYRUS

THE introduction, if one is needed, may take the form of a word or two about Herodotus. If so, the teller may, to begin with, point out that he went about and saw things for himself ; that he was living in the most stirring times, just as if an Englishman had served in or had at least lived through the scenes of the Great War, and had visited the most important battlefields and talked to anyone who would talk to him ; that he was one of the great men who have written in a dialect—and that he knew his Homer, who also wrote in a dialect ; that he wrote simply and in a leisurely fashion ; anyone could understand him just as anyone can understand our Bible ; that he is never above telling an anecdote about a child or a thief, or a curious custom or a funny animal. He is a dear old boy, and does not belong to the Ancient World : to the story-teller there is no " Ancient World."

The reader who likes to do so may here compare Herodotus with others ; with the great Inquisitives. To this class belong Warburton, Frank Buckland, Harriet Martineau, Lady Mary Montagu, the Brothers Platter, Marco Polo, Boswell, Miss Kingsley, Cunningham Grahame, and children generally, such as the Elder Pliny ; all these people have to be indexed " for further reference." Hakluyt, in an unforgettable chapter, tells how he was led to the study of geography and of voyages by a map ; Walt Whitman, in his *Specimen Days*, is always exploring ; they belong to the " restless busy race." Tennyson's " Ulysses " may stand for the type. In putting down these names I am but suggesting that the teacher—if there is time—should file them and their insatiable observation ; should not be content with knowing for instance that Miss Martineau wrote about Palestine, but should try to recapture for himself and his class some of the zest which is at the back of all Herodotean travel and note-taking. It is impossible to think of any of these travellers keeping the weather eye

open for money or moneyed comfort, or even for Fame. Instead, led by an overmastering instinct, they want to set down satisfactorily for themselves and us, what pleased, attracted, got at them ; and thus their object is exactly the same as the story-teller's. Herodotus says, indeed, that he wrote in order to prevent the great deeds of Greeks and "Foreigners" from being lost ; but did he ? Thucydides says he meant his history to be not a work for a day, but an eternal memorial ; but did he ? Surely Gibbon, with all his curious ways, hits the nail in truer fashion. In his famous note, which deserves to be known by every story-teller, he says "a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion," his famous history. It is the delight in writing, the sheer pleasure in handing on or even in trying to hand on, the harvest of a quiet eye, that makes the born Herodotuses dare danger, endure discomfort, brave apathy, or even face failure. The story-teller, too, like Millet's Sower, goes his way, collecting and scattering ; the flowers he sows will bloom "*behind his feet.*"

Perhaps the reader may think this rather high falutin' for a class ; but my book is for the teller and aims at making him enjoy, thoroughly enjoy, such a story as that of the Boy Cyrus ; if the teacher enjoys it his class will enjoy it also.

(The teacher speaks.)

When the boy Cyrus, who had had so romantic a history already, was in his tenth year, an accident revealed who he really was. One day he was playing in the village with his companions. In those days - in all days - boys played in the streets just as they do now. The others called him the son of the cowherd, for they and he thought he was the cowherd's son ; and in their game they chose him to be king. And king he was. He ordered them all about. Some had to build houses for him, some had to dig for him, to guard him, to fight for him.

[The teller here if he pleases, may turn to the long list of duties that a king imposes on his subjects ; they will be found

on p. 95, in the Bible extract ; there is no harm at all in expanding the simple story of Herodotus.]

Among the boys was the son of a noble Persian and this boy refused to do what he was told.

[The teller may if he pleases, forestall any question from the class. How was it that a nobleman's son came to be playing



with the cowherd's boy ? Where to-day would you find the two playing together in the streets ?]

Well, he refused to do what Cyrus ordered. And Cyrus, aged 10, had the nobleman's son taken into custody and whipped. Off went the whipped boy to his father and complained bitterly.

[Suppressed delight of the class at the whipping and contempt of the tale-bearing ; at least, we hope for the contempt ; the teller will see how his story is being taken.]

The boy's father took his son off to the king, pointed to the boy's shoulders and to the marks of the whipping ; and the King, Astyages, sent for the cowherd and Cyrus.

[Here is a chance for a picture, a group, to be visualized. The king ; the noble ; the blubberer ; the frightened cowherd ; the boy Cyrus, aged 10, not frightened at all.]

"How did you dare, you, the son of my cowherd, to behave like this to the son of one of my nobles?"

"My lord, I treated him as he deserved."

[There is no need to put in "said the King," or "answered Cyrus." All this dialogue-hinting—which is so clumsy in print and so destructive of the story—can easily be managed by a turn of the head and the faintest movement of the voice. Even when three people are talking it is not always necessary to name them.]

"I was chosen king by the boys, because they thought me best for the office. He helped to choose me. All the others did what I told them; he refused, and he had his punishment. If I deserve anything for this, I am ready to submit."

(There is a pause, for the king has been looking at this boy Cyrus, and is thinking that he has seen a face like his before.)

You see, Cyrus was not the herdsman's son at all. He was really the grandson of the King whom the King had tried long ago to kill. The child had been given to this herdsman to be destroyed, but the herdsman's wife had persuaded the man to save the boy.

The King looked at Cyrus, and said nothing for a while. At last he sent the noble and his son away, and Cyrus was led to another room. The King was left alone with the herdsman, and then, at last, the truth about Cyrus became known.

Oh, there is a great deal more in the story than this; but this is old Herodotus's story of the way in which Cyrus was recognized. Herodotus loved children; I have half a dozen children's stories from his histories.

The half-dozen the teacher refers to are to be found in his index under the names Gorgo, Cleobis, Pythius, Lycophron, the Lemnians, and Cyrus. The stories require some setting; for instance, if Gorgo in her girlhood be the subject, the teacher must not fail to tell that when she grew older she became the wife of the immortal Leonidas, whose funeral games were played for him before he left home for his last battle.

It is unnecessary to say that when dealing with stories of a different civilization from our own the teacher must be careful in the choice of story and detail. Some Greek stories are as bloodthirsty as *Bluebeard*, and as "immoral" as anything in Mr. Jacobs' famous collections.

For another instance, I will take a sketch of the Roman Boy. It was written by M. Maynial in the *Révue Pédagogique* for September, 1913, and I take this opportunity of thanking author and editors for their kind permission to allow the publication of a rough translation of the sketch. I am interrupting it with no notes; and anything I say by way of comment is left to the end.

THE ROMAN BOY—A REVERIE

Where did I meet him, this young boy in white who was "as like you as a brother?" He was walking in front of me, slow, grave and full of thought, his sturdy form wrapped in the straight folds of the boy's gown, his leather sandals lifting at every step the purple edging, his hair cut short, a cap of felt upon his head. I looked with admiration at this dark little figure, square-set and all alive, this man's face with features so strongly marked; the straight nose, the chin round and outstanding, eyes black and deep; well did I know that look, honest, decided. Oh, I remember now; it was far away from here that I saw him, in the Roman Forum, the old Forum of Consuls and of Kings. It was an April evening, the hour when dove and blackbird filled the twilight eaves of Palatine with the chatter of their secrets. Before me was a house, white, square, picked out with blue, leaning so tinily against the huge Egyptian mansion of Claudius the millionaire, and for all the world like a little child in the arms of a great brown slave. At my feet a fountain basin set with iris and flat leaf gave back the rose-red tint of the sky, and farther off the evening breeze, playing in the rough branches of a pine, sang to the many sounds that rose from the Forum a monotonous burden. The light wind, the fountain's murmur, the sweet evening, stopped us for a while, my young friend and me; and we gazed before us at the Living City, lying amid its seven hills crowned with temple and tower; even now rich and mighty, dreaming proudly of its destiny.



The Boy who now went down the narrow Argiletum, the street

of bookshops and leather-sellers, was coming back from school. On his left arm his parchment books rolled round a stick, hung by a leather strap, and his ivory tablets overlaid with wax were, with his wooden pencil, in a round box. Some paces behind him his two slaves amused themselves with fooling and flute-playing, and did not interrupt their young master's reverie.

In the shadow of one of the law-courts, on the great steps broken regularly by the marble pillars, marks on the pavement attracted



the Boy's attention ; they were the marks of some game of chance. How often had he amused himself, deaf to the yells of shopmen and the tumult of the neighbouring court, as he watched his clay disc move along the lines or over the chess-squares. How often had he read with a smile the ironical scrawl traced by some idler or some lucky player, " If you gain, you shout ; if you lose, you growl ; hold your tongue and go your ways." To-day, these jokes of a people who cut everything, even their pastimes, in the stone, to last for all eternity, amuse the curious passer-by ; and neither the chariot-wheels of the triumphant Emperor on his way to the Capitol, nor the measured tread of legions, nor the hoofs of barbaric cavalry, have been able to destroy these simple witnesses to a lazy leisure. And the Boy, yielding to the charm of the hour, put his school-books down quickly, and carelessly forgot all in his silent play.

But, just as the wind freshened, and the blue peaks of the Alban Hills withdrew into the shadow of the evening, a noise of beating

wings ruffled the sky. High up, above the gilded roofs of the temples and the stiff cypresses of the Aventine, an eagle passed, with neck extended and body stretched, her wings at the full, cutting the motionless air, making a hurried flight to the still snow-covered rocks of Monte Cavo. It was as though a spell had fallen ; the place, humming and frivolous a moment before, became silent and attentive ; for a second or two the Bird of Fate held the eyes of all ; the Boy left his game and bounded up the Sacred Way to follow longer with his eyes the Bird's bold course. And, when there was nothing more in the pale sky but an almost imperceptible black spot that was lessening farther in the distance, he came back, gathered his parchments and his tablets, called his waiting slaves with a snap of the fingers, and took again his path across the Forum. But what new pride lighted his dark eyes. What fierce energy tightened the muscles of his face ? What imperious dream stayed his steps before the old monuments of his race ? The school and the game were banished from his thoughts. The flight of a bird had carried all away with it, and in this flight sublime he had read again the history of his country, the glorious past of his ancestors and the promised future of Eternal Rome. All these buildings on which the ancient race of Mars had written its destiny taught him a lesson nobler and more full of life than the words of schoolmaster or rhetorician.

This is not very strictly biographical ; but it makes an admirable introduction to Roman biography and history ; and as a word picture it is a very fine example of the exquisite way in which French scholars sense ancient themes ; they really do it much better than we do.

There are a few illustrations of Roman life published by Bell (on cards, coloured) which may be found useful ; and of course, there are the black and white pictures of the ordinary classical dictionary ; the most useful books, unfortunately, I dare not mention ; they are in big libraries.

The topography of ancient Rome may be first met in the unjustly-despised "Lays" of Macaulay. I am afraid I am out of fashion when I protest against the possible neglect of these once famous verses. It seems to me that so long as we teach legend which has some life in it, these lays should be known, told, memorized ; while the noble "Prophecy of

Capys " is one of the best introductions one can find to the story of the Empire. How fascinating that story can be is known to those who have tried to explain to a class the way in which Rome for so long held together her outlying states. We forget that a Roman gentleman in his villa at York could in a short time learn the news of the capital, read an admirably written and cheaply published " best seller," and even obtain goods overland from China. We also forget or allow our classes not to know, that skilful and beautiful art, wonderful engineering, world-wide domination—whatever may be their worth—do not belong to us alone. Rome could have shown us a Wembley, with this difference, that her distant coloured sons were welcomed to come and write and plead and practise in the great Capital with a welcome that we partly and grudgingly give. Venice and China could also have gathered a medieval Wembley together (see E. Power's *Medieval People*).

Although M. Maynial's sketch is of ancient Rome you can feel from it that the city is the Eternal City; and the teller may without historical inaccuracy point to the strange destiny which has killed Babylon and Persepolis and Thebes and has left Rome and Jerusalem alive. In this way there is scarcely any limit to the use of a slight sketch such as this is, for Rome will lead you to Athens, and Athens to Constantinople, and Constantinople to Venice, and Venice to Paris, and Paris to Delhi; and all these great places stand for something special, something of their own.

I append one or two skeletons of story-biography, not contenting myself with the mere husks of the dictionary, but adding here and there a few side-lights that may show the story-teller what is meant. Indeed, the books in use in the schools do this very well, but they fail us when we ask for more. The idea running through this short list is that the people named in it stand for something, are typical, and therefore along with the interest in them and in their lives goes the interest in similar persons, divided it may be by centuries and by thousands of miles.

A biographical sketch from a story-teller, so far from being complete, is not in the least intended to be complete; large

numbers of details must be omitted, and part of the story falls away from the man's life. The omissions may possibly be glanced at ; but the overpowering idea which the man has contributed to history cannot be stressed too much. A good example is found in the lives of Odysseus and Tyndale, each of whom stands for some definite thing in the world's thought or history. It matters not one whit that one belongs to fiction and the other to fact ; they stand for an enduring thought ; and with Odysseus we do not group the philosophers, wise men, or even the wily Gibeonites of history, although Shakespeare has done his best to drive us in this direction. No ; Odysseus belongs with Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

So Tyndale. His quarrels with Joye and Sir Thomas More scarcely touch us ; they are important—to the close biographer and the historian of the period. We see one figure creeping from one place to another on the Continent, always in danger, always a "prisoner of hope," printing, annotating, with the sword of Damocles (as Froude says) hanging over his head. And even this, his danger, his furtive appearances, disappearances, re-appearances, are only a symbol of something much vaster ; his life and shameful betrayal sink into insignificance before the *purpose* of his life—the giving of the New Testament to the people of England. So a story-teller will begin and end his sketch of Tyndale with a book ; Tyndale himself being turned into a book, written in the "sacred dialect."

The following (amid hundreds of others) will reward the story-teller—

Leonardo da Vinci, Millet, Rosa Bonheur.

St. Paul (Matheson's *Spiritual Development of St. Paul* being very suggestive).

Bayard, Chevalier de ; Colonel Hutchinson.

Agassiz ; Roger Bacon.

Zenobia ; Akbar the Great (Mrs. Steel's book is vivid) ; Sancho Panza's Island.

Joan of Arc ; Father Damien ; Rogers (who died in the Marian persecution) ; Tyndale.

Pertinax (whose story is told in Gibbon and in Hodgkin).

Lincoln ; Booker Washington.

Epaminondas ; the Maccabees ; and (for an imaginative story) the Unknown Soldier.

The Polos (see E. Power's *Medieval People*).

Take Erasmus (the type of learned student). We may well begin with Chaucer's immortal words (modernizing very slightly)—

A clerk there was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logic had long time i-go ;
As lenz was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake,
But looked hollow and thereto soberly ;
Full threadbare was his outer cloak to see,
For he would rather have at his bed's head
Twenty bookes clad in black and red
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltery.
Of study took he most care and most heed,
Not one word spake he more than was need,
All that he spake it was of high prudence
And short and quick and full of great sentence (meaning) ;
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn—and gladly teach.

He did not come from Oxford, certainly ; but from Rotterdam. Yet it is impossible to look on him as belonging to any nationality at all ; he was a European scholar. They say he was (like Leonardo da Vinci) a love-child, but he did not have in his early days the same good fortune that Leonardo enjoyed. In every generation we find boys such as Erasmus was ; he was no model, but he devoured books. We are told that his guardians mismanaged the property of Erasmus and his brother (there is a doubt about his parentage, and Erasmus itself is a nickname or a love-name) and finally tried to make a monk of him. Indeed, he was persuaded to take the first steps and to become a novice ; but he was rescued from what would have been for him a living death. He made friends ; at one time the Bishop of Cambray helped him, at another Lord Mountjoy, Lady de Vere, John Colet, Sir Thomas More. He

always needed them, for he was almost always poor. Still, he was for many years brought up among the monks, and when he managed to get to the great University of Paris, he does not seem to have bettered his lot. He says he lived at Vinegar College, giving it this name to describe the wine they drank. They slept on damp floors, the odour of which was not the worst thing about them; they lived on a scanty dole of coarse bread, accompanied sometimes by doubtful eggs; meat they never tasted; the water they never dared to taste. Many lost their sight and some their reason. He himself brought away from Paris not much divinity, but a constitution completely wrecked and an enormous quantity of fleas.

You must not suppose this is a fair account of college life in Erasmus's day; but it is certainly true that he was always ailing from some reason or other and that he did like the good things of this world. He got few of them at Vinegar College. Imagine him there, a Dutchman speaking Latin everywhere, always poor, always learning, always begging—sometimes skilfully and politely, at other times so barefacedly that he even shocked admiring friends; visiting one country after another, England, France, Italy, and liking—so he says—England best of all. I told you he knew More and Colet in England, and we can forgive Erasmus a great deal (if we feel hard-hearted towards him) for the sake of the descriptions he has left of Sir Thomas More and of the founder of St. Paul's School. No one ever excelled, some would say no one ever approached Erasmus, in the art of describing a person or a scene. In his letters and in his *Conversations*, you find the same sort of variety in description as you find in some of the medieval psalters, in the margins of which every kind of frivolity is drawn or painted. There's fun everywhere in Erasmus, notwithstanding the dangerous days in which he lived. Two great movements, the names of which everyone knows, the real reasons for which everyone does not know, had begun to shake Europe; and, disguise it as you will, the movements were hostile to one another. The Renaissance and the Reformation stand for entirely different ideals. It was unfortunate for Erasmus that he whole-heartedly belonged to the

Renaissance and never thoroughly believed in the Reformation, which his own writings did so much to bring about. But we are looking at him mainly as a student and teacher. He may have been glad to teach, as Chaucer's clerk was, but probably he taught Lord Mountjoy and gave lectures on Greek in Cambridge for the sake of the fees. You see, Erasmus never wanted a post that would tie him down to work. Colet would have been glad to get him as a schoolmaster ; Erasmus knew better. He was presented with a living ; he ran away from it. He was offered a bishopric : " I would not change my freedom for the best bishopric in the world." At the end he might—we are told—have been a cardinal. The nations seem to have been anxious to get him and his bright, witty, learned, satirical pen upon their side. Erasmus was ready to beg, but not to serve.

Perhaps we may say his life falls into two parts ; for the first fifty years he was generally poor, though he was known everywhere ; for the last twenty years he was well off and was the most famous man in Europe. We are told that this change was brought about by the popularity of his edition of the New Testament (in Latin) with his paraphrase or notes. His old enemies, the monks, were more furious than ever ; and the more so as the Popes, Leo X and Adrian VI did not interfere with the great book ; in England the book was translated and read in churches.

The closing years of his life were spent in Basle. He died in 1538. More, his friend, had been beheaded the year before.

To fill up this one light on him with other illuminations, you have to know something of his letters, his Adages, his Colloquies ; his friendship with Colet and More ; his relations with Leo X and with Adrian VI, the Pope who had been at school with Erasmus ; his hostility to Luther (or we may call it his lukewarmness) ; his acquaintance with other great men of his day. He was one of the people who care only for men and women ; and he would have understood Calvin, who lived for years close to the Lake of Geneva and did not know of its existence.

He stood, as his biographer says, between Luther and the old order and pleased neither ; but, apart from the monks and their superstitions (as he called them), he was not anxious to make enemies. His industry was unbounded ; but he liked other people to pay for his books and his comfort.

You may see it said that Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth* is a novel about Erasmus ; this is not true. Holbein's wonderful portraits of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More are easily obtainable.

Sir Walter Scott (the type of a hard worker). This is no more a biography than the pages on Erasmus ; it only fastens on the brightness, the labour and the tragedy of one who was the idol of his generation.

It is easy enough to find faults in men, even in the best, when every detail of their lives is before us ; it is Shakespeare's crowning joy that we really know nothing about him. But in this picture of Scott we shall not stress the things which look like mistakes.

His days (1771-1832) like those of Wordsworth, took in the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. He was fortunate (except for his lameness) ; and even his lameness was a kind of blessing, for it turned him to ballads and books, and country life and riding. At school he says he was a self-willed imp, and he excelled as a story-teller ; all the past, the Border, ghosts, mystery, men-at-arms always jingling, lived and rattled and brandished for him ; he was a Boy's boy, and later a Boy's poet ; I expect he always was at heart a Boy. They say he might have been a great lawyer ; we are very glad he wasn't. Terror and murder—the sort of thing he found in Percy's *Reliques* (which, of course, is in your school library) and in German ballads, laid hold on him ; and the languages he learnt, Latin, French, German, Italian, were but means to express his imagination. When at the age of 34 he wrote the " Lay of the Last Minstrel," he at once attained immense success. We see now that this success drove him to entanglements and ambitions that brought tragedy in his later life. It is the custom now to run him down

as a mere versifier ; but boys and girls have not given up being thrilled with the " Lay," and with " Marmion " ; and it seems indecent to turn our backs on books and poems which once meant so much to us and led us in the paths of literature. Even if the larger poems are versified descriptions, we still have the songs, " Oh, Young Lochinvar," " Waken lords and ladies gay," " Hie away," " O hush thee my babie," " He is gone on the mountains," " Where shall the lover rest," " Proud Maisie," " Pibroch of Donald Dhu," and " Bonnie Dundee." Every one is worth copying and learning ; for here you have writing you can understand ; you will not, till you are older, read any of the writings of Erasmus.

He was quite modest over his verse ; success, of course, he enjoyed, for he enjoyed every bit of life and was ambitious. He wanted to make a name and found a family and build a wizard's palace : he did it all.

" The Lady of the Lake " was written in 1810. It is strange that, though Scott was so ardent a Tory, so fierce a volunteer, there is, on the whole, little of contemporary politics in his work ; Wordsworth had more, much more ; Erasmus is absorbed, for all his studies, in the great world all round him. Scott made friends easily. He was so open and generous that he readily met the people who thronged to his house and lionized him. But, curiously enough, his name as a great writer rests (or certainly rested) on the accident that made him write and finish a romance, *Waverley*, the sketch for which he found in a drawer when he was looking for fishing tackle. King Saul went to look for donkeys and found a kingdom ; Walter Scott left verse alone and began the novels. You have only to open one or two, especially those dealing with Scottish history, to see how his brain was crammed with all sorts of knowledge. Dickens knew London, law, the theatre, comic characters, especially among the lowly ; Scott seems to have absorbed all the details of history (which occasionally he transformed) and the pictures of the past. His ancestors lived again for him, and we cannot say that only the rich and the noble appeared in their velvet, for all readers know Jeannie Deans, Meg Merrilies, Dalgetty, Caleb, and Edie

Ochiltree. It was this love of the past that made him revel in the building of Abbotsford, and in crowding it with so-called treasures. Then, in the height of his success; illness and financial difficulties appeared. Perhaps the difficulties were owing to his carelessness; perhaps to that of his printing and publishing friends. Anyhow, he owed £130,000. To meet this enormous debt he set himself in 1828, when he was 55, to write and write and write; through one attack of illness after another he worked, determined to set himself free. And—but not till after his death—free he became. The death of his wife, his own health, loss of his popularity among the people of his own land, made his late days tragic. But, as Carlyle says, when he died he took a man's life with him.

He was always a delightful host (though he loved to be alone); he was a child with children, and the story of his little friend Marjorie Fleming shows this side of him; he was a friend to his servants, and Tom Purdie, his henchman, used to call the novels "our books"; and perhaps it is to his glory that Lockhart, his son-in-law, who wrote his life, has been said to have given us a narrative equal to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

After a tour to the Mediterranean he returned very ill, but longing to see his own Abbotsford. He saw it, and there—in sight of what he had worked for—he died.

To the people who believe in cheerfulness, cleanliness, kindness, and a robust life and hard work, and who do not believe in gloom and doubt, and spiritual misery, Scott will always be an inspiration. You can see the man in Lockhart's pages, but you can also find him in the *Heart of Midlothian* and in *Woodstock* and in *Waverley*.

His statue dominates the great street in Edinburgh; and looking at it we cannot but be reminded of the words in the Prologue, "Truth and honour, freedom and courtesie."

The best way to get to know what this great novelist accomplished is to read his work for the purpose of realizing his great gallery of pictures.

THE PLATTERS

There were three Platters, two of whom are more interesting than the third ; I shall not say anything about the third, except that his name was Thomas Platter, Junior, and that he was thirty-eight years younger than his brother Felix. The two Platters of whom we get such lively pictures are Thomas, the father, and Felix, the son.

Thomas Platter was born in the Valley of Zermatt, and from being a poor goat-herd he became through sheer love of learning and dogged resolution an important schoolmaster at Basle. He held this post for thirty-one years, and died in 1572.

It is from his autobiography, part of which I summarize, that we get an interesting account not only of a most peculiarly varied boyhood, but also of the wandering begging scholars of his time (Bacchants).

My first days with Mr. Antony Platter, a priest, were bad ; I was then nine. My teacher was very violent and I was only an ignorant peasant-boy. He beat me frightfully, or rather he used to catch hold of me by the ears and throw me on the ground. I used to cry like a goat with its throat cut, and sometimes the indignant neighbours asked Mr. Platter if he had determined to kill me.

I did not stay long with him ; for my cousin returned from school at Ulm and Munich, and my father suggested to him that he should take me with him to the schools in Germany. When I heard of this, I prayed to God to take me out of the priest's hands, who taught me nothing and only beat me. I had only learnt to sing "Salve" with the other children ; that brought us in some eggs. Once we wanted to amuse ourselves by celebrating mass. My comrades sent me to the church to steal a taper ; I brought it all lighted in my sleeve, and it burnt me so well that I have the marks of it still.

My cousin Paul was now going, and I was to join him. My uncle Simon gave me a gold florin that I carried in my hand, looking at it every instant. Then I gave it to Paul, my Bacchant. I used to beg ; they gave me money readily because of my simplicity and my dialect. In the inn where we once stopped I saw a porcelain stove. I took it for a calf, because of the two bricks that shone like eyes in the moonlight. Next day I saw geese for the first time, and when they hissed at me I thought they were devils come to

carry me away and I fled. When I begged I almost supported Paul, for the people liked to hear me speak the dialect of the Valais, and they gladly gave me something.

We left for Meissen ; there were eight or nine of us, three *béans* (nippers) and the rest Bacchants. I was the youngest and the smallest of the *béans*. When I could not get on, my cousin stepped behind me with a stick or a goad and hit my bare legs, for I had no knickers and only poor shoes. Once as we were going on talking about everything, the Bacchants said that in Meissen and Silesia scholars were allowed to steal geese and ducks and other victuals, and they had nothing to fear so long as they were not caught.



One day we drew near to a village and met a big troop of geese without a goose-herd, and I said to the *béans*, "When shall we come to Meissen, where I can kill geese?" "We are there now," they said. Then I seized a stone and hit one of the geese on the leg, and with a second stone I hit it on the head. For I had learnt to throw stones well when I was looking after the goats on the mountains. I ran up to the goose, wrung its neck and hid it under my cloak. Soon, up came the goose-herd crying, "The boy has stolen a goose." Off we fled, the legs of the goose sticking out from under my coat. Then, seeing that I could not escape with my prize I let it fall. Going back to the village the peasants found our Bacchants in the inn, and claimed the value of the goose. I don't know if they paid, and when they caught us up they told us, laughing, what had

happened. I excused myself, saying I thought myself justified by the custom of the country ; but they said I was in too great a hurry. . . We stopped some weeks at Naumberg. Those of us who knew how to sing went about the town. I begged, and never set my foot inside a school. Then the school authorities wanted to compel us to come ; and we younger ones carried stones to the roof of the house, and when the masters arrived with their *béans* and Bacchants, we received them with volleys of stones, and made them retreat. When we left we attended schools in Halle and after that at Dresden. But they were of no use and there were no good teachers there, and the school buildings were so full of vermin that we could hear them moving in the straw that formed our beds. When we left, we endured much on the road ; we slept in the open, for they would not receive us, and often they set the dogs at our trousers.

Breslau has seven parishes and each has its school. Sometimes several thousands of Bacchants and *béans* are there, all living on alms, and some Bacchants stay there for twenty or thirty years with younger people to get them a living. I stayed a long time in Breslau, and was three times ill and they had to take me to hospital. In the winter the *béans* lie on the boards of the schoolroom and the Bacchants in chambers, of which there are several hundred in one school ; but when the hot summer came we slept in the cemetery. When it rained we took refuge in the school, and when there was a thunderstorm we spent the night in singing psalms—and other songs—with the subcantor of the responses.

Sometimes in the good weather we went after supper to beg for beer at the breweries. When once drunk, the Poles treated us well, and filled us so full that I have often been so careless that I could not possibly have got back to the school even if it had been only a stone's throw. We lived very well indeed, but we studied very little. At our school nine bachelors lectured in one room ; but Greek was not known and no one had a printed book except the teacher. He dictated, defined, construed ; and after all this slow business he explained. The Bacchants had a mass of note-books at the end of it to carry home.

(Hungry, ill-treated and sad, he and a young friend ran away from the Bacchants and arrived at Schelstadt.)

There I met J. Sapidus ; he asked us of our country, and we told him it was Switzerland, Le Valais. " If," he said, " you study as you should, I will ask you for no money ; otherwise you will have to pay, even if I have to tear the coats off your backs." I saw there

the first school properly carried on. Studies and languages were beginning to flourish; it was the year of the Edict of Worms. Sapidus had 900 scholars at once. When I entered his school I knew nothing. I couldn't even read my "Donat"; yet I was eighteen. I took my place among the little children like a hen among chicks."

Felix, the son of the unfortunate person who has been telling his early history among the Bacchants, also wrote an account of his young days; and from this I take a very little, giving, generally in his own words, the story of his journey to Montpellier, the great medical school in the south of France. At the time of this journey he was 15 years old.

He tells us that his father had long before wanted him to be a doctor, and was much pleased when Felix expressed the same wish. The little boy delighted in seeing the doctors go by in their gowns. It was all settled for him when he was five, and, incidentally, we learn that before he left home at the mature age of fifteen he knew whom he was going to marry, and the young people as well as their elders had expressed themselves as entirely satisfied. Exchanges of students were very common then, and Felix waited till a suitable exchange could be found, the idea being that the boy should travel with Master Thomas Schoepfius, a Lyons schoolmaster, who, with some merchants from Frankfort Fair, was returning home, and a Frenchman named Robert was to be of the party.

My father bought me a pony for seven crowns, which he had borrowed, and sewed four crowns into the lining of my doublet; and I had three crowns in cash "to use by the way." He also wrapped me up two shirts and some pocket-handkerchiefs, and gave me a Valais crown piece which I brought back home again years after. And he gave me much good advice.

At our last supper, Dr. Franz came, and at this I was very glad, because I concluded that my marriage with his daughter was all arranged for by my parents; we had roast rabbit and a quail that I had carefully reared; my mother killed it without telling me.

Next day we started, and my father came with us to Liestal, where, in the inn, I nearly rolled down a whole flight of stairs because of my spurs, to which I was not accustomed. When we got to the Chapel outside the gates my father went back home. He tried to

say Felix, Vale, but could only say Felix, Va—. But really he was glad at sending me off, for the plague was getting bad in our neighbourhood.

When we came to Soleure the organist showed us his organ, and Master Schoepfius played some pieces on it. On our way from this place we saw a stone with this inscription—

1375 years after the Birth of Jesus Christ
on the day of S. John,
Dec. 27th,
the English called Giegler
were, with the aid of God,
vanquished and put to flight
in a loyal combat
by the people of Berne.
“ Praised be God for evermore.”

[These English were the relics of the army sent to France in 1374.]

[Felix goes on to tell of the dangers of the way, for the small party (the merchants were not with them) were very near being murdered by rough peasants. The boy lay terror-stricken and wide-awake all night and they all rose and slunk off while the peasants slept.]

When we reached Lausanne we were worn-out ; and we heard of several students being killed by robber bands.

At Lausanne, people got laughing at my long hair (I had never had it cut in my life) and I went to a barber's and caught a cold ; and then I called on Mr. Calvin with my letter of introduction.

It seems a little peculiar to be thus introduced to the divine in this simple way ; and Felix must have cut a quaint figure with his newly-shorn head, presenting his letter to the great man.

At Lyons he changed travelling companions, and for a short time was left alone. He went in a ferry-boat across the river, and when it was in mid-stream the woman rowing the boat demanded to be paid. Felix had with him no smaller change than a big penny, worth six sols, and the fare was only one sol ; but the woman said that if he did not pay she would throw him in the river or leave him on an island ; so he had to pay up. But when he got to the shore he threw stones at her ; let us hope some of them hit her. Here, too, he met a court gentleman who was anxious to know all about Zermatt and

its neighbourhood and was very polite to him. The gentle-servants waited on young Felix, and said when they served him, "Allow me." As this was in French that he did not understand, when he wanted anything he said to them, "Please give me some Allow-me." At Avignon he was left alone for a little while, and the Cock Inn was full of boatmen with wide trousers and blue caps. He says—

I was terribly frightened of them. In the morning my travelling companion had not arrived ; I cried ; I wanted to go home and I went into the stable and flung my arm round my pony's neck. He was sorry too, at being alone, for there were no other horses there. In my despair I went out and sat on a rock that overlooked the Rhone and threw into the river the scented sachets I had bought to send home as presents to my parents ; but it was a Sunday and I went into a church and the sound of the organ comforted me.

So he arrived at Montpellier, where we leave him to his studies ; not for five years did he go back to his Swiss home.

His journal is full of the most interesting side-lights on the medical students, the amusements, the picnics, the sights, and the terribly frequent hangings of those days. The stories are all alive ; he shudders when he passes a hanging body, although he soon gets over this and tells us some grim body-snatching tales ; he notices everything and soon grows up. And no doubt he laughed at his own shyness on the journey we have been describing, for on the way he would not take fruit from the inn-girls or let them kiss him, which they always wanted to do. He became a famous doctor in his old home, and married the lady who had been assigned to him before he set out for Montpellier.

The Platters are a family worth knowing well ; and they have made this possible for us. Their narratives are real things, and they set down those very trifles which make history so interesting and for want of which so much history is dull and incomplete. Their family was not extinct till 1886.

DESCRIPTION

THE expert story-teller is never happier than when, with an understanding audience in front of him, he is permitted to unroll with all the help of cadence and gesture—reserved or unreserved—some masterpiece of description. But it may be admitted at once that neither the masterpiece nor the audience is easily found.

This difficulty, however, must not allow us to omit description from the story-teller's wallet. For it is clear that the rarity of good description shows how great is the care, knowledge and reverence for words that go to the visualization of a picture. There are some well-known writers whose descriptions we regularly skip; there are others whose pictures we linger over. It is unnecessary to say how valuable to a teacher is a collection of pieces which prove in every line that composition is not a mere pouring of words from a watering-can.

This power of bringing before others an epoch, a character, a terror or a comedy scene, a slice of drama, a landscape, a storm, a coloured crowd, a sunset, a mouse, a hooded cobra, a snowflake, a dead donkey—I am, of course, in every instance thinking of a masterpiece—is by no means confined to the learned, educated, academic writer. Indeed, it may be asserted with some show of fairness that the learned writers have often to go to school to their less cultivated brothers to find out how the thing is done; and it is certain that neither a very large nor a Latinized vocabulary is inevitably demanded. If it were, we should have to write down as failures such people as the Bible writers, Homer, Bunyan, Burns, Marie Claire, Defoe, Ralph Hodgson and Herodotus. It is some consolation to the aspirant that the secret does not necessarily lie in the lecture-room, in the University, or in the pages of the dictionary. The teacher who needs, as all teachers must often need, the great description, will therefore mark for future reference, or will index, or, better still, will copy out those pieces which he will certainly come across in likely and unlikely places; and in likely and unlikely writers. I set down here a

few references from my own C.P.B. ; not that the teacher is asked to look them up and commit them to memory, but rather to show that it is easy to collect, even in desultory reading, passages which may produce the effect desired ; whether that effect be a sense of words, or the storing up of a picture, or a wish to emulate the writer, or a desire to know more of one who could string such pearls together. All arguments against the tearing of purple passages from their context are invalid, when we consider that it is precisely special passages, special scenes, special "jewels five words long," that our memories insist on retaining. These things become part of our minds, perhaps part of us physiologically.

Further, although in every instance I add the author's name, it must not be understood that the mere affixing a name such as the Psalms, Homer, Æsop, Simonides, Anon, is bound to add anything to the appreciation. A name may fix a period or point to a similarity of thought between two writers widely separated in latitude, religion, education, date, and on this fixation or similarity a great deal may be based ; but the first business of the story-teller is to bring home the description. If that be done, it is more than likely that the resulting questions will do precisely what is wanted in what I may call the secondary effect produced by story, and will evoke wonder that there are or were people so far removed from ourselves and our highly-gifted century who could think things so manifestly beautiful or see things with so accurate a vision.

The examples are given in alphabetical order to facilitate reference ; it would be possible—and some readers may prefer this method—to arrange them in groups.

AN ACCIDENT. Exx. Froissart's description of the burning of the masquers (*Globe Froissart*, p. 419) ; Scott's discovery of *Waverley* MS. (Preface to the Novels) ; the last pages of *The Real Charlotte*, by Somerville and Ross.

Even the terrible story of Syracuse in Athenian history may come under this head.

AEROPLANE. Ex. Wells's "Coming of Blériot," a vivid prophecy of what might happen. This article appeared in a magazine.

ASTROLOGY. Ex. *Guy Mannering*, opening chapters.

BATTLES. EXX. Macaulay's "Essay on Clive"; Macaulay's "Battle of Lake Regillus"; Herodotus's description of Salamis, Book 8; Livy's description of Trasimene, Book 22; the descriptions given in great books such as Creasy's *Decisive Battles* are scarcely vivid enough for the story-teller.

BEGGARS. Scott has a gallery of them; see the *Antiquary*, *Guy Mannering* and *Waverley*.

BLINDNESS. EXX. Wells's *Kingdom of the Blind*; the story of Samson in the Bible and in Milton; "Late—299," in Galsworthy's *Captures*; Henry James's *Glasses*.

CASTLE. Ex. *Quentin Durward*.

CATHEDRAL. EXX. Notre Dame (in the Novel); St. Peter's in *John Inglesant*. See also the novel, *The Nebuly Coat*, which makes the arch a living thing, and Walpole's *Cathedral*, which sets out to give atmosphere; but probably Book 3, ch. 2, of Victor Hugo's book is as human as anything in literature.

CATS. EXX. Wilkins in *Understudies*; Kipling's story, *John Silence*, by Blackwood.

CHARACTERS. EXX. Aristotle in the *Ethics*; Theophrastus (the best translation being Jebb's); Earle's *Microcosmographie*; Overbury; and La Bruyère. These little word pictures are almost stories and are invaluable in their visualization of small corners of history.

CITY. EXX. *Notre Dame*, in Book 3, describes medieval Paris; E. Power, in *Medieval People*, describes a Chinese city; Henry George (see p. 296) describes the rise of a city; Utopia is fully described by Sir Thomas More; *Barnaby Rudge* describes London by night.

CLIFFS. EXX. Thomas Hardy in *A Pair of Blue Eyes*; Stephen Graham, in *El Dorado*, describes the Colorado Cañon; Dover Cliff is described in *King Lear*.

CLOUDS. See *Modern Painters*, Vol. 5.

CURIOSITY SHOP. Dickens describes many out-of-the-way shops, such as Rogue Riderhood's in *Our Mutual Friend*; Balzac describes fully in *Peau de Chagrin*; see also Scott's *Antiquary*, and the verses in "Romeo and Juliet."

DAWN. Ex. Meredith's *Amazing Marriage*.

DEATH. EXX. The death of Bazarov in Turgenev's *Fathers and Children*; the death of Socrates must be pieced from Plato's *Phaedo* and *Crito* and from Xenophon; Tennyson's "Rizpah," deals with

the watching by the slain ; literature is full of descriptions, one of the best known being the death of Mrs. Proudie (Trollope), and one of the most terrifying being the story of the old Lord Chancellor in *Bleak House*.

DREAMS. EXX. J. P. Richter's "There is no God" ; Froissart's "Flying Hart" in the *Globe Froissart*, p. 282 ; Stevenson's famous essay on dreams contains stories. One of the most famous of all dreams is Clarence's, in *Richard III*.

FEAR AND HORROR. Henry James's *Turn of the Screw* ; Stevenson's *Thrawn Janet*. Both are long and are unsuitable for children.

FIRE. Pepys and Evelyn describe it under date Sept. 1666 ; see also the end of Meredith's *One of Our Conquerors*.

FOREST. EXX. New Forest is described in "Forty-eight Hours" in the *Willow Weaver*, by Michael Wood ; Korolenko has a tale *The Forest Murmurs*. Nearly all Russian writers describe forests ; Pushkin, Gogol and Gorky.

HADES, DESCENT TO. EXX. *The Odyssey* ; *Æneid* ; *Cupid and Psyche* ; *Piers Plowman* ; and see the names of Orpheus and Theseus.

MISERS. EXX. Dickens, in *Our Mutual Friend* ; Bennett's *Riceyman Steps* ; Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet*.

MUSIC. EXX. Benson's *Dodo* ; Sarah Grand's "Tenor and the Boy" (in *The Heavenly Twins*) ; Victor Hugo *Un peu de Musique*.

MOORS. EXX. T. Hardy's Egdon Heath (*Return of the Native*) ; and see the works of E. Philpotts and F. Sutcliffe *passim*. Most Russian writers (Gogol, for instance, in *Dead Souls*) describe open spaces and the Steppes. G. A. Smith, in *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, describes Esdraelon.

PATRIOTISM. EXX. Pericles' speech in Thucyd. 2 ; the speech of Gaunt in *Richard II* ; the sentences of the Three Young Men in I Esdras, 3, 4.

PHENOMENA. EXX. Rain in summer (Longfellow) ; snow (Pushkin's *Captain's Daughter*) ; volcano (Pliny's *Letters*) ; the seasons (the "Faerie Queene," Keats' "Autumn," J. R. Lowell's "Day in June," Cowper's "Winter") ; storm (Pierre Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande*, Dickens's *David Copperfield*, *Martin Chuzzlewit* ; Baring-Gould's *John Herring*, ch. 49, Stevenson's *Merry Men*) ; cold (*Christmas Carol*) ; maelstrom (E. A. Poe) ; the winter (*Lorna Doone*).

REVENGE. EX. "An Odyssey of the North," by Jack London (in *The Son of the Wolf*).

RIOT. EXX. Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*; Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*.

SERVANTS. EXX. Adam in *As You Like It* (there are many servants in Shakespeare's plays, e.g. Launce, Launcelot, Emilia, Pisanio, Viola, Griffith, James Gurney); Caleb in *The Bride of Lammermoor*; Elsie in *Riceyman Steps*; Sam Weller.

SUBMARINE. EX. Wells, *The Undying Fire*.

TOURNAMENT. EXX. *Ivanhoe*; Chaucer's *Knights Tale*.

WITCHES. EXX. *Waverley*, ch. 13; *The Amber Witch* (Meinhold); the Pirate; *Macbeth*.

These few references are set down, as all references in this book are set down, for the beginner. The well-read teacher will know them all and many more.

It is suggested to the younger student that half a dozen great books should be read through again in order to note the descriptive passages which are worth indexing. Among older writers the most descriptive are the Bible, Herodotus, Pliny the Younger, Cervantes, Malory; occasional reference may be made to Homer, Virgil and Euripides; among the more moderns and those of to-day I should place the names of Dickens and Walt Whitman first; the picturesque historians Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Macaulay; and among novelists Wells, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Jack London. The older books of travel, such as Hakluyt's *Voyages*, abound in terse description.

But a very brief search will show that there are hidden away in many books which cannot be called great, descriptions which we should be glad to preserve. As far as I know there is no anthology of prose entirely given up to these gems in literature.

I take from the immense store of descriptions one page that tells us of Grendel. Told well, it seems to me that it can hardly fail to send some at least of those who hear it to the library in which—let us hope—there lies a vivid prose rendering of *Beowulf*. The passage may be prefaced with a word or two about the poem; perhaps the name of *Beowulf* is dimly recognized and no preface is needed. •

Now Grendel enters on the tale—the ancient man-beast of the

folk-tale, the death-bringing winter of the myth to wrestle with the life-bringing summer of the early year.

[Note the lilt of this sentence.]

The colours are grim in which he is painted. So strong is he that the strength of thirty men can scarcely overcome him ; four men must carry his head when he is slain ; he smites in the great doors of the hall with a single blow of his hand ; his nails are monstrous claws.

[It is assumed that a story like this is told without the book ; and that a slight gesture is allowable.]

He is the fiend of the morass and the moor, " lonely and terrible, a mighty mark-stepper, who holds the fastnesses of the fells."

[A teller has to learn how to make it clear to an audience that he is quoting from a poem or even from another author than the one whose words he is on the whole giving. Many people, e.g. in the pulpit, fail in this, and unless helped out by a clear rhyme or by a bald statement that they are quoting, might be supposed and are supposed to be, continuing original remarks. In these days, too, when the speaking of blank verse is so badly done, length of line, prosody and stress, seem to mean but little to the speaker, and, by implication, to the audience. But the student must try to indicate that the words above in inverted commas are actually part of the poem. How is he to do this ?]

Night is his native air. " In ever-night Grendel kept the misty moors," and the pools where the marsh-fire burns are his refuge. He is the fiend of the weltering and furious sea. His companions are sea-monsters and he lives with his mother fearful in a deep sea-cave in a ghastly hollow of the rocks where the billows tumble together and roar to heaven. Like his shape, like his dwelling, is his character ; greedy of blood, ravenous, furious, joyless, hating men and their festive music ; pleased with evil, always restless, roaming for prey, the creature of the winter and its fury, of the sunless gloom and its despair. . . . And he came this night. In the wan darkness while the warriors slept, the shadow-stalker drew near from the moorland ; over the misty fells Grendel came ganging on ; under the clouds he strode. He smote the door in, and when he saw

the heroes sleeping, his heart laughed and loathsome light flared from his eyes. He tore a warrior into shreds and then he met the grip of Beowulf. Fear fell on him ; the hall cracked and cried with the wrestling and the whoop of the beast ; but Beowulf held on, and at last rent Grendel's arm from its socket ; " the bone burst, the blood streamed," and the fiend fled to the sea-cave to die !

[The listeners who do not know the story may be told that only half the battle is won and that for all the rejoicing over Grendel's death the mother of the monster has to be encountered as well.]

The passage is taken from Stopford Brooke's *English Literature from the Beginning of the Norman Conquest* ; chapters 3 and 4 deal with Beowulf, and the whole may be considered as fine description.

I take a short passage from Caxton's *Reynard*, altering it but slightly. The whole scene lies before us—

Thus as Grimbart his uncle stood and preached these words in defence of Reynard the Fox, so saw they coming down the hill to them Chanticleer the cock, who brought on a bier a dead hen off whom Reynard had bitten the head, and that must be showed to the King that he should have knowledge thereof. Chanticleer came forth and smote piteously his hands and his feathers ; and on each side of the bier went two sorrowful hens ; the one was called Cantart, and the other good hen Crayant ; they were two of the fairest hens between Holland and Ardennes. These hens bore each of them a burning taper which was long and straight ; they were Coppen's sisters, and they cried so piteously, " alas and welaway for the death of our dear sister Coppen." Two young hens bare the bier which cackled so heavily and wept so loude for the death of Coppen, their mother, that it was far heard. Thus came they together before the King.

The following is part of a chapter in *Don Quixote* ; the book, which few story-tellers read nowadays, contains dozens of admirable descriptions.

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by the passing of a cart across the road full of the strangest people imaginable. It was without any awning above or covering to the

sides, and the carter who drove the mules had the appearance of a frightful demon. The first figure that caught Don Quixote's attention was that of Death with a human visage ; close to him sat an angel with large painted wings ; on the other side stood an emperor with a crown seemingly of gold on his head. At Death's feet sat the god Cupid, not blindfold, but with his bow, quiver and



arrows ; a knight also appeared among them in complete armour, only instead of a casque he wore a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours ; and there were several other persons of equal diversity in appearance. Such a sight coming thus abruptly upon them somewhat startled Don Quixote, and the heart of Sancho was struck with dismay. But with the knight, surprise soon gave place to joy, for he anticipated some new and perilous adventure ; and under this impression, with a resolution prepared for any danger, he planted himself just before the cart and cried out in a loud, menacing voice, " Carter, coachman or devil, or whatever be thy denomination, tell me instantly what thou art, whither going, and who are

the persons thou conveyest in that vehicle, which by its freight looks like Charon's ferry-boat ? ” To which the devil calmly replied, “ Sir, we are travelling players belonging to Angelo el Malo's company. To-day being the Octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing a piece representing the ‘Cortes of Death’; this evening we are to play it again in the village just before us; and not having far to go, we travel in the dresses of our parts to save trouble. This young man represents Death; that one an angel; that woman, who is our author's wife, plays a queen; the other a soldier; this one an emperor, and I am the devil, one of the principal personages of the drama. If your worship desires any further



information, I am ready to answer your questions; for being the devil I know everything.” “ Upon the faith of a knight-errant,” answered Don Quixote, “ when I first espied this cart I imagined some great adventure offered itself; but appearances are not always to be trusted. Heaven be with you, my good people; go and perform your play, and if there be anything in which I may be of service to you, command me, for I will do it most readily, having been from my youth a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations.”

While they were speaking, one of the motley crew came up capering towards them in an antic dress, frisking about with his morris-bells and three full-blown ox-bladders tied to a stick. Approaching the knight he flourished his bladders in the air and

bounced them upon the ground close under the nose of Rozinante, who was so startled by the noise that Don Quixote lost all command over him, and having got the curb between his teeth, away he scampered with more speed than might have been expected from such an assemblage of dry bones. Sancho, seeing his master's danger, leaped from the ass Dapple, and ran to his assistance; but he had no sooner dismounted than the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple and thumping him with the bladders, set him flying over the field.

"Sir," said Sancho to his master, "the devil has run away with Dapple."

"What devil?" demanded Don Quixote.

The following verses from "The Eve of St. Agnes" require for younger people a good deal of word-explanation before we can venture on the telling—

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries
 And twilight saints with dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross, soft amethyst;
 And on her hair a glory like a saint.
 She seem'd a splendid angel newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven; Porphyro grew faint,
 She knelt so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

The story-teller will find Chaucer, Spenser, Scott, Longfellow, full of description that can be turned into story.

DISCUSSION

THE story-teller is told on all hands, and is rightly told, not to point the moral. Mr. Archibald has indeed written a little book with this title, *The Danger of Pointing the Moral* (Pilgrim Press). It is fondly supposed that story-tellers have given up pointing morals, but the truth is that they have by no means been won round to Mr. Archibald's view. Henry van Dyke compromises in his famous story-teller's prayer: "O Lord, may I never tack on a moral to a story and may I never tell a story without a meaning." This is, I suppose, what we all subscribe to, in theory. We want the moral, but we don't want to stress it. We want the listener to realize that our stories are not only stories; "all for his delight we are not here." He has to think, as they had to who heard the Parables.

It is just as well to be quite honest in this matter, because the question at issue is one of importance. Are stories to be ethical in character? or will any story do which, apart from its meaning, is an interesting and well-made bit of work?

Before we hurry to pronounce finally on this, we may take a look at the history of story from the "oldest story in the world," in which the girl who has lost her malachite brooch declines the offer of the king who promises her a new one, in the delightful words, "No, but I want my own brooch back," to the latest novel of Mr. Wells or Mr. Galsworthy. The conclusion to which a reader would come after six months steady skimming of world-story from the earliest times would, I think, be that 75 per cent of the stories preserved, if not actually propagandist, are at least definitely didactic. The world is nothing if not moral. Wicked stories, that is, stories which preach wickedness, scarcely exist. Coarse stories are popular everywhere, and we are told—by the moralists—that Crassus's soldiers read them in their tents 1900 years ago; but coarse stories are not wicked stories. Even the coarse stories are not easy to get hold of in print; the librarians fight shy

of them, and "literary" people are always complaining that more emancipated stories are not let loose upon the world. But the world and even the police are obdurate.

It is not part of our business as story-tellers to discuss why we should all, like poor Shelley, be consumed with a passion for reforming the world, but we certainly have to make up our minds what we are to do with the teaching which lurks in so many of the best stories. And one way of meeting the difficulty is to choose only those stories which seem to belong to the non-didactic and non-propagandist minority. Such stories there are, but the reader will not find it easy to come across them, unless he limits himself to the comic and farcical; there he has a better chance of being safe—from the moral.

We do not always agree with or understand the drift of the writer. The parable of the Unjust Steward, as we call it, has had 37 explanations suggested, and five volumes have been written upon it. If one short story can thus produce such differing impressions it may be certain that our audiences cannot always agree on the meaning of the tales we tell them. In this lies our hope, our safety. Instead of pointing the moral let us leave the moral out. The *Gesta Romanorum* cannot do this, and it stands in this particular as a model of what a collection of stories should not be; Mr. F. W. Bain, in his beautiful Indian stories, cannot omit the moral—no doubt because he wishes to be true to his "originals"; but we, when we tell the parables from the "Heifer of the Dawn" and the "Digit of the Moon" will be bold, and leave the moral out. Even the practised art of Oscar Wilde in the well-known story of the "Happy Prince" cannot omit the moral; but when we tell the story we will leave this moral out. If our audiences cannot understand the story without the telos of it being put in front of them, then let them take the story as story and do without the meaning.

But the discussion of the story is another matter. Here there is no moralist to tell us what it all means. You have your opinion, I mine, and the child in the corner his; nor is any one of us bound to speak at all. Further, there is so much to talk about in some stories that the meaning or the moral

may be pushed aside or forgotten. It is amazing to see how children quite young will seize doubtful points in a story, will be ready to re-tell it their own way, if their instinct has told them there is anything wrong with it. Favourite stories are defended or are listened to, criticized and listened to again; and the stories that were to point so good a moral are found in discussion to mean something so ludicrously different that it has been worth while to discuss them even for the possible clearing up of unexpected absurdities. We must remember the child who pitied one poor lion in the picture, because he hadn't got a martyr.

There is another use in discussion, and it is this. While many children accept with readiness any of the folk-tales that the hard-pressed teacher desperately calls to mind, some children do not accept. They will not see that Mrs. Bluebeard did anything wrong, or that the ogre's daughters should be killed, or that this or that dragon, this or that witch, should be disembowelled or burnt, or that even unkind sisters should be tied to wild horses. They may even object to Dick Whittington's wealth, or think that with an invisible cap any fool could get on in the world. These young moralists, so far from accepting your moral, have, as they think, a cleaner one of their own; and the story-teller has in these days to be able to defend the ethics of the folk-tale. I am sure that many adults are ceasing to tell tales of cruelty, and Jules Lemaitre in France and Middleton in England, and in an earlier day Frank Stockton in America, have written quite definitely against the implied meanings of many of our cherished stories. That there is anything very serious in the criticism we cannot say; but there is no doubt at all about the wisdom of talking stories over. Whether these stories be Biblical (as in the story of Jael), or folk-tale (as in the story of Red Riding Hood), or semi-legendary (as in the story of Macbeth), or literary (as in the story of Griselda), or historical (as in the story of Joan of Arc), the discussion by the class is always to be welcomed. Jael's deed seems dastardly, Red Riding Hood deserved no punishment, Griselda was a fool, Macbeth was entirely innocent, Joan of Arc played her part badly. We may hear all this and

more ; and it is better that we should hear it and talk it over quietly than that the child should repeat with the lips the accepted teaching and then go away and deride it.

A further use of discussion is seen if we watch carefully the idiom of certain masters in the folk-tale. The Russian and his neighbours excel in their treatment of the incredible, the inconceivable. He does not ask you to believe ; over his mysteries is often spread the veil of a humour which appeases the most sceptical among the youthful critics. He may begin thus : " Far, far away, behind the blue sea, behind the fiery abyss in the empty places, in among the pleasant meadows, stood a city " ; " In a certain kingdom, in a certain Empire, there lived a king " ; " Not in our time, but a long time ago " ; " There was, there was, there was not and yet there was " ; " Far beyond the Seven Countries and farther still " ; " There was and there was not at all—of God's best may it be—there was once a woman " ; surely such simple yet poetical beginnings answer the question, " Is it true ? " before it is asked. And the endings of these *skazki* are in like vein if less poetical, for they drag the hearer back to ordinary life. " I was at the wedding, but they kicked me out " ; " And now we'll say the Lord's Prayer before we go " ; " And the King's son returned to his own land and I met him on the way ; three days he drank and amused himself ; and 'twas he who told me all this tale " ; " And he lived long and reigned gloriously and feasted me right royally ; so I made up this merry tale about him " ; " And if they aren't dead they are still living " ; " And at the wedding this story was put into a cannon and shot to this place " ; " The dance is o'er, the sun is sped, now bring me flowers to crown my head " ; " The story's done, see the mouse run " ; " I was at the banquet and I begged so much rice from the cook and I got so much in the palm of my hand, that I am lame to this day."

Anyone who knows his folk-tales will be able to tell from what sources these tiny bits of fun are taken. They seem to say to the little people who are listening, " Oh yes, it's all true ; it belongs to the days when poplars bore pears and rushes violets, when bears could switch themselves with their tails

like cows, and wolves and lambs kissed and cuddled one another ; and you can tell it's true because I was there and saw it all, and I went and made it up myself, all for you."

We on the whole are much less careful, and the result is that a good deal of scorn is poured on our western tales. But there is one supreme artist at our end of the world who, either of his own genius or in imitation of the artists whom I have been quoting, manages to convey in his humorous fashion that all his tales and all tales must be taken with salt. This writer is the half-forgotten Crofton Croker, and from his inimitable store I take the following. The practised story-teller will at once see the value of such "attitudes."

It is said by those who ought to understand such things that the good people or the fairies are some of the angels that were turned out of Heaven and who landed on their feet in this world, while the rest of their companions who had more sin to sink them, went down farther to a worse place. Be this as it may. . . .

It might be considered impertinent were I to explain what is meant by a changeling. . . . Now, Mrs. Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been exchanged by "fairies' theft."

John Mulligan believed devoutly in fairies, and an angry man was he if you doubted them. . . . Many believed his stories, many more did not believe them ; but nobody used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him.

There's a sort of people whom everyone must have met with some time or other ; people that pretend to disbelieve what in their hearts they believe and are afraid of.

My own mother told me she often see it and had it in her hand, and 'twas the prettiest little shoe (a shoe made by a fairy) that she ever saw.

But did you see it yourself, Molly ?

Oh no, my dear, it was lost long before I was born ; but my mother told me about it often and often enough.

People say she's down with the fairies in the old fort ; some say she'll come back, and more say she won't, and indeed faix there's no knowing for sartain which to believe or which way it is.

I outline here for the beginner in such matters, a possible

discussion and I preface it with the story told. The audience may be of any age from nine to thirteen—

THE GIANT'S STAIRS

(BY CROFTON CROKER)

On the road between Passage and Cork there is an old mansion called Ronayne's Court. Here it was that Maurice Ronayne and his wife Margaret Gould kept house, as may be learned to this day from the great old chimneypiece on which is carved their arms. They were a mighty worthy couple, and had one son who was called Philip, after no less a person than the King of Spain.

As soon as he smelt the cold air of this world the child sneezed, which was taken to be a good sign of his having a clear head ; and so it proved, for on the very first day a spelling book was put into his hand, he tore out the A B C page and destroyed it as a thing quite beneath his notice. No wonder then that both father and mother were proud of their heir.

One morning, however, Master Phil, who was then just seven years old, was missing and no one could tell what had become of him ; servants were sent in every direction to seek him, but they returned without any tidings of the boy. A large reward was offered, but seven years rolled away without Mr. and Mrs. Ronayne having obtained any account of the fate of their lost child.

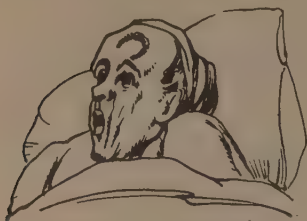
There lived at this time near Carrigaline one Robert Kelly, a blacksmith. He was what is termed a handy man, for, independent of shoeing horses, which he did to great perfection, he interpreted dreams for the young women, sang songs at their weddings, and was so good-natured a fellow at a christening that he was gossip to half the country round.

Now it happened that Robin had a dream himself, and young Philip Ronayne appeared to him in it at the dead hour of the night. Robin thought he saw the boy mounted upon a beautiful white horse, and that he told him how he was page to the giant Mahon MacMahon, who had carried him off and who held his court in the hard heart of the rock at the Giant's Stairs.

" The seven years of my service are clean out, Robin," said he, " and if you release me this night I will be the making of you for ever after."

" And how will I know," said Robin, cunning enough even in his sleep, " but that this is all a dream ? "

"Take that," said the boy, "for a token," and at the word the white horse struck out with one of his hind legs and gave poor Robin such a kick in the forehead that, thinking he was a dead man, he roared as loud as he could after his brains, and woke up calling a thousand murders. He found him-



self in bed, but he had the mark of the blow, the regular print of a horse-shoe upon his forehead as red as blood, and Robin Kelly, who never found himself puzzled at the dream of any other person, did not know what to make of his own.

Robin was well acquainted with the Giant's Stairs, as indeed, who is not? They consist of great masses of rock which, piled one above another, rise like a flight of steps from very deep water against the bold cliff of Carrigmahon. Nor are they badly suited for stairs to those who have legs of sufficient length to stride over a moderately-sized house or to enable them to clear the space of a mile in a hop, step and a jump.

Robin had a friend, Tom Clancy by name, who, on hearing of his dream, promised him the use of his skiff, and offered to assist in rowing it to the Giant's Stairs.

After a supper which was of the best, they embarked. It was a beautiful still night, and the little boat glided swiftly along. The regular dip of the oars, the distant song of the sailor, and sometimes the voice of a belated traveller at the ferry, alone broke the quietness of the land and sea and sky. The tide was in their favour, and in a few minutes Robin and his gossip rested on their oars under the shadow of the Giant's Stairs. After waiting a considerable time in suspense, they perceived a faint light to proceed from the cliff, which gradually increased until a porch unfolded itself almost on a level with the water. They pulled the skiff directly towards the opening, and Robin, grasping a plough iron that he had brought, boldly entered with a strong hand and a stout heart. Wild and strange was that entrance, the whole of which appeared formed of grim and grotesque faces blending so strangely with each other that it was impossible to define any; the chin of one formed the nose of another; what appeared to be a fixed and stern eye changed to a gaping mouth; and the lines of the lofty forehead grew into a majestic and flowing beard. Losing the twilight in which these indefinite forms were visible, he advanced through a dark and

devious passage, while a deep and rumbling noise sounded, as if the rock was about to close upon him and swallow him up alive for ever. Now Robin felt afraid.

"Robin, Robin," said he, "if you were a fool for coming here, what in the name of fortune are you now?" But he had hardly spoken when he saw a small light twinkling through the darkness of the distance like a star in the midnight sky. At last he came to a spacious chamber from the roof of which hung the solitary lamp that had guided him. The single lamp gave Robin abundant light to discover several gigantic figures seated round a massive stone table, as if in serious deliberation, but no word disturbed the breathless silence which prevailed. At the head of this table sat Mahon MacMahon himself, whose majestic beard had taken root, and in the course of ages grown into the stone slab. He was the first who perceived Robin; and instantly starting up, he drew his long beard from out the huge piece of rock in such haste and with so sudden a jerk that it was shattered into a thousand pieces.

"What seek you?" he demanded in a voice of thunder.

"I come," answered Robin with as much boldness as he could put on, "I come to claim Philip Ronayne, whose time of service is out this night."

"And who sent you here?" said the giant.

"'Twas of my own accord I came," said Robin.

"Then you must single him out from among my pages," said the giant, "and if you fix on the wrong one your life is the forfeit. Follow me." He led Robin into a hall of vast extent and filled with lights, along either side of which were rows of beautiful children, all apparently seven years old and none beyond that age, dressed in green and everyone dressed exactly alike.

"'Tis a fine, wholesome appearance the poor children carry," remarked Robin, "although they have been so long shut out from the fresh air and the blessed light of heaven. 'Tis tenderly your honour must have reared them."

"Ay," said the giant, "that is true for you; so give me your hand for you are, I believe, a very honest fellow for a blacksmith."

Robin at the first look did not much like the huge size of the hand, and therefore presented his plough-iron, which the giant seizing, twisted in his grasp round and round again as if it had been a potato stalk. On seeing this, all the children set up a shout of laughter. In the midst of their mirth, Robin thought he heard his name called; and all ear and eye, he put his hand on the boy who he

fancied had spoken, crying out at the same time, "Let me live or die for it, but this is young Philip Ronayne."

"It is Philip Ronayne—happy Philip Ronayne," said his young companions; and in an instant the hall became dark. Crashing noises were heard and all was in strange confusion; but Robin held fast his prize and found himself lying in the grey dawn of the morning at the head of the Giant's Stairs, with the boy clasped in his arms.

Robin had plenty of gossips to spread the story of his wonderful adventure; Passage, Monkstown, Carrigaline—all the barony of Kerriurrihy rung with it.

"Are you quite sure, Robin, it is young Phil Ronayne you have brought back with you?" was the regular question; for although the boy had been seven years away his appearance was just the same as on the day he was missed. He had neither grown taller nor older in look, and he spoke of things which had happened before he was carried off as one awakened from sleep, or as if they had occurred yesterday.

"Am I sure? Well, that's a queer question," was Robin's reply; "seeing the boy has the blue eye of his mother and the foxy hair of his father, to say nothing of the purty wart on the right side of his little nose."

However Robin may have been questioned, the worthy couple of Ronayne's Court doubted not that he was the deliverer of their child from the power of the giant MacMahon; and the reward they bestowed on him equalled their gratitude.

Philip Ronayne lived to be an old man; and he was remarkable to the day of his death for his skill in working brass and iron, which it was believed he had learned during his seven years' apprenticeship to the giant Mahon MacMahon.

It is obvious that a class which has not learnt to discuss will not discuss; even an adult audience thoroughly interested in a subject requires skilful handling before it will arise and talk. I am assuming therefore that the young people I label *A, B, C*, are not at all new to this method of dealing with story or other work.

In the following lines, *T* stands for the teller of the tale—in this instance the teacher; *A* stands for one of the oldest or most advanced children, none being more than thirteen

years of age ; *B* stands for one of the middle of the class or audience, and *C* stands for one of the youngest and least experienced in the wiles of the story.—

T. There. That's the story ; you asked for a story about children being taken away.

B. Yes, but those others were piped away by music or carried off by animals. We can believe *that*.

B. And that was in poetry ; anything happens in poetry.

T. Well, Rip van Winkle wasn't in poetry ; you read about him.

A. He only slept ; and that's a legend.

T. So is this.

B. I think this is a fairy story.

A. May I look at the book it comes from ?

(As this is a recognized question, the books that contain the told stories are kept at hand. *A* takes the book.)

C. Is it true ? (There is general derision at the question.)

T. Did you think the writer meant us to take it as fact ?

(On this there is a division of opinion ; the majority inclining to the view that certain indications in the story pointed to the writer's own scepticism. But as *A* holds the book, reference to it is for the moment impossible.)

B. And you didn't believe it while you were telling it.

T. How do you know that ?

B. When you spoke about the pretty little wart on the side of his nose you put your finger to the side of your nose. I knew you didn't believe the story then.

A hands the book back.

T. Well ?

A. I wanted to make sure it was Irish.

At this there is a chorus of other *A*'s, exclaiming that they knew the story was Irish all along, not only from the names, but from the funny way of saying things. Pressed for examples they cannot give them, till

C. " And how will I know but this is all a dream ? "

T. Good. That's Irish enough.

A. Well, of course nobody believes it. But how did people begin to believe things like that ? They believed it once.

C. I know a girl called Marjorie—she doesn't come to this school—and she's got a nurse and she's Irish ; and she says that when she was a girl, people always put a key inside the baby's cradle if they had to go out and leave it, so as the baby couldn't be stolen by the fairies. She knew a baby that was stolen and never came back.

A. Yes, but the fairies left something in its place.

C. Oh, yes, and Marjorie's nurse saw that too. It was a teeny tiny withered thing, an changeling.

T. A changeling. Yes, there are any number of stories about such disappearances and thefts and changelings. You ask how they came about. I suppose people who believed such things possible gave this explanation when any child disappeared or was stolen. I think children were less carefully looked after in very old days when these stories began.

C. Then are the stories very old ?

T. They are far older than any history you have ever heard about.

A. (the borrower of the book). I wanted the book for something else.

T. Yes, I know you did. Now you want it again. Here it is.

A. I wanted to read again that beautiful bit about the rocks and the night.

T. You read it to us.

A. " It was a beautiful still night, and the little boat glided swiftly along. The regular dip of the oars, the distant song of the sailor and sometimes the voice of a belated traveller at the ferry, alone broke the quietness of the land and sea and sky."

T. How did the traveller cry for the ferry ?

C. Fer-ry, fer-ry-y-y-y-y.

C. I like the bit about the giant's beard breaking the stone in bits.

C. It didn't.

C (taking the book). Yes it did. Listen : " He drew his long beard from out the huge piece of rock in such haste and with so sudden a jerk that it was shattered into a thousand pieces. It was the stone that was shattered."

C. Oh, I thought that it meant that his beard was shattered.

T. (after a pause) One of you wanted to know how it was that people used to believe such stories. Well, many people believe them still. Oh, yes, they do ; plenty of people believe in witchcraft to-day, though you and I may not. Lots of people have their own superstitions and I should be surprised if no one in this room has ever worn a lucky cat or a pig.

B. But we don't believe in them.

C. I do.

T. You see, in older days fairies and giants and elves were much nearer to people's minds than they are now ; and if they saw a rock that looked as if it were a stairway, they called it a Giant's Stair or the Devil's Stair ; and if they found a ring of greener grass round a tree they called it a Fairy Ring ; when rocks looked exactly like animals as they do near the Corbière lighthouse in Jersey, it is difficult not to make up some story about there having been animals there ; in Ruskin's story of the King of the Golden River, which we all read the other day, Ruskin says that " all the rocks had faces " ; and if people knew of great characters, such as David, or King Arthur, or Hercules, or of some famous animal like Gelert, or even if some great writer had written about a place, they talked and talked about the rock or the cave or the cliff or the ruins, and they put a name to them ; possibly something strange had happened at these places and so you get famous names tacked on to them. You, or at least some of you, have heard of the Pillars of Hercules, or of Whittington's Cat, or of Arthur's Seat, or of the Devil's Punchbowl, or of Wayland Smith's Cave. And often we cannot tell whether there isn't some kind of fact at the back of such names, though I daresay many of the names are mere fancy names as you would call them. And often—you older children will understand—some belief in the great powers of the world and in their working stands behind the story. The giant may not be Mahon MacMahon ; but it was a giant power that made these steps all the same, and the very cleverest people aren't quite sure that there were not once upon a time little people in the world who may have given rise to fairy stories. I have often tried to explain to you that a thing

may not be quite a fact and yet it may in a way be true for all that.

C. Did all nations have stories about these things ?

T. Yes, all. Wherever you go you find them ; in old times and to-day. All over the world stories are alike ; and when you and I are reading and telling and acting, you may be quite sure that in India and China and in South Africa and Russia, children, and even grown-up people, are doing exactly the same. All peoples are brothers in story-telling.

B. And are they brothers in any other way ?

T. What do you think ?

This does not seem to me to be an exaggeration of one line of talk that a story may open up. Of course the results may not be so definite as if the teacher were to lecture on the subject, but I repeat that this advantage is gained. No one is forced to adopt a particular view ; the Romantic and the Sceptic and the Lover of beautiful form—all of whom have their representatives in schools—all have their chance ; and a stray word or a stray question may produce results in later days. The teacher as leader of a discussion cannot "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not."

The story chosen is not difficult ; but it touches one or two points of importance. It may easily be imagined that a discussion method which is continued from week to week, and all through a school with the help of a satisfactory library and good story-tellers, cannot fail to set working different potentialities. What may be awakened and stimulated may easily be seen from a mere list of possible stories such as the following—Prometheus hanging in the Caucasus ; the Building of Carthage ; Buddha Gautama ; Moses on the Pisgah Heights ; the Witch of Endor ; the Flight of Jonah ; Judith and Holofernes ; the Good Samaritan ; the Veronica Legend ; the Jongleur of Notre Dame ; Balder ; Faustus ; Macbeth and the Witches ; the Indian Alcestis ; the Twin Stars in Scorpio ; the Milky Way ; the Story of Er ; the Restoration of the Senses of Orlando ; Sancho Panza's Kingdom. The list is illimitable,

but here I do not enter on any introduction to literature but merely view these stories as provocative of discussion. The essence of the value of story is that, though seemingly a simple entity, it should, like the sunlight, mean one thing to one plant, another thing to another. Does a parable of the New Testament mean the same thing to everyone ?

EPIC

THE story-teller who wishes to attack Epic has at any rate respectable authority behind him. By this I mean that the telling of narrative that may be called Epic has always been popular. Strictly speaking, the old Eastern books such as *Kalila and Dimnah*, which went all over the world, are not epic ; they are a multitude of stories linked in the loosest fashion. The teller meanders about but does at the close of each tale or set of tales, bring his audience back to the main theme. As story-tellers do not generally make acquaintance with this celebrated book I may be pardoned for a few words on it and its method.

The version which lies before me—which, for our purpose is, I think, the best of all—is that of Wyndham Knatchbull, originally printed in 1819, and now reprinted in Cairo, 1905. I give the very briefest outline ; it is done in Dent's *Æsop*.

Alexander the Great, meaning to overcome China, met in arms Four, King of India. (The reader will recognize King Porus.) Him he overcame by means of the stratagem of the hollow figures of brass caparisoned and equipped like regular cavalry and filled with naphtha and sulphur, which were set on fire during the battle and which maddened the elephants of the enemy. Four was killed in single combat by Alexander, and the Indians, who at first submitted, afterwards revolted and set Dabschelim upon the throne. This Dabschelim is the link which makes the book a kind of whole.

As soon as the new King Dabschelim felt himself secure, he threw off the mask and became a tyrant of the worst character. So bad was he that his enormities attracted the notice of a Brahmin philosopher, Bidpai, who determined to do what he could to draw the king from his evil ways. For this purpose, Bidpai assembled his disciples and asked their advice, telling them the interesting story of the way in which a tyrannical elephant who trod upon a lark's nest and smashed the eggs,

admitted that he despised larks and was brought for his contempt to a disastrous end. The story is told to prove to the disciples that an insignificant Brahmin may possibly bring a neglectful king to book. The disciples reply by another story, but Bidpai will not be dissuaded, and goes off to the court of the tyrant. Being allowed to speak freely, Bidpai tells the admirable story of the four Kings of China, India, Persia and Greece, and follows it up by an attack upon the king's conduct which rather reminds us of Daniel's speech before Belshazzar. For this the philosopher is condemned to death, but the sentence is afterwards changed to that of close imprisonment ; again Bidpai is heard, and as a result is offered the post of Chief Vizier, which at first he refuses. When at length he accepts the post he sends for his disciples and tells them that he is ordered to compose a book on true wisdom ; he again asks for their aid, but finds they are unable to help him. Once more he has to rely upon himself, and having procured the requisite quantity of materials for writing he retires with a secretary into a cave, and in a year he produces fourteen chapters, each containing a question and its answer. These chapters were the book of *Kalila and Dimnah*, intended for amusement and serious reflection ; nothing being omitted which could be of any service to a man and his happiness in this world and the next ; all this wisdom is put into the mouths of speaking animals. This is the famous volume which was afterwards stolen from India and deposited among the treasures of the kings of Persia.

Here is the preface, which explains the origin of the book ; and at once the writer goes off at a tangent to tell of the way in which the book was stolen away from India. This interesting theft scarcely concerns us ; but I cannot forbear to quote the encomium which is, in passing, written on this stolen volume.

It cannot be too often repeated that the person who gives up his time to the study of this book must not be satisfied with the superficial beauties of the images by which it may attract, but must search out the depth and hidden tendency of its fables, extracting from every proverbial expression the truth which it conceals, and

must imitate in his conduct the prudence of the youngest of three brothers whose history is related in the following manner. (Here is inserted a story which has since become world-wide.)

Now a similar degree of sober reflection is indispensable to the reader of this book if he would avoid the fate of the sportsman who, fishing one day in a river, saw a shell at the bottom of the water, and threw in his net to draw it out, but failed in his attempt and caught a fish instead of it; which, notwithstanding that it was large enough to serve him for food during the whole day, he did not think worth keeping but jumped into the river to obtain the shell; and having brought it out he found that it was empty and regretted he had lost a certain good by his covetousness. On the following day he returned to the same river and threw in his net and he took a small fish; at the same time he observed another shell, but paid no attention to it, fearing he should be disappointed as on the preceding day; but a fisherman passing by and being attracted by its beauty, got it out of the water and found in it a pearl of great value; and as great a treasure awaits the researches of the person who carries his inquiries deeper than the superficial examination of this book, whereas on the other hand, whoever regards it in the light of an amusing history will be as little rewarded for his pains and will meet with as great a disappointment as the farmer who sowed good seed in fertile ground and, when the crop appeared, in his haste to destroy the weeds, rooted up the corn at the same time.

I think the story-teller will pardon this semi-humorous extract which, though not pretending to be part of Bidpai's volume, obviously comes from the same hand, and which gives an admirable example of the way in which the whole work is composed.

Kalila and Dimnah, according to the Brahmin, Bidpai, are two jackals who in their conversations unveil the wisdom and the cunning of men. They are the servants of King Lion, who has been much terrified by the bellowing of a Bull, an animal hitherto unknown to him. But to the dismay of the jackals, the Lion and the Bull become good friends, and the efforts of Kalila and Dimnah are now directed towards the destruction of this friendship; and after a number of unsuccessful attempts—all helped out by interesting stories—they persuade the

Lion to take the life of his friend, an act of which the Lion immediately repented. Dimnah is therefore properly and in set form accused (just as the Fox is accused in the famous Beast-epic which we know under the name of *Reynard the Fox*). The arguments for and against Dimnah are sometimes serious, but occasionally we find that humour will find its way in; for the Chief Cook, who has been gifted with the power of ascertaining by outward signs what is passing in the heart, was asked to give his opinion on the face of Dimnah, upon which without hesitation he declared that a person whose left eye was smaller than the right and continually winking, and whose nose at the same time inclined to the right side, contained in himself the very essence of impurity, deceit and wickedness.

At this point in the story Kalila dies suddenly from an attack of nerves, or, as the book says, "from alarm and apprehension for his own safety and life"; and shortly afterwards the miscreant Dimnah was put to death by torture in prison, his long and story-full defence being unavailing.

The King Dabschelim, whom of course we have in the meantime forgotten, now asked for a story that showed the beauty of brotherly love; and the philosopher immediately proceeded to tell of the ring-dove, the rat, the roe and the crow, who, though an unlikely quartette, became fast friends. The curious desire of the crow to be friendly with the rat is so strong that he declines, even at the risk of starving, to quit the rat's dwelling till the latter has promised to be friendly; whereupon the rat "came out of one of his hundred holes and sat at the door; and the crow asked him the reason for his not venturing out farther and if he had still some doubts in his mind of her sincerity. To this the rat replied that the sentiments which she had professed were not those of all her species." The crow, however, persuades him to trust her, and the two fly off to the tortoise, the crow taking up the rat by the tail. The tortoise does not immediately recognize the strange animal that alights by her pond; but she too joins in the bond of friendship. After many adventures in which the rat is able to help his new friends, they are all in great danger at the hands of

a hunter, when, as before, the rat's cunning prevails and the hunter is altogether dumbfounded ; " he returned fatigued and disappointed, and when he reflected on what had passed, he cursed the earth for being the seat of witchcraft and the habitation of evil spirits ; and the crow, the rat, the tortoise and the roe returned to their summerhouse and were as well and happy as ever they had been in their lives. And in this manner the rat, notwithstanding his apparent weakness and diminutive size, was able on more occasions than one to effect the deliverance of his friends from impending destruction owing to the mutual confidence and sincere attachment which subsisted between them."

So the book ambles on, some of its stories being not fitted for the school-room, and some, such as the story of Irakht, being true gems. This story is heralded as usual by a request from King Dabschelim.

The King commanded Bidpai to inform him by what means a king may most highly exalt himself, render his authority secure and lasting, and consolidate his kingdom, whether by clemency, by fortitude, by valour or goodness. " The best security for his kingdom," answered the philosopher, " is the clemency of the monarch, which is the brightest gem in his crown and the very essence of all his duties, as is proved by the following story—

" There was a King named Beladh, very devout and religious, who had a vizier whose name was Iladh ; and the King saw one night in his sleep eight visions which so alarmed him that he suddenly awoke and called together the Brahmins, that they might interpret them.

" Then these Brahmins reasoned among themselves and said, ' We may now avenge the death of our brethren who perished yesterday ; now is the moment for us to threaten the King, and we will insist upon his delivering up into our power those who enjoy the greatest credit at his court. And we will say to him, " We demand Queen Irakht, the most honoured and distinguished of your wives, and Ghowir, the most beloved of your sons, and Iladh your friend and companion, and your incomparable sword, and the white elephant which no horse can equal in speed ; and it will be necessary for you, O King, when you have put to death the persons we have named to you, to fill a cauldron with their blood

and sit upon it, and we Brahmins assembled from the four quarters of your kingdom will walk round you and pronounce our incantations over you, and we will spit upon you and wipe off the blood from you, and will wash you in water and sweet oil, that you may return unto your palace trusting in the protection of heaven against the danger which threatens you. . . .”

“Then said the King, ‘Death is a greater blessing than life, if I am obliged to kill those who are as dear to me as myself. I know that I must one day die and that life is short, and that I cannot remain a king for ever ; but in my opinion there is no difference between the loss of friends and the loss of life.’ ”

Then the King arose from his seat and retired into his chamber, and fell on his face and wept and turned himself about as a fish when it is taken from the water.

This tale is one of the last.

“The conversation of the philosopher and the king here being ended, the king was silent.”

Dunlop, in his history of fiction, speaks but slightly of *Kalila and Dimnah* ; but his criticism is silently corrected by his latest editor, who provides the reader with a chart showing the wide diffusion of the work. From this we gather that there was a lost Buddhistic original in thirteen books written in Sanskrit ; that a Persian version was made A.D. 500 ; that an Arabic version followed in the next century ; and that from a later Arabic version came Silvestre de Sacy’s edition, from which the one quoted in these pages is a translation. But the various translations of the book differ so greatly that it is sometimes difficult to imagine we are reading one and the same production. The chart at the end of Dunlop’s *History of Fiction* gives the names and dates of about forty translations into all the important languages.

The same method of telling a tale or of inculcating wisdom is adopted in the *Arabian Nights* ; and Mr. F. W. Bain in his so-called translations from the Sanskrit links the first and last story with a thread of plot. The story-teller who wishes to follow this inconsistent method may turn to the *Canterbury Tales* for a pattern ; but in *Kalila and Dimnah* there is a purpose, a converging purpose, in all the stories, whereas in Chaucer there is none.

A method much more closely resembling what we know as the epic is followed by Mr. Laurence Housman in what we may call a suite of stories on the subject of "Noodle the Fool"; and the six tales which tell of his exploits are worthy of the careful attention of the teacher. They are to be found in *The Field of Clover* (Kegan Paul).

The links are named the Fire-eaters, the Galloping Plough, the Thirsty Well, the Princess Melilot, the Burning Rose and the Camphor Worm. The epic title under which all come is "The Bound Princess."

Noodle, one of those born fools whom the folk-tale and especially the Russian folk-tale loves, gives away all his little property in a careless generosity to the Fire-Eaters, and in return they give him a magic ring. With this he wins the Galloping Plough, breaks the spell of the Thirsty Well, finds the enchanted and rooted Melilot and rescues her. The various episodes are pictured and their story told in an English which is for the story-teller supreme; and children and adults are held by it.

If the teacher desires to deal with the older Epics, he may take as a first guide Guerber's book, *The Epic*, but he should supplement the text with large quotations from good translations. There is not enough quotation in Guerber.

I must here refer to those studies in story-telling which are issued from the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg; in these there are hints for Scandinavian Epic, the Greek Myth, and Robin Hood, treated specially.

"Hiawatha," which is epic, is too well-known to demand notice here, but the teacher's attention may be directed to an Arabian epic, called "The Stealing of the Mare," by Lady Anne Blunt and the late Mr. W. S. Blunt, one of the most beautiful of the medieval romances; and less beautiful, but very interesting, is the *Kalevala*, the Epic of Finland (two vols., Everyman).

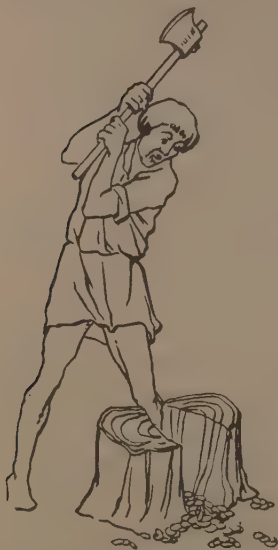
At the risk of seeming to repeat myself too much, I may impress on the story-teller that a very good Form and plenty of quotation from the original are the two requisites for the treatment of Epic.

ETHICS

UNDER this heading I group all the intentionally didactic work of which writers seem to be so much afraid. The storyteller need not be afraid of it at all ; if only he hold fast to the rule that the " moral " is not to be so hard pressed that it is, so to speak, flung in the faces of the young. I have already spoken on this moralizing, and will say no more ; but will refer to the arch-offender in literature, the *Gesta Romanorum*, which was one of the most famous story-books of the Middle Ages. Even now the book is useful ; it is a mine of older story, some of it dating back to Buddhistic India. Every story in it has an application in the service of the Church ; and no story is too simple to be twisted into a moral. Of course the defence of such applications is that the stories were intended for the illiterate and the faithful ; that the applications are not " morals " as we use the term ; and, finally, that you may, if you please, leave the application out. As Prof. Saintsbury says of the " Faerie Queene," " the allegory won't bite you." But there are so many teachers and preachers who find extraordinary meanings, morals and applications in the stories that they tell that I had better make my contention quite clear by quoting a story from the *Gesta*. The one chosen happens to be a variant of the " Three Caskets " known to us in *The Merchant of Venice*, and obtained by Shakespeare from a long series of " Casket " stories which ultimately may be traced to India and to 500 B.C.—

A certain carpenter residing in a city near the sea, very covetous and very wicked, collected a large sum of money and placed it in the trunk of a tree which he put by his fireside that no one might have any suspicion that it held money. It happened that while all his household slept the sea overflowed its boundaries, broke down that side of the building where the log lay and carried it away. It floated many miles and reached at length a city in which there lived a person who kept open house. Arising early in the morning he perceived the trunk of a tree in the water and brought

it to land, thinking it was nothing but a bit of timber thrown away by someone. He was a liberal, kind-hearted man, and a great benefactor to the poor. It one day chanced that he entertained some pilgrims in his house; and the weather being extremely cold he cut up the log for firewood. When he had struck two or three blows with the axe he heard a rattling sound; and on his cleaving it the gold pieces rolled out in every direction. Greatly rejoiced at the discovery, he repositied them in a secure place until he should ascertain who was the owner.



Now the carpenter, bitterly lamenting the loss of his money, travelled from place to place in pursuit of it. He came by accident to the house of the hospitable man who had found the trunk. He failed not to mention the object of his search; and the host understanding that the money was his said to himself: "I will prove if God will that the money should be returned to him." Accordingly he made three cakes, the first of which he filled with earth; the second with the bones of dead men; and in the third he put

a quantity of the gold which he had discovered in the trunk. "Friend," he said, addressing the carpenter, "we will eat three cakes composed of the best meat in the house. Choose which you will have." The carpenter did as he was directed; he took the cakes and weighed them in his hand one after another, and finding that the one with the earth weighed heaviest he chose it. "And if I want any more, my worthy host," added he, "I will have that," laying his hand upon the cake containing the bones. "You may keep the third cake yourself." "I see clearly," murmured the host, "that God does not will that the money should be restored to this wretched man." Calling therefore the poor and infirm, the blind and the lame, and opening the cake of gold in the presence of the carpenter, he said, "Thou miserable varlet, this is thine own gold. But thou preferredst the cake of earth and dead men's bones. I am persuaded therefore that God wills not that I return thee

thy money." Then he distributed the whole among the poor and drove away the carpenter in great tribulation.

[Now this is quite a good story or parable and, like all good parables, it admits of plenty of discussion. To a sharp class it would be an admirable find ; for some would maintain that the finder of the money might do what he liked with it, while the stern moralist would say that, knowing the owner, he should return it. The unregenerate might hold that he should have not made the cakes at all, but that he could have given the owner a gold piece and sent him away. There are other questions that the humorous would delight to raise. But this is not the way of the *Gesta*, nor is it the way of many modern exponents of parable.]

Application.

My beloved, the carpenter is any worldly-minded man ; the trunk of the tree denotes the human heart filled with the riches of this life. The host is a wise confessor. The cake of earth is the world ; that of the bones of dead men is the flesh ; and that of gold is the kingdom of heaven.

If, then, we bear in mind how far we may and how far we may not dig out our moral ; and if, further, we are careful with what spade or hoe we do the digging, we may face the enormous collection of didactic works with a light heart ; for, as we saw on an earlier page, most story-writers are, for all their protestations, moralists.

The fable, the parable, the allegory, the special story of the propagandist and the ordinary story of the writer who thinks he has no axe to grind, may all be pressed into the service of the teller who means to make his stories serve an end ; who does not mean to preach, but does mean to let his stories have their say ; who, indeed, in his stories openly admits without shame that he is a sower sowing seed.

Such a teacher, for his own convenience and that he may when asked be able to give an instance, will do well to add to the index in his Common-place Book the following, and many more than the following, entries. He is then prepared to take note in his reading of stories that will serve him for illustrations.

Alms, anger, behaviour, body and the care of it, charity, cleanliness, commonsense and folly, content and discontent, cheerfulness, conscience, courage (timidity, foolhardiness), crime and sin, curiosity, despair and hope, despondency, discovery, disgrace and dishonour, effort and laziness, encouragement, envy, evil, family, faith, fear, forgiveness, friendship, generosity (liberality, parsimony, miserliness, meanness, stinginess), greediness, gratitude, grief, honesty, honour, humour, joy, justice, imagination, ideals, influence, jealousy, kindness (consideration, cruelty, philanthropy), laughter, liberty, likes and dislikes, love and hate, luxury, lying, manners, memory, modesty, moderation, obedience and disobedience, patience, pain, pride, parents and children, patriotism, pleasure, the poor, poverty and wealth, perseverance, quiet and unquiet, religion, respect, revenge, right and wrong, roguery, sacrifice, service, shyness, sentimentality, schools and schoolmasters, self, selfishness, self-respect, strength and weakness, socialism, sorrow, temper, temperament, temperance, theft, tongue, treachery, tyranny, vanity, will, wit, wonder, work, worth, youth.

It is not suggested that these terms should be the accompaniments of told story. They are nothing but pegs for the collector on which he may hang the shorter or longer illustrations which, when once his index is begun and his book paged, will crowd upon him. Suddenly called on to tell a story that illustrates vanity, shyness or roguery, any one of us might hesitate and finally fail; but after a year's keeping of the C.P.B. we should probably tell another tale in more senses than one.

For the whole of literature, history, biography, newspapers, magazines, the conversations of our friends, are full of these things; man is so incurably interested in character, psychology, ethics; right and wrong fascinate him, whether the philosophers can help him or no. The reader who keeps a pencil and paper by his side when he reads will not be at a loss for story.

I append a few little things to show what I mean by this collection of trifles in the course of our reading. I add no title to them; and indeed I should be at a loss in many instances, if asked, to affix one label and one only.

I will tell thee a parable, for men of good understanding will generally readily catch the meaning of what is taught under the shape of a parable.

Buddha Gautama was not roused to activity by anything from within, but by unintentionally meeting the four intentionally sent spirits of the Pure Abode in the form of an old man, a sick man, a corpse and a recluse.

When Chuang Tzu was about to die, his disciples expressed a wish to give him a splendid funeral. But he said, "With heaven and earth for my coffin and shell, with the sun, moon and stars as my burial regalia, and with all creation to escort me to the grave — are not my funeral paraphernalia ready to hand?"

"We fear," argued the disciples, "lest the carrion kite should eat the body of our Master"; to which Chuang Tzu replied, "Above the ground I shall be food for kites, below I shall be food for moles, crickets and ants. Why rob one to feed the other?"

There was a certain king who made a feast and invited to it all the wayfarers and strangers in his dominions, but he made a condition that every man should bring with him something to sit upon. Some brought with them beautiful and soft cushions, and some brought handsome but hard seats, and some brought sofas, and some logs of wood, and stones, and boulders. The king provided everything for the nourishment and entertainment of all comers, but ordered that each man should sit on the couch or seat he had made and brought for himself.

Then they who were sitting on the logs and stones and other uncomfortable and ugly seats grumbled at the king and said, "Is it to the honour of the king that we should be sitting here in such discomfort on stones and bits of wood?" And when the king heard the complaint he said, "Is it not enough for you that you disgrace my palace with stones and logs, but will you also insult me and fasten an accusation upon me? Your honour and splendour are such as you make for yourselves."

Domíníc, when preaching, whether on the roads, or with his friends, or in the house with a host and his family, or among the great of this world, princes and prelates, would fill his sermons with story-examples to turn the minds of those who heard him to the love of Christ or to the contempt of the world.

A person who had never used a bolster when in the world, when he assumed the habit, kept the whole monastery awake one night with his complaints because his bolster had been removed for a time to wash the covering.

Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt, when about to die, ordered a small piece of cloth to be carried about his kingdom after his death, and for a herald to proclaim that he had been able to take with him nothing more of all his possessions.

Exempla plus movent quam predicatio subtilis.

My God, if it is from fear of Hell that I serve Thee, condemn me to burn in Hell ; and if it is for the hope of Paradise forbid me to enter there ; but if it is for Thy sake only, deny me not the sight of Thy face.

On the bridge at Fatehpon Siku is the famous inscription : " Jesus, upon whom be peace, said, ' The world is a bridge : pass over it but do not build upon it.' "

At a siege of Naples a cannon was planted over against one of the churches of the city, outside which hung a stone crucifix ; but when the cannon was fired the figure on the cross bent forward and the cannonball sped on its way, lifting from the bowed head—the Crown of Thorns.

They tell that at a hunting seat they were roasting some game for Nushirowan, and as there was no salt they dispatched a servant to the village to fetch some. Nushirowan called to him, saying, " Take it at its fair price and not by force, lest a bad precedent be established and the village be desolated." They asked, " What damage can ensue from this trifle ? " He answered, " Originally the oppression in this world was small and every new-comer added to it till it reached its present extent."

A king ordered an innocent person to be put to death. The man said, " Seek not your own hurt by venting any anger you may entertain against me." The king asked, " How ? " He replied, " The pain of this punishment will continue with me for a moment ; but the sin of it will endure with you for ever."

My brother and I quarrel ; but it is we two against the world.

A disciple complained to his ghostly father, saying, "What can I do, for I am much annoyed by the people who are interrupting me with their frequent visits and break in upon my precious hours with their impertinent intrusions." He replied, "To such of them as are poor lend money, and from such as are rich ask some in loan ; and neither of them will trouble you again."

An Arab travelling in the desert lost his way, and having spent all his provision gave himself up for lost. At last he saw a bag lying on the sand. "Never shall I forget," said he, "my relish and delight when I hastened to it, thinking it was a bag of wheat, and never shall I forget my bitterness and disappointment when I found it contained nothing but pearls."



I had never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune excepting on one occasion when my feet were bare, and I had not the where-withal to shoe them. In this despondency I went to the mosque at Cufah and there I beheld a man that had no feet.

At a mosque in the city of Sanjar, a person was chanting the call to prayer with so discordant a note as to drive all people away. A nobleman who was averse to giving offence, said to him, "O generous youth, there belong to this mosque certain criers to whom I allow a monthly stipend of five dinars ; now I will give you ten to go elsewhere." To this he agreed and took himself off ; but after a while he came to the nobleman and said, "O my Lord, you did me an injury when for ten dinars you prevailed upon me to quit this station ; for where I went they offered me twenty to remove to another place, but I would not." The nobleman smiled, and said, "Do not accept the twenty, for they may soon offer you fifty."

It is possible to restrain thine own passion ; thou canst not curb the tongue of man.

One day, in the perverseness of youth, I spoke with asperity to my mother. Vexed at heart and with tears in her eyes, she said, " How well did an old woman observe to her son when she saw him powerful as a tiger and formidable as an elephant : ' Couldst thou call to mind those days when helpless thou wouldst cling to my bosom, thou wouldst not thus assail me with fury now thou art a lionlike hero and I a poor old woman.' "

Were every night a night of might, or the 14th night of Ramazan, then would the night of might become of little might.

Jamshid was the first person who put an edging round his garment and a ring upon his finger. They asked him, " Why did you bestow all the decoration and ornament upon the left hand whilst the right is superior ? " He answered, " Sufficient for the right is the ornament of being right. "

When the Persian fleet was wrecked off Mount Athos white pigeons were seen for the first time in Greece.



It is said that St. Peter's mother was not allowed to be with her son in heaven ; and that this separation so grieved St. Peter that he came to the Almighty and made a request. " See," said the Almighty, " if she has done any good or kind action in her life ; by it she shall be saved. " St. Peter therefore asked her, and she answered that she had once given a string of onions to a blind beggar. Then St. Peter was told to let the string of onions out of heaven till it reached to hell ; and St. Peter's mother took hold of it and the string became shorter and shorter, and she was being drawn to heaven. But when the other souls saw this they caught at her skirts that they too might be saved. And St. Peter's mother kicked out at them to drive them off. " Do you see ? " said the Almighty ; and the string broke.

Epictetus, the slave-philosopher, when being

beaten by his master, warned him that he would, if he went on beating, break Epictetus's leg. The cruelty continued and the leg was broken, "I told you so," said the slave. Celsus asked a Christian if Jesus had ever said anything finer than this when he was scourged and spat upon. "He kept silence," was the answer.

Among the many altars at Athens there was one which stood alone, conspicuous and honoured above all others. The suppliants thronged round it, but no image of a god, no symbol of dogma, was there. It was dedicated to—Pity.

There is an old story that once Jesus was an angel and that he ranked as the other angels did; but that one day, looking out of heaven, he saw and pitied mankind; and for this he was exalted to a place at the right hand of God.

Plutarch says that his little daughter was so loving in her disposition that she desired her nurse to press even her dolls to the breast. "She wished everything that gave her pleasure to share in the best of what she had."

It seems that Greece never could take any pleasure in seeing gladiators fight with one another or with wild beasts in the amphitheatres. When an attempt was made to introduce such shows into Athens, the Cynic philosopher Demonax appealed successfully to the better feelings of the people by saying, "You must first overthrow the altar of Pity."

When the Irish missionary, St. Gall, was fishing one night upon a Swiss lake near which he had planted a monastery, he heard strange voices sweeping over the lonely deep. The Spirit of the Water and the Spirit of the Mountains were consulting together how they could expel the intruder who had disturbed their ancient reign.

Mohammed declined, it is said, to enter the city of Damascus, the "pearl of the desert," because of its beauty.

Plutarch writes as follows in his life of Marcus Cato. "The Athenians made a law when they builded their temple called Hecatompodon, that they should suffer the mules and the mulets that did service in their carriages about the building of the same, to graze everywhere without let or trouble of any man. And they

say there was one of their mules thus turned at liberty that came herself to the place to labour, going before all the other draught beasts that drew up carts loaden towards the castle, and kept them company as though she seemed to encourage the rest to draw ; which the people liked so well in the poor beast that they appointed she should be kept while she lived at the charge of the town. . . . There is no reason to use living and sensible things as we would use an old shoe or rag, to cast it out upon the dunghill when we have worn it and can serve us no longer. As for me, I could never find in my heart to sell my draught ox that had ploughed my land a long time, because he could plough no longer for age ; and much less my slave."

A traveller once vowed that he would drink of a certain river only where its waters were pure, and at once set out to find the fountainhead. At last he held the clear drops in the hollow of his hand ; but now the river was gone, and all its wealth of added strength and onward flow and eddying depth and widening breadth and varied sound and mingled shade. He had passed them by.

Ibrahim ben Adham took his seat upon his throne round which were ranged all the grandees of his kingdom and his guards according to their rank. All of a sudden a figure advanced from the crowd, and when it had come near, Ibrahim said, " Who art thou ? " " I am a stranger, and I wish to stay at this inn. " " But this is no inn ; it is my own house. " " And to whom did it belong before thee ? " " To my father. " " And before him ? " " To my grandfather. " " And where are all thine ancestors now ? " " They are dead. " " Well, then ; is this house anything but an inn where the coming guest succeeds the departing one ? " Ibrahim rose. " I adjure thee by the most High God, stop. " The stranger paused. " Who art thou who hast lit this fire in my soul ? " " I am Khizr. O Ibrahim, it is time for thee to awake. "

When Horand sang, the birds in the bushes forgot their songs, the wild beasts in the forest forsook their pasture, the reptiles in the grass ceased to crawl and creep, the fishes in the water swam no farther, the bells did not ring as they were wont to do ; no one retained his self-control, the sorrowful forgot their grief and the sick grew well.

" My lord, " said the stranger to Sancho Panza, " I beseech your honour to give me your attention, for it is a case of great

importance and some difficulty. Upon this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows and a kind of court-house where four judges sit to try and pass sentence upon those who are found to transgress a certain law enacted by the proprietor, which runs thus : ' Whoever would pass over this bridge must first declare upon oath whence he comes and upon what business he is going, and if he swears the truth he shall pass over, but if he swears to a falsehood he shall certainly die upon the gibbet there provided.' A man now comes demanding a passage over the bridge ; and on taking the required oath he swears that he is going to be executed upon the gibbet before him and that he has no other business.

" ' If we let this man pass,' said the judges, ' he will have sworn falsely, and if we hang him he will verify his oath and ought to have passed unmolested.' "

" Here, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, " we may plunge our arms up to the elbows in what are termed adventures. But attend to this caution, that even shouldst thou see me in the greatest peril in the world thou must not lay hand to thy sword to defend me, unless thou perceivest that my assailants are vulgar and low people ; in that case thou mayst assist me ; but should they be knights, it is in no wise agreeable to the laws of chivalry that thou shouldst interfere until thou art thyself dubbed a knight." " Your worship," answered Sancho, " shall be obeyed most punctually therein, and the rather as I am naturally very peaceable and an enemy to thrusting myself into brawls and squabbles. I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

Then said Don Quixote, " I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would fain wash away the stain of madness from my character ; for though in my life I have been deservedly accounted a lunatic I earnestly desire that the truth thereof shall not be confirmed at my death. Go, therefore, dear child, and call hither my dear friends the priest, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas, the barber ; for I would fain make my confession and my will."

Fortunately at that moment his three friends entered. As soon as Don Quixote saw them he exclaimed, " Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, the same whom the world for his fair and honest life was pleased to surname the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis of Gaul and all his generation. Now the senseless and profane

histories of knight errantry are to me disgusting and odious ; I now acknowledge my folly and perceive the danger into which I was led by reading them ; and now, through the mercy of God and my own dear-bought experience, I abhor them."

Socrates, having laid for himself the foundation of a small house, one of the people asked him : " Why do you, so famed as you are, build so small a house ? " " I only wish," he replied, " I could fill it with real friends."

An ass undertook to run a race with the horse. When the horse won, the ass said : " Now I see what was the matter with me. I ran a thorn into my foot some months ago and it still pains me."

A kite who had been ill for a long time, begged of his mother to go to all the temples in the country and see what prayers and promises could do for his recovery. The old kite replied : " My son, unless you can think of an altar that neither of us has robbed, I fear that nothing can be done for you in that way."

An eagle sat watching on a rock for a hare, and had the misfortune to be struck by an arrow. He recognized the feather attached to the arrow as one that had come from his own wing. " That thought," he said, " hurts me more than death itself."

A ship wrecked off the coast of Greece had on board a large ape. The ship went down and the ape, with most of the crew, was left struggling in the water. Dolphins are said to have a great friendship for man, and one of them, taking the ape for a man, came under him, and supporting him on his back, swam with him to the mouth of the Piraeus. " In what part of Greece do you live ? " demanded the dolphin. " I am an Athenian," said the ape. " Oh then, you know Piraeus, of course." " Know Piraeus ! " cried the ape, not wishing to appear ignorant to the dolphin. " I should rather think I did. Why, my father and he are first cousins." Thereupon the dolphin, finding that he was supporting an impostor, slipped from beneath his legs and left him to his fate.

A goldfinch once escaped out of its cage, and its master, a little boy, did what he could to capture it again, but the bird would not come. " Well," said the boy at length, " you will live to repent it, for you will never be so well looked after in any other place." " That may be," said the bird, " but I had rather be in my own keeping than in yours."

As toilsome I wandered Virginia's woods
To the music of rustling leaves kicked by my feet (for 'twas
autumn),

I marked at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier ;
Mortally wounded he, and buried on the retreat (easily all I could
understand) :

The halt of a midday hour, when up ; no time to lose—yet this
sign left

On a tablet, scrawled and nailed on the tree by the grave,
" Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade."

The song is to the singer and comes back most to him ;
The teaching is to the teacher and comes back most to him ;
The murder is to the murderer and comes back most to him ;
The theft is to the thief and comes back most to him ;
The love is to the lover and comes back most to him ;
The gift is to the giver and comes back most to him—it cannot fail.

I see the burial-cairns of Scandinavian warriors, I see them raised
high with stones by the marge of restless oceans, that the dead
men's spirits when they wearied of their quiet graves might rise
up through the mounds and gaze on the tossing billows and be
refreshed by storms, immensity, liberty, action.

After a battle in which the victory remained with the Danes,
a burgher of Flensburg, ere retiring to have his wounds dressed,
was about to refresh himself with a draught of
beer from a wooden bottle when a cry from a
wounded Swede made him turn and he knelt
down by the fallen enemy to pour the liquor
into his mouth. His requital was a pistol-shot
in the shoulder from the treacherous Swede.
" Rascal," he cried, " I would have befriended
you, and you would murder me in return. Now
I will punish you: I would have given you the
whole bottle ; but now you shall only have
half."

Socrates, on entering a bazaar and looking
round, remarked : " How many things there
are in the world that I can do without."



The reader will see from what sources these examples come. Sadi, Æsop, *The Wisdom of the East*, *Don Quixote*, *A Book of Golden Deeds*, North's *Plutarch*, Walt Whitman, are but a few writers and books which are crammed with possibilities in the way of ethical story. Only one or two quotations come from modern work, such as Mr. Crosland's. There is no need at all to refer to the new books which pour from the press when the older books are ready to be ransacked first. And in this department of our story-telling the new has little to add to the old ; indeed " the old is better."

FAIRY AND FOLK TALES

STRICTLY speaking, a fairy tale is a tale in which the fairy or some kindred supernatural being takes a part; a folk-tale is a traditional story, not regarded as in any way historical; a legend is, on the other hand, more nearly allied to history. *Saga* and *märchen* are foreign terms meaning respectively a story of adventure limited to some person or family, and a nursery tale.

There is, however, so much divergence of use, if not of opinion, in regard to all these terms that no further attempt will here be made either to distinguish stories that seem to cross the various lines and to ally themselves now with one class, now with another. The story in this section makes no pretence to deal with fact or with facts, i.e. definite happenings.

It is no part of the story-teller's business to bring forward theories of the dispersion of and similarity of story; but it surely is part of his business to insist on the general likeness of story everywhere and the help that story gives to the understanding of the mind of others. Elsewhere I have stressed the fact that neither poetry nor the primitive dance nor sculpture, nor any art that man practises, suggests so sure a link among men as story-telling does. Poetry, sculpture, music, dance, have to be studied in the hope that one nation or set of nations may be comprehensible to the critics and students of another nation. Even French poetry and Welsh poetry are largely sealed books to the Englishman; while Chinese art and drama, or Egyptian or Indian music can scarcely, after study, be admired. But story is, in its plot, methods, episodes, aim, meaning, ethics, almost one and the same in all lands, under all religions and in all centuries. It is the most human of all human intellectual achievements.

This similarity meets us particularly in the fairy and folklore of the nations, and the story-teller should stress similarities whenever he can. The number of useful books is large;

Grimm in the latest edition is supplied with most valuable notes (Bell, 2 vols.); Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse* contains an excellent preface; Jacobs' various volumes, but especially the two devoted to English Fairy Tales, have learned and interesting addenda at the end of the books, to which addenda children are warned to pay no attention; Mrs. Steel's *Tales from the Punjab*, Vernalcken's *Tales from Austria and Bohemia*, W. D. Campbell's *Beyond the Border*, are by no means the most modern, but on that very account they will be found useful. The story-teller does not need new fairy and folk-tales; indeed, no such things exist. A good working acquaintance with the few books mentioned on this page is ample preparation for anyone. The *Littératures Populaires* and *Contes de Toutes les Nations* (Leroux, Paris), in at least 50 vols., are valuable for the reader of French.

The hidden name, the grievous task, the envy of relations, the happy ending—all so dear to the world-wide tale—are represented in the Cupid and Psyche, which I here abridge and work through; but here, in addition to the familiar features of the fairy and folk tale, we have literary skill and musical form.

CUPID AND PSYCHE

[The teller should know something of the surroundings of this story. It is but an incident in a longer work—"The Golden Ass"—and it was written in Latin. The author is said to have been Apuleius, who lived about A.D. 100. Even writers who condemn the extravagances of Apuleius's style, agree in calling the story here abridged "exquisitely beautiful"; and Dr. Rouse, who has edited the old translation of Adlington (1566) says "of all the tales of the world, it is hardly too much to say that this tale of Cupid and Psyche is the most beautiful and charming." It seems only fair to admit that many writers regard the story as an allegory shadowing forth the "progress of the soul to perfection."]

[The tale is still alive; that is, it still attracts new poets, painters, sculptors, the present Poet Laureate having written a long and beautiful poem entitled "Eros and Psyche."]

The most pleasant and delectable tale of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche.

[This is an out-of-the-way title, and it has to be said slowly ; it should be easy to convey the thought that the story and the version given are not of to-day nor of yesterday.

[I follow generally the wonderful translation of Adlington ; but occasionally a curious idiom makes it necessary for us to alter a word or two ; the tale is being told—we suppose—to children of an age above twelve or thirteen.]

There was once a certain king who had three daughters exceeding fair ; of whom the two elder were of such comely shape and beauty that they did excel and pass all other women living. Yet the singular beauty and maidenly modesty of the youngest daughter did so far surmount and excel them two as no earthly creature could by any means sufficiently express or set out the same.

[Of course this introduction sounds to the young something quite new and strange ; but the dignity of the prose and its music will soon work their charm.]

Wherefore innumerable strangers resorted from far countries, adventuring themselves by long journeys on land and by great perils on water to behold this glorious virgin. And such contempt grew towards the goddess Venus that no person travelled unto the town of Paphos nor to the isle Cnidos, no, nor to Cythera, to worship her. Her ornaments were thrown out, her temples defaced, her pillows and cushions torn, her ceremonies neglected, her images and statues uncrowned and her bare altars unswept.

[The concluding part of this shows that we are in the region of most ornate prose and not merely in that of the folk-tale. The reiteration is to be very distinct indeed.]

For why. Every person honoured this maiden instead of Venus, and called her by the name of Venus that was not Venus indeed.

Therefore the goddess Venus called her wingèd son Cupid, rash enough and hardy, armed with fire and arrows, and egged him forward with words and brought him to the city and showed him Psyche—for so the maiden was called—and having told the cause of her anger, " I pray thee," quoth she, " avenge the injury which is done to thy mother by the false and disobedient beauty of a mortal maiden, and I pray thee that without delay she may fall in love

with the most miserable creature living, the most poor, the most crooked and the most vile."

When she had spoken these words she embraced her son and took her voyage towards the sea.

When she was come to the sea she began to call the gods and goddesses who were obedient to her voice. Then came the daughters of Nereus singing with tunes melodiously ; Portunus with his bristled and rough beard ; Salatia with her bosom full of fish ; Palemon the driver of the Dolphin ; the trumpeters of Triton leaping hither and thither and blowing with heavenly noises ; such was the company that followed Venus marching towards the ocean.

[Give full effect to all these names and to the music of the sentence.]

In the meantime, Psyche, with all her beauty, received no fruit of her honour. She was wondered at of all, she was praised of all, but no prince nor king nor any of the inferior sort did repair to woo her. Her two sisters were royally married to two kings ; but the maiden Psyche, sitting at home alone, lamented her solitary life.

Whereupon her father went into the town called Miletus to receive the oracle of Apollo, and made his prayers and offered sacrifice and desired a husband for his daughter, and answer was given him that Psyche should be clad in black and set upon a certain rock, and that her husband was none of mortal race.

Then they brought her to the appointed rock of the high hill and set her thereon and so departed. The torches were put out with the tears of the people, and, every man gone home, the miserable parents, well-nigh consumed with sorrow, gave themselves to everlasting darkness.

Thus poor Psyche, being left alone weeping and trembling on the top of the rock, was blown and carried with a meek wind which retained her garments up and by little and little brought her down into a deep valley, where she was laid in a bed of most sweet and fragrant flowers.

When she had refreshed herself with sleep she rose with a more quiet and pacified mind, and espied a pleasant wood and a running river as clear as crystal ; and in the midst of the wood a princely building. The arches above were of citron and ivory, propped and undermined with pillars of gold ; the walls were covered and seeled with silver, and divers sorts of beasts were graven and carved that seemed to encounter with such as entered in.

Then Psyche with a bold heart entered into the house ; and when with great pleasure she viewed all these things, she heard a voice without any body which said, " Why do you marvel, madame, at so great riches ? Behold, all is at your commandment ; wherefore go you and repose yourself upon the bed and desire what bath you



will have and in the meantime meats and dainty dishes shall be prepared for you."

Then first she reposed herself upon the bed, and then refreshed her body in the bath, and then she saw the table garnished with meats and a chair to sit down.

[The next paragraph is one of the most beautiful.]

When Psyche was sat down, all sorts of meats and wines were brought in, not by any body but as it were with a wind, for she could see no person before her but only hear voices on every side. After

that one came in and sang invisibly, another played on the harp, but she saw no man. The harmony of the instruments did so greatly thrill in her ears that though there were no manner of person, yet seemed she in the midst of a multitude of people. Then when night approached she went to bed ; then came her husband unto her and said, " O my dear wife, fortune doth menace thee with imminent peril, for thy sisters be greatly troubled and are come to the mountain. If thou hear their lamentations in no wise make answer or look up, for if thou do, thou shalt bring on thyself utter destruction."

But the next night she desired her husband that she might see her sisters, and at length he was contented ; but he gave her a further charge, " Beware that ye being moved by the counsel of your sisters, desire not to see me or my shape, lest by your curiosity ye be deprived of so great estate." Then, when he had departed, her sisters came unto the hill and cried with a loud voice, and Psyche came forth and said, " Behold, here is she for whom ye weep ; cease your weeping." And by and by she commanded Zephyrus to bring them down and he laid them softly in the valley.

Then Psyche showed them the storehouses of treasure and when they had eaten they conceived great envy within their hearts, and one of them being very curious, did demand what her husband was and who was the lord of so precious a house ; but Psyche feigned that he was a young man of comely stature with a flaxen beard, and had great delight in hunting in the hills and dales. Then she filled their laps with gold and commanded Zephyrus to carry them away.

When they were brought up to the mountain they took their way homeward, and murmured with envy against Psyche. " Saw you not, sister, what was in the house ? Why, her husband may make her a goddess ; she had voices to serve her and the winds did obey her. But I, poor wretch, have married a husband older than my father, balder than a coot, weaker than a child and that locketh me up all day in the house."

" Let us go home," said the other, " to our husbands and poor houses, and when we are better instructed let us return and suppress her pride."

Then after a while they returned unto Psyche and persuaded her that she was but married unto a fierce serpent, as the oracle of Apollo had said, and that she should take a lamp burning with oil, and a sharp razor, and cut off the head of the serpent her husband

as he lay asleep. But when Psyche took the lamp according to their counsel and came to the bedside, she saw there the most meek and the sweetest beast of all beasts, even Cupid, at sight of whom the very lamp increased his light for joy. But, alas, while she embraced him, there fell a drop of burning oil from the lamp upon the shoulder of the god ; and he, perceiving that promise and faith were broken, fled away without utterance of any word, from the eyes and hands of his unhappy wife.

Then went Psyche and threw herself into the next running river for the great anguish that she was in ; but the water would not suffer her to be drowned ; and after she had gone a little way she came to a city where one of her sisters did dwell and told her what had befallen her and how Cupid did desire her sister to be his wife. Then went that sister and came to the mountain and cried, " O Cupid take me, a more worthy wife," and so cast herself headlong and was all torn amongst the rocks. Neither was the vengeance of the other delayed, for Psyche came to her and declared all such things as she told to her first sister and the second did run unto the rock and was slain in like sort.

Then Psyche wandered and hurled herself hither and thither to seek her husband ; but none would help her, no, neither Ceres nor Juno ; but Venus, who had learned the name of Psyche, now sent Mercury to find her if he could. Then was she found at last and brought to the presence of the goddess. And Venus delivered Psyche to her maidens, Sorrow and Sadness, who piteously scourged her with whips and rods. Then the goddess took a great quantity of wheat, barley, meal, poppy seed, peas, lentils and beans, and mingled them all together on a heap, saying, " See that thou separate all these grains one from another, and let it be done before night."

Then sat Psyche still and said nothing. But the little pismire, the emmet, taking pity of her great difficulty and labour, called to her all the ants of the country and said, " Ye quick sons of the ground, the mother of all things, take mercy upon this poor maid." Then came one after another, dissevering and dividing the grain, and after that they had put each kind of corn in order they ran away again in all haste.

When night came and Venus espied what Psyche had done, she said, " This is not the labour of thy hands. Seest thou yonder forest ? There be great sheep there ; I command thee that thou do go thither and bring me some of their fleece." But as Psyche was going, there spake to her a benign and gentle reed and counselled

her to wait till the heat of the sun was past, when the fury of these terrible sheep would be assuaged. "Then mayst thou go among the thickets and gather the locks of their golden fleeces which thou shalt find hanging upon the briars." And Psyche did so.

Then yet again spake Venus and said, "Seest thou the top of yonder great hill, from whence runneth down water of black and deadly colour which nourisheth the floods of Styx and Cocytus? I charge thee to go thither and bring me a vessel of that water."

Then went Psyche in all haste, but on each side of the rock were dragons, and the very waters seemed to say, "Away, away, thou wilt be slain." But the royal bird of Jove, the Eagle, took her bottle and filled it with the water of the river, and taking his flight between these cruel and horrible dragons brought it unto Psyche, who, being very joyful thereof, presented it to Venus, who would not be appeased but said, "Thou seemest a very Witch and Enchantress; howbeit thou shalt do one thing more. Take this box and go to hell, to Proserpina, and desire her to send me a little of her beauty, as much as will serve me the space of one day."

Then Psyche perceived the end of all her fortune, thinking verily she should never return. Wherefore she went up to a high tower to throw herself headlong, thinking that it was the next and readiest way to hell; but the tower, as one inspired, said to her, "Why goest thou about to slay thyself? Hearken unto me. Go thou to Lacedaemon and inquire for the hill Taenarus, and there thou shalt find a hole leading to hell, even to the palace of Pluto; but carry with thee two sops sodden in the flour of barley and honey, and two half-pence in thy mouth. And when thou hast passed a good part of that way thou shalt see a lame ass carrying wood, and a lame fellow driving him who will desire thee to give him up the sticks that fall down; but pass thou on and do nothing. Then thou shalt come to the river of hell where Charon is the ferryman, who will first have his fare paid him; deliver unto him one of the halfpence and let him receive it out of thy mouth. And as thou sittest in the boat thou shalt see an old man holding up his deadly hands and desiring thee to receive him into the boat, but have no regard to his piteous cry. When thou art passed over thou shalt espy old women spinning who will desire thee to help them, but do not consent; for these are baits and traps to make thee let fall one of thy sops. Then shalt thou see a great and marvellous dog with three heads barking continually at the souls of such as enter

in ; to whom if thou cast one of thy sops, thou mayst have access to Proserpina. She will make thee good cheer and entertain thee with delicate meat and drink ; but sit thou on the ground and desire brown bread, and then declare thy message ; and when thou hast received such beauty as she giveth, in thy return appease the rage of the dog with the other sop and give thy other halfpenny to covetous Charon, and come again the same way. But above all things, beware that thou look not in the box, neither be too curious about the treasure of the divine beauty." In this manner the tower spake unto Psyche and advised her what she should do.

After that she had passed by the lame ass, paid her halfpenny for passage, neglected the old man in the river, denied to help the women spinning, and filled the ravenous mouth of the dog with the sop, she came to the chamber of Proserpina. There Psyche would not sit in any seat nor eat any delicate meat, but kneeling at the feet of Proserpina and only contented with coarse bread, declared her message, and after she had received a mystical secret in the box she departed and stopped the mouth of the dog with the other sop and paid the boatman the other halfpenny.

Now when she was returned she was ravished with great desire, saying, " Am I not a fool that carry the divine beauty and will not take a little thereof to garnish my face to please my lover withal ? " And she opened the box, where she could perceive no beauty save only an infernal and dead sleep, so that she fell down on the ground and lay there as a sleeping corpse.

But Cupid, not able to endure the absence of Psyche, got him secretly out of a window of the chamber where he was enclosed by his mother, and took his flight towards his sleeping wife ; whom when he had found, he wiped away the sleep from her face and put it again into the box and awakened her with the tip of one of his arrows, saying, " O wretch, thou wast well-nigh perished again with thy overmuch curiosity ; go thou and do thy message to my mother, and I will go to Jupiter and declare my cause."

Then did Jupiter command Mercury to call all the gods to council, and if any did fail of appearance he should be condemned in ten thousand pounds, and he began to speak : " O ye gods, ye all know this young man Cupid, whom I have nourished with mine own hands ; he hath chosen a maiden that fancieth him well ; let him therefore still possess her ; and you, my daughter Venus, take you no care, neither fear the dishonour of your progeny and estate." Then he commanded Mercury to bring up Psyche, the spouse of Cupid, into

the palace of heaven ; and he took a pot of immortality and said, " Drink, Psyche, to the end that thou mayst be immortal."

Thus Psyche was married unto Cupid and after that she bare a child and his name was Joy.

Now in the hands of a clever teller this story may be put to good service. It is beautiful ; the language is quaint and very good ; the incidents point back to the beginnings of all story and furnish an excellent introduction to the workings of the earlier mind ; it is very widely spread ; and finally—though this perhaps is the least of its beauties—it may be an allegory, or a long and unusual parable.

But the teller must always be pleased to find stories which, like this, fade off naturally into other stories, and thus serve to make the story-hour a means of linking up nation and nation, thought and thought, old and new.

Further, it is remarkable that, whatever the origin of the story may be, we have it in such a form at the close of the first century. It is important, especially in these days, that the child should learn that OLD STORY-TELLERS HAVE NOTHING TO LEARN FROM US. THE STORIES IN THE BIBLE, IN HOMER AND IN HERODOTUS, ARE PERFECT IN THEIR ART. If this be once brought home, as I think it may be, we have at once an incentive to the reading of great books and great stories ; this is the right way to approach literature.

Further, it is easy to interest even young hearers in the immensely old thoughts, whatever their origin, that show themselves in the various incidents. To these thoughts we turn for a moment or two.

1. A mortal and an immortal are wedded. The moon seeks Endymion ; Aurora seeks Tithonus ; there is no impassable bridge between humanity and that which humanity has ever desired ; the Milky Way is the way of souls, Jacob's Road ; the ladder is seen between Heaven and Charing Cross ; "Plunge thou," says the Indian story, "into this Milky Way, and casting off there thy human body, divest thyself with it of all thine enmity and grief."

2. Before the hero or heroine are set seemingly impossible tasks. Hercules has his twelve labours ; the peasant girl

climbs the mountain of glass; the fool guesses the three riddles; all sorts of people have difficulties set before them—but somebody, man or witch or bird or ant or snake, always comes and helps; the brave are never left quite alone; only in the mysterious search for the Grail is failure found more often than success.

3. The Name must not be asked for, the Face must not be seen. Whether this be due to some widespread and very ancient custom or whether it be founded on an unwillingness to part with that which is so near a portion of the Self, we cannot tell; but in India, as we have seen, we find the story of the Ruby Prince who is for a time lost to his bride because she entreats him to tell her his name; "Ask me anything but that," he cries; in *Lohengrin*, as soon as Elsa asks the fatal question the swan appears and carries Lohengrin away; in modern Devonshire we are told "a name be a marking thing; a name be a tricky thing, and wance out, there iddn't no telling in whose mouth you'll find it next along." Perhaps the bridegroom must not see the bride, as in the story of Melusina, and as in quite modern etiquette in various parts of the world. Name, face, identity are all revealed at peril.

4. The Youngest of the family has all the trouble till that trouble turns to joy. The instance best known to us in story is that of Joseph, the youngest but one. In Russia the youngest is generally the fool, and for him Russian folk-lore and even fiction shows the greatest tenderness. In Norway, Dasent christens this youngest "Boots," and Cinderella and Aschenputtel are variants. The feeling that there must be compensations for an inferior position or for inferior brains shows itself very strongly in *Ivan the Fool*, and in the remarkable novel *The Idiot*. Behind both there seems to sound the refrain, "He was despised and rejected of men."

5. Near relations are unkind. It may be a sister or a step-sister or the notorious step-mother or a father who has married again, or a company of brothers who are jealous of one who wears a coat of many colours. So strong is this motif that modern imitators adopt it as Mr. Laurence Housman does in the *Princess Melilot*. Regan and Generil are still alive.

6. Sometimes a crowning task consists in a journey to Hades or Hell. In the story of Psyche, the writer has spent care on his collection of mythic elements, and shows unrivalled skill in the massing of the incidents. These descents into Hades, made by Ishtar and Ceres, Orpheus, Psyche and Piers Plowman, are, of course, different in their intention. The *locus classicus* is the description in the "Odyssey" of the descent of Odysseus, copied with much variation in the sixth book of the *Æneid*; but these journeys are not tasks. The medieval mind caught these stories up in its explanation of the Apostles' Creed, and, following the Gospel of Nicodemus, gave us in *Piers Plowman* a most vivid picture of an attack on the kingdom of Lucifer. The stories of Orpheus and Theseus may be compared with that of Psyche, but the most beautiful of all the Greek myths is that of Demeter or Ceres. From the day when Persephone was carried off to Hades, to the time when her sorrowing mother found her, and to the later day when Orpheus made his way by the power of music past the dread Dog—only to lose Eurydice once more—the myth, apart from any explanation, will bear the fullest telling. The command, "Nothing but coarse bread must there be eaten," belongs to nearly all stories in which the hero has to invade an unknown and dangerous land.

This outline is quite full enough to show how valuable a piece of work is here ready to the story-teller's hand. Cupid and Psyche touches literature, art, sculpture, folklore at so many points.

This section requires no further illustrating.

FUNNY STORIES

THE collector should make lists of these under three headings ; nonsense stories, drolls and Gotham or Noodle stories, and finally those stories which, without being entirely comic, have some comic element in them. The type of the nonsense story is seen in such a tale as Sir Gammer Vans. It is a mistake to think that such arrant nonsense never pleases ; the fact that nonsense work abounds shows that, for a change, when a class or an audience is in a nonsense mood, Sir Gammer Vans will be welcomed. But he is intended for occasional folly.

The older children will first be much mystified and afterwards delighted with the following well-known absurdity, the origin of which is much disputed ; it has no name ; my version comes from *Verdant Green*, and it forms part of a comic examination paper.



She went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple-pie. Just then a great she-bear coming down the street poked its nose into the shop-window. What, no soap ? So he died and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present at the

wedding the Joblilies and the Piccannies and the Gobelites and the great Panjandrum himself with the little brass button on top.

So they set about playing catch-who-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.



Lewis Carroll's works will supply additional matter; Lear's *Book of Nonsense* is published (Gowans and Gray) for 6d.; Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* is more difficult to obtain.

"Master of all Masters," of which I give one version, was taken curiously enough by the late Henry Mayhew from the dictation of a boy in a London workhouse. Although the object of the nonsense is merely amusement, it may be that such

little things are satires on longwindedness; if so, their use has not gone by.

A YARN FROM A WORKHOUSE

There was once a farmer who hired a boy named Jack and in the evening told him all he had to do. And he had to do it too, or else I don't know what would have happened to him. "Now, Jack," says he, "what's my name?" "Why, Master, to be sure." "No; you've got to call me Tom per Cent." Then he showed Jack his bed and he says, "Now, Jack, what's that?" "Why, it's a bed." "No, it isn't; you've got to call it, He's of degree. And what's these, Jack?" "Why, they're your leather breeches." "Oh, no, you must call them forty cracks. And the cat is white-faced Simeon. The fire's hot coleman, the pump's the resurrection, and the haystack outside is little cock o' mountain."

At night the cat got under the grate and burnt herself and a hot

cinder struck her fur and she ran under the haystack and set it on fire. Jack ran upstairs and cried—

“ Tom per Cent rise out of He’s degree,
Put on your forty cracks come down and see,
For little white-faced Simeon
Has run away with hot coleman,
And without the aid of the resurrection
We shall be damned and burnt to death.”

[The book from which it is taken, *London Labour and the London Poor*, by Mayhew, is crammed with story—of a slightly bygone day.]

The reader will find in the notes to Grimm (Bell’s edn., 2nd vol., pp. 450, 452) other nonsense stories ; and in Grimm’s text is given the following, which is worth preserving for the last sentence—



There were certain men who wished to sail on dry land and they set their sails in the wind and sailed away over great fields. Then they sailed over a high mountain and there they were miserably drowned. A crab was chasing a hare which was running away at full speed, and high up on the roof lay a cow which had climbed up

there. In that country the flies are as big as the goats are here. Open the window that the lies may fly out.

Much cleverer are the drolls and Gotham tales. They are of a most respectable antiquity, and we find them in Greece.

The literature of foolery is widespread, but we are assured by Mr. Jacobs that all the stupidities of the Indo-European world are found collected at Gotham. These stories are of a much higher character than the nonsense of Sir Gammer Vans ; and they vary from the obvious to the more obscure. I here give several instances which may at odd times be tried on the wits of a class.

The following are among the many little Gothamesque stories given in Mr. Clouston's collection—1888.

A man bought a raven to see if it would live for 200 years.

A man dreamed of being pursued by boars and bought dogs to sleep with him.

A man went to a doctor and said " Pardon me for not having been sick so long."

A man dreamed he had trodden on a nail and his friend said to him : " Why then, do you sleep bare-footed ? "

A man objected to being buried in a certain place on the ground that it was so unhealthy.

A thief climbed up into a cocoanut tree to steal. The gardener heard him and the man came down quickly. " Why did you climb up the tree ? " says he. " To get the grass," said the thief. " Grass," said the gardener, " on a cocoanut tree ? " " I did not know," said the thief, " therefore I came down again."

A man asked to identify the dead body of his father, said, " He had a cough."

Other " comic " writers, such as F. R. Stockton, have already been referred to.

HISTORY, CHRONICLE, AND LEGEND

IN a book which made some stir when it was published some time ago—*If Youth but Knew*—the writer quotes the following passage from Mr. Benson : “ I find it hard to resist the conviction that from an educational point of view stimulus is more important than exactness. It is more important that a boy should take a side, should admire and abhor, than that he should have very good reasons for doing so. Thus, from an educational point of view I should consider that Froude was a better writer than Freeman ; just as I should consider it more important that a boy should care for Virgil than that he should be sure that he had the best text.

“ I think that what I feel to be the most desirable thing of all is that boys should learn somehow to care for history—however prejudiced a view they take of it—when they are young ; and that when they are older they should correct misapprehensions and try to arrive at a more complete and just view.”

Now it may be said that there is some agreement among teachers in regard to the aim and teaching of such subjects as mathematics, chemistry and even language ; we do know what we are after, and on the whole we can be said to succeed. Antiquated methods do exist and antiquated results are here and there obtained ; but there is substantial agreement and we can point to improvement. But history, geography, literature, are in a bad way. Nobody seems to know what is wanted, and methods are as different as aims. Even the late Report on English—which was received in most quarters with a curious ecstasy—cannot be said to have cleared the air.

With this chaos, the story-teller as such has nothing to do. History may be political, constitutional, economic, social ; it may even be limited to a description of the evolutionary products of man's intelligence as the writer of the *New History*

suggests. "Only tell us what your aim is," says the story-teller, "and we will show one way at least of accomplishing it. We will make the subject live." The reply of course is that people who make a subject live also make it die very soon, and that nothing can take the place of solid work.

Now nothing is gained by claiming too much for any art or science; and the utmost that will here be pleaded is that when built on good foundations vivid work tells, attracts, lasts. The history that the average man knows may be in some details in disagreement with fact; but it is ineradicable because its roots are entwined with vivid teaching, vivid drama, a vivid novel or two. It is difficult to see how anyone can object to life—in itself a pulsing movement—being treated as if it were really alive. It may seem that here I am suggesting that there is a large amount of dull work in the teaching of history. I am. And to the story-teller who turns his attention to this subject, I would say: learn to describe; learn to impersonate; learn to be dramatic; collect from all quarters all that will help you; and try to make a pulse move again in a coin, a chart, a map, an illustration, a bit of pottery, a bone; ransack the great books, and when these are demonstrably unstable admit the instability, but be ready to assert that even an opinion, based on unfact but strongly held, is still part of history.

The result of all this will be that the story-teller will go to the big books, or to those like Miss Power's *Medieval People*, which are based on "authorities," and will amass as time goes on no connected development of history, but certain big things which stand out and remain for him and his pupils an everlasting possession.

It is of little importance to say that these extracts have to be prefaced, criticized, modified, edited again in the light of modern discoveries. These precautions have their value; but the power to tell the story in the words of the great books, or, failing that, in the words of writers who have vividly realized the great books, outweighs all disadvantages. The few references here suggested may be added to as reading goes on, until a large portion of history may be linked up by story.

The references are roughly in chronological order ; and each suggests a branching out in different directions, being not only useful in itself, but leading interested pupils to a search for other references of a similar character. It is not part of the work of this book to suggest any further development of the method if a connected view of general history be the aim of the teacher ; the teacher of history understands how to link-up.

STORY MATERIAL (HISTORY)

Early Ideas of Savage Nations. Hartland, *Science of Fairy Tales*, chap. II.

A Picture of the Autocratic King of old. I Esdras, chaps. 2, 3, 4. Solomon.

The Shield of Achilles. Iliad, Book 16.

Salamis. Herodotus, 8, 83-89.

Examination of the Legends of the Kings of Rome. Ihne, *Early Rome*, chap. 4.

The Plague at Athens. Thucydides, 2, 47-54.

The Battle in the Harbour of Syracuse. Thucydides, 7, 70-72.

The Renunciation of Buddha Gautama. Arnold, *Light of Asia*.

The Death of Socrates. Passages from the close of the *Crito* and the *Phaedo* of Plato.

The Characters of Theophrastus. Jebb's translation.

The Psalms. Trench in *The Gifts of Civilization*. The whole essay may be "distilled," but it is a short masterpiece.

"Let us now praise famous men." Eccclus., chap. 44.

The Book of Judith. (Truth, but not fact.)

"Lucretius," by Tennyson.

The Crucifixion of Jesus. St. Matthew.

The Preface to Livy's *Histories*.

The letters between the Emperor Trajan and Pliny on the treatment of the Christians. *Pliny's Letters*, Book 10, 96-98.

The Extent and Management of the Empire. *Roman Imperialism* (Jack's 6d. Series) ; last chapter.

The Vision of Constantine. Firth's *Constantine*, chap. 6.

The Hegira. Ockley's *Saracens*, Introduction, pp. 28, etc.

From the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. Under the years 1087, 1137.

The Emperor Akbar. Mrs. Steele's *Akbar*.

The Song of Brother Sun. *Saint Francis of Assisi*, by S. Evans, pp. 215, etc.

- Froissart. Berners' translation. *The Calais Burghers*, chap. 146.
 The Knight. Chaucer's *Prologue*.
 The Poor. *Piers Plowman*, Everyman edition, pp. 124, 125.
 Medieval Socialism. *The Theory of Almsgiving*, Jarrett (Jack's 6d. series).
Hakluyt's Voyages. The Introductory note.
 The Siege of Leyden. Motley's *Dutch Republic*, vol. 2, pp. 517, etc.
 Colonel Hutchinson, character and look of. By his Wife. Bell's edition, pp. 22, etc.
 A Puritan Lady's education. Colonel Hutchinson's *Life*, pp. 17, etc.
 The Tradition regarding the Ghost of Strafford. *John Inglesant*, chap. 6.
 The Great Fire. Pepys, September, 1666.
 The Growth of a City. Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, chap. 1 (see p. 296).
 The Battle of Quebec. From *Documents of British History*, sect. 5, pp. 604, etc. (A. and C. Black); cf. *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Sir G. Parker.
 The War, North and South. W. Whitman's *Specimen Days*, Walter Scott's edition, pp. 36-40, 66, 68 (a description of President Lincoln). See also *A Challenge to Sirius*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith.
 Planting of Apple-trees in the West, Vachell Lindsay's Poems.
 To Berlin. The last pages of Zola's *Bête Humaine*, describing the runaway train.
 "The Coming of Blériot," by H. G. Wells.
 Reason in Prison, from Bury's *Freedom of Thought*, chap. 3.

In the series called *English Literature for Secondary Schools* (Macmillan) appear the following—

The Isle of Grammarye, or *Tales of Old Britain*, Sertum, a Garland of Prose Narratives in three parts, a Book of Poetry illustrative of English History, Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, Cavendish's *Wolsey*, Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*, Stow's *Survey of London*, Selections from Gibbon.

In the series called *English Texts* (Blackie) appear the following—

Chapters 1-3 of Macaulay's *History*, Smith's *Early History of Virginia*, Holinshed's *England in 16th Century*, Prescott's *Conquest*

of *Peru*, Thucydides' *Siege of Syracuse*, Purchas's *Early Voyages to Japan*, Defoe's *Plague*.

Both these series are the original writings, shortened of course ; they are in no sense what children are accustomed to associate with the word history-book.

The examples given are, it is true, not all to be described as stories ; but they are all vivid, they all point to some important section or throw-off in thought, to some starting point when a fraction of humanity is " again upon the march." Each one suggests parallels, contrasts, similar pictures ; and taken as a whole they are not one-sided. More than this, they do show the real unity that seems somehow to be at the back of all human striving, all human pain. Thus in the hands of a good story-teller they may be found to supplement the ordinary history lesson and to prove that history need never be dull. If I may explain my meaning by an allusion to one extract, I would point to the story—for so we may call it—of the poor, in Langland's *Vision of Piers Plowman*.

The neediest are our neighbours .f we give heed to them,
 Prisoners in the dungeon, the poor in the cottage,
 Charged with a crew of children and with a chief lord's rent.
 What they win by their spinning to make their porridge with,
 Milk and meal to satisfy the babes—
 The babes that continually cry for food—
 This they must spend on the rent of their houses,
 Ay, and themselves suffer with hunger,
 With woe in winter, rising a-nights,
 In the narrow room to rock the cradle,
 Carding, combing, clouting, washing, rubbing, winding, and peeling
 of rushes.

Pitiful is it to read the cottage-women's woe ;
 Ay, and many another that puts a good face on it,
 Ashamed to beg, ashamed to let the neighbours know,
 All that they need noontide and evening ;
 Many the children and nought but a man's hands
 To clothe and feed them, and few pennies come in,
 And many mouths to eat the pennies up.

Now the date of this picture is about 1380 ; and the picture is re-painted with stinging notes added, in Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's books on the agricultural labourer of our own days. It is quite as much a part of history as Crécy, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold ; it is quite as vividly painted ; it holds out thin, lamenting hands, claiming relationship with slavery in Assyria, with the ergastula of Rome, with the East-ends of all rich cities to-day. It is not exaggerated ; and by virtue of its simplicity and reticence it persists in remaining in the memory. The living voice of the story-teller makes it stab. Coupled with similar descriptions taken from literature, prose, fiction and Blue Books, it links itself to studies which at first sight seem far removed. The inquisitive teacher may ask himself what are the links that bind the story to other stories when we tell " The Hymn to Brother Sun," " The Ghost of Strafford," or " The Story of Margaret Roper." Only a well-kept Common-place Book can supply a full answer.

LITERATURE

THERE is even now great divergence of opinion in regard to the way in which schools should be led to take any interest at all in what is called literature. Careful study of texts for examination purposes—if that study be guided by one who loves the texts—is not worthy of the contempt usually poured out upon it ; and many a man loves Horace or Tartuffe or Macbeth, *because at school he read it not in a flash but with the greatest care* (some people, young people, declare they “ hate the books ” for the same reason). Prof. Gilbert Murray tells us—and we know he speaks the truth—that it is the book which we read for the thirtieth time that is most useful to us in the great way in which literature is useful ; and skimmed books are as skimmed milk. There is nothing said in this guide to story-telling that underrates careful study. Indeed, the approach to literature by story—with the accompanying discussion—enables the teacher to add to the results of study the charm of the voice ; and while we do know that till the days of Caxton all literature was dedicated to the voice, we do not know now how much share the human voice or rather the human ear demands from the silent reader or the silent student ; the voice cannot be underrated.

It is the fashion to blame the changes of taste, or the love of melodrama, or the utilitarianism of to-day, or the cinema, or a hundred other things, for the difficulty which is experienced in getting our classes to be interested in what we think they should be interested. Very rarely do we blame *ourselves* ; very rarely are we ready to believe that the *teller* is so badly prepared, the work so unfortunately graded, the love of the work so conspicuous by its absence, the voice, gesture, attitude so harsh, that it would be wonderful if any class could be induced to look a second time at the book from which the lesson is taken. TEACHERS THEMSELVES, THOUGH TOO LOYAL TO THEIR PROFESSION TO STRESS IT, KNOW VERY WELL THAT THE TEACHER WITH A GOOD BACKGROUND OF KNOWLEDGE, WHO MAKES

LITERATURE OR HISTORY LIVE, IS THE EXCEPTION AND NOT THE RULE. Church-goers tell the same tale; as soon as a man appears who has anything to say and who says it well, the empty seats are a thing of the past, and long queues take up positions outside the church, as if the waiting were worth the inconvenience with which we wait for pit or gallery doors to open. A lecturer on an abstruse subject will sometimes find that his first lecture fills half his hall, his second crowds it, and that afterwards he is inconveniently popular. Men and women are as anxious as they ever were to hear what is worth hearing worthily told; as Whitman says, "all waits for the right voices."

The story-teller who approaches literature from the story side must therefore remember that if, having graded his work properly, he fails in his appeal, it may be that the class is not to blame.

The story-teller's attention may be directed to three books. There is no need to apologize to those readers who have known and used all these; for this book is scarcely intended for the teacher who knows his way blindfolded through catalogues and bibliographies. The three books I refer to are Collier's *History of English Literature*, Anna Buckland's *Story of English Literature* and the series—if I may call this a book—called *Poetry and Life*, under the general editorship of W. H. Hudson. I would like in the interest of the story-teller to say a word or two about these three.

Collier's book, of which there is now a new edition with a preface by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll (Nelson's), modestly says nothing of its phenomenal success in old days; it would have been interesting to know through how many editions the older volume had gone; but the learned writer of the preface, a man steeped in a wholesome love of literature, spoke in such glowing terms of the book that I am sure the publishers will have no objection to my calling attention to his words.

Dr. Collier's book rendered to me and to very many others an inestimable service. It helped us in early years to care for the study of English literature. This was due to various causes, but chiefly to the picturesqueness, the glow and the energy, of the writer's style. We live in an era of the quiet style; but Dr. Collier

was so deeply moved by the strong masters of literature that he caught something of their fire and communicated it to his young readers. Again and again I have met men now grown grey who repeat with pleasure his eloquent phrases and sentences. It is a serious error to suppose that textbooks for the young should be colourless. In the young the imagination is touched easily, and Dr. Collier knew, as very few writers of literary history have known, how to touch it.

The new edition takes us down to modern days, and has an additional chapter on American literature; yet, for all its 836 pages, it is too short. The new material is largely supplied, if I read the last words of the preface rightly, by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, and the teacher who uses the book is in good hands.

It is easy to pick holes and to ask the writers to perform impossibilities. We want much more quotation; we could do with a good deal more small type; we should like to see the work extended and published in three volumes; we should like this and that. But the kind of thing that is seen in the description of Caxton on p. 66 is just what we cannot do without, and what we do not want altered. Indeed, we should like to see more of it in what Sir W. Robertson Nicoll euphemistically called "the era of the quiet style."

Author, inkmaker, compositor, pressman, corrector, binder, publisher, bookseller—Caxton was all these.

Let us pass into his workshop and see the early printers at their toil. Two huge frames of wood support the thick screws which work the pressing slabs. There sits the grave compositor before the cases full of type, the copy set up before him, and the grooved stick in his hand which gradually fills with type to form a line. There is about his work nothing of that quick, unerring nip, which marks the fingers of the modern compositor as they fly among the type and seize the very letter wanted in a trice. With quiet and steady pace and many a thoughtful pause, his fingers travel through their task. The master printer in his furred gown moves through the room, directs the wedging of a page or a sheet, and then resumes his high stool to complete the reading of a proof pulled freshly from the press. The worker of the press has found the balls or dabbers with which the form of types is inked, unfit for use. He

must make fresh ones ; so down he sits with raw sheepskin and carded wool to stuff the ball, and tie it round the handle of the dab. Till this is done the presswork is at a stand. But there is no hurry in the Almonry ; and all the better this, for the imperfection of the machinery makes great care necessary on the part of the workmen. Then suppose the proofs corrected, and the sheets, or pages rather, printed off ; the binder's work begins. Strong and solid was this old binding. When the leaves were sewed together in a frame—a rude original of that still used—they were hammered well to make them flat and the back was thickly overlaid with paste and glue. Then came the enclosing of the paper in boards—veritable boards—thick pieces of wood like the panel of a door, covered outside with embossed and gilded leather and thickly studded with brass nails whose ornamented heads shone in manifold rows. Thick brass corners and solid clasps completed the fortification of this book which was made to last for centuries."

Here you have the story-teller at his best. The picture is vivid ; he is dealing with a man who stands for us midway between the learning for the few and the learning for the many ; who worked, without troubling much about the spiritual side of his business, for the emancipation of mankind ; who, though he barely touched it and though he printed on British soil, paved the way for the foreign printing of the New Testament fifty years afterwards ; who was neither tradesman, nor artisan, nor gentleman, nor merchant, nor scholar, nor linguist, yet managed to be all of these at once ; a really inspiring figure in history and literature, a conqueror not of armies but of darkness ; and admitting of being lighted up in story from a dozen sides. Not without hard work, however, on the part of the teacher ; you cannot make up the story of Caxton without the necessary bricks.

Miss Anna Buckland's *Story of English Literature* has been reprinted sixteen times, and is now, like Dr. Collier's, brought down to our own days. The story is told in 27 chapters, and the smaller names in literature are scarcely to be found in it. So we have broad sweeps of story and the book is emphatically suited to a class that reads aloud well, and has been trained to work for itself, to discuss and ask questions. It shines in

its abstracts of great books, and thus sets an admirable pattern to the story-teller who would know how to present the narrative of *Don Quixote*, or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or *The Faerie Queen*. But the story-teller wants more than this and, for want of space, quotation is not full enough.

Prof. Hudson sets another example. In his series—published by Harrap—he takes the bold stand that young people want always to know something about their writers; and though, in his preface, he does not name Sainte-Beuve, he is one with that great critic in desiring to see the man himself placed side by side with his work. It is unnecessary to say that we cannot follow this method if we wish to write about the *Iliad* or the Book of Job; and the Poetry and Life series is bound to be unequal. Still, when the material at hand allows of the method, then the mingling of the man's day, friends, times, thoughts, with his works, gives the story-teller exactly what he wants, and it is a matter for astonishment that the series has not been extended so as to take in prose writers as well. Curiously enough, the most brilliant success achieved in this series is the little volume in which a Latin poet, Horace, is brought before us in a way never seen before; but not far behind this volume in interest and life are the Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, and, strange to say, even the Chaucer. The outstanding feature of these books, apart from the weaving of work and life into one, is the lavish quotation; of this, at last, we have enough. But we have it, so far as I know, in no other series; and the story-teller again has a pattern set before him.

What, then, have our guides to tell us? And why should a book on story-telling spend any time in discussing the merits of textbooks on literature?

Just this, which possibly we knew before. That we must be vivid and that we must quote; while, when we can, we may, especially with higher classes, present the writer *with* his work. It must be understood that here I am writing from the story-teller's point of view, and that I do not examine whether or no a work of art is to be judged independently of time, country and authorship.

Bearing in mind then what we have learnt, let us, with a

due respect for grading, follow the child, who, along with his other literary "studies," has the poems and prose works of the world put before him, according to his mental age, story-fashion.

The Nursery-Rhyme belongs to literature. It existed before the Epic; it is everywhere. We are not concerned with exact definitions and the nursery rhyme may for our purposes include the jingle and the ronde and the dodo and the counting-out rhyme, as well as the nursery rhyme proper, which alone tells some sort of a story.

Children know or did know their rhymes; their work in them is all quotation. There are no authors' names; the period when the rhymes were made is "yesterday." This is the first introduction, story-fashion, to literature. Rhys' collection, published by Dent, is admirable; but the teacher may be reminded that older collections, such as Hazlitt's, Halliwell's, Ritson's, exist.

"Three Blind Mice," "Ride a Cock-horse," "The North Wind Doth Blow," "Lavender's Blue," "Where are you going to," "I'll tell you a story," are all brief, and we all know them; but do we or the children know the *whole* of "Who killed Cock Robin," "London Bridge is Broken Down," "A Frog he would a-wooing go," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son"?

We in England are rich in these little things; but the teacher who wishes to make more of them will not be content with the English books. He will get the Scottish rhymes by Mackennan (publisher, A. Melrose); Rolland's *Rimes et Jeux*; Simrock's German collection or Dorenwell's *Children's World*, and he may try his hand at translation. There is plenty of solid work to be done on these beautiful little things, and I would venture to say that, after the very first stage, when the rhymes must be English and must be known only for their lilt and fun, the nursery rhyme should not be allowed to drop out of the storyteller's repertoire, even with much older classes. Perhaps the following, chosen from illimitable collections, may induce a reader to examine the subject—

Can you find me an acre of land,
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
 Between the salt water and the sea-sand,
 And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Aina tain tethera pethera,
 Pimpi cettera lettera pettera.

Eins, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,
 Wo sind die Franzosen geblieben ?
 Zu Moskau in dem tiefen Schnee
 Da riefen sie alle : O weh, O weh,
 Wer hilft uns aus dem tiefen Schnee ?

Marlbrouch s'en va-t'en guerre,
 Mirontin Mironton Mirontaine,
 Marlrouch s'en va-t'en guerre,
 Qui sait quand reviendra ?
 Qui sait quand reviendra ?

It was a frog in a well, Humbledoune,
 And the mirrie mouse in the mill,
 Tweedle, tweedle, twino.
 Ye frog wold a wowing ryde,
 Swerd and buckler by his syde.

Bon soir, Madame la Lune,
 Que faites-vous donc là ?
 J'fais mûrir des prunes
 Pour tous ces enfants là.

A my dere son, seyde Mary, a my dere,
 Kys thi moder ihesu with a lawghyng chere.
 Thys endnes nyght I sawe a syght
 Al in my slepe,
 Mary that may she sang lullay,
 And sore did wepe ;
 To kepe she sawght ful fast aboute
 Her son fro colde,
 Joseph seyde ' wiff, my ioy, my leff,
 Say what ye wolde,

Nothing, my spouse, is in this house
 Unto my pay ;
 My son, a king that made al thyng
 Lyth in hay.'
 A my dere son.

Dormi, Jesu, mater ridet
 Qui tam dulcem somnum videt
 Dormi, Jesu blandule,
 Si non dormis mater plorat,
 Inter fila cantans orat,
 Blande veni, somnule.

Le petit Jésus s'en va-t-a l'école,
 En portant sa croix sur son épaule ;
 Quand il savait sa leçon,
 On lui donnait du bonbon,
 Une pomme douce,
 Pour mettre à sa bouche,
 Un bouquet de fleurs
 Pour mettre à son cœur ;
 C'est pour moi
 C'est pour toi
 Que Jésus est mort—en croix.

When the time comes to compare the "trifles" of early literatures with one another, then the story-teller may dive into his hoard of rhymes and dodos and riddles, and may possibly see in the charms and snatches still sung by children in all parts of Europe, traces of a bygone world which tethers us to itself in ways we do not like to acknowledge.

Still, this is anticipating. At the early stage it is enough if the teacher makes it clear that there are children all over the world, that there always were children all over the world, and that these children are always children and act and sing and dance like children.

If it be suggested that there is not enough in the tiny rhymes to enable them to be treated as story or as an opportunity for questions, then the reply is that a fuller collection than that ordinarily used should be consulted. But few teachers'

libraries make a section for home and foreign rhymes. Bolton's *Counting-out Rhymes in Many Languages*, and Miss Eckstein's *Studies in Nursery Rhymes*, are perhaps among the first books to be obtained. The most attractive part of the rhymes is no doubt their form ; the music goes in front of us. It is the Pied Piper whose power cannot be ignored in the beginnings of literature ; and when verse and prose begin to be told, the harsh and uncouth must be avoided. Easy-flowing verse, musical prose is chosen ; and if literary fairy tales be used they should contain the refrains that make the story seem half verse. " Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your golden hair " ; " with a willy-willy wag and a long-tailed bag " ; " Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming ? "

Among early pieces that have to accompany us through life may possibly be the following—

THE PIED PIPER

According to the ages of the class, it may or it may not be advisable to say that you are going to tell a tale about music. You have other stories about music ; it is so wonderful that all over the world people have made stories about it. Sometimes by it sounds and cities rise, the towers and walls growing day by day as the harp or the pipe is played. Sometimes the sound of it is so sweet that men have to tie themselves with ropes to prevent their following it to their destruction. Sometimes the piping of one little bird makes a man follow the sound, and when at last the music stops, he finds that a hundred years have passed over his head while he thought it has been only an hour. Sometimes the music is the singing of the wind and crowds of little children's souls are thought to be scudding over the treetops. Sometimes one boy, like David, plays on his harp and drives away sickness and all bad thoughts. If you ask me I can some other day tell you any of these tales. To-day I'll tell you of a man who came to a town where there were so many rats that the people did not know what to do to get rid of them.

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles

The man was dressed funnily, half in yellow and half in red. And he had a pipe of long, smooth, straight cane by his side. This was his magic music and he promised that if the people

gave him a certain sum of money he would play on his pipe and all the rats would follow him. The people promised, and no sooner had the man blown three notes, so sweet; so soft, than out of their holes the rats came tumbling,



Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,

Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,

Followed the Piper for their lives,

Until they came to the river Weser

Wherein — all plunged — and — perished.

[It is unnecessary to continue a narrative so well known to little people that they even love acting it. But should a teacher wish to make a good deal more of this universal wonder of the world in the face of the power of music, he has but to read the great chapter in Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*. He will find that the well-known poem of Browning is soon left behind, and instead there are the Sirens, Orpheus, Camelot, Apollo himself, Odin and the Wild Hunt, blind pipers who set everyone dancing; the shoes began it and the feet followed; and at last up and away with them, dancing like mad, whisking here, there, and everywhere, like a straw in a storm—there was no halting while the music lasted. "He, the blind piper, Maurice Connor, is there, as well as that nameless One that was last seen sitting cross-legged on the top of a white-headed wave playing as he went 'home' with his pipes to his own relations, the good people, to make music for them." Music is mystery, and in the tales its true home is not with man.]

Thus, one story may take us far afield; and in the same

way, with or without introduction, but always with a vivid narrative and always with quotation of such parts as will burn themselves into the memory, we may, at this or at a slightly later stage, take

BETH GELERT

It is idle to tell us that the verse is second-rate ; that the tale is too sad ; that it is not the fashion to insert Spenser's verses in anthologies. Most teachers like to hear the story and most children somehow get to know it. Besides, if for no other reason, the story is important because it gives us one of the best examples of the way in which such stories gain a local habitation and a name. If introduction be needed, it may take the form of the praise of faithful beasts, and the horses of Achilles, the horse of Cuchullain, the dog of Helvellyn, the bear of G. D. Roberts's story, may all have their stories told afterwards. But in fact, Gelert begins his journey in India about 500 B.C., where the dog is a mongoose and the wolf is a snake. This does not quite exhaust the interest of this ancient tale, for in the original version the favourite, the mongoose, is "related" to the man who so foolishly and rashly slays him. It is not often in our early literary work that we can point children to that dim time when man was not—at any rate in story—at enmity with the beasts of the field. The story is sad ; but the sadness need not be pressed, and the narrative may end not with the last verses but with—

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

John Gilpin, the Spider and the Fly, King Robert of Sicily, the Monk Felix, and even Gulliver, very simply told, all belong to early tellings, and if Hercules and Midas and their circle are here omitted, it is because they belong rather to mythology. Our idea at the back of story-telling should be that it is one of the best introductions to a familiar friendship with those

men, women and children, the memory of whom the world would not be without ; not because they were always good, or happy, or beautiful, or wise, but because they have left their impress on history, literature, art. Nor may the story-teller ever forget that literature at any rate has not bowed the knee to wealth or position ; the " unknown to history " are not unknown to literature ; witness the names of Amos, Ruth, Homer, Epictetus, Æsop, Langland, Burns ; and the phantoms that seem to have lived, the Poor Parson, Griselda, Jean-ah-Poquelin, Jo, Mr. Boffin, Silas Marner, Brooksmith, Marty South, Sonia Marmeladoff, Eugénie Grandet, King Solomon of Kentucky, Quasimodo. Not one of these figures in " history."

As we go farther, the amount of material ready to the hand of the story-teller becomes more bewildering by reason of its greatness.

Perhaps this is the time and place to anticipate certain objections. It is said officially that literature in the schools is not liked ; we are told that, except by those who make a livelihood by it, it is scarcely recognized—it is but a memory—among the " educated classes," and not at all among the half-educated ; that the class now coming more and more into power not only neglects but rejects it ; it is a luxury for the few. If a statement such as this be considered extravagant, we have but to point to the recent Report on English issued for the Board of Education. On pp. 252-260 we read such lamentations as the following—

The situation as it was presented to us is gloomy, though not entirely without the elements of hope. . . . Literature seems to be classed by a large number of thinking working men with fish-knives and other trivialities of middle-class culture, and, as a subject of instruction, is suspect as an attempt to " sidetrack the working-class movement." . . . The new generation appears to have no more use for literature than the old . . . among whom children, when they left school, carried with them a detestation of poetry, which most of them retained through life.

And so on ; the whole section is worthy of the most careful

reading. The conclusion come to is that the condition is exactly described, but that it is a transitory one and "will in course of time cease to operate."

Inexpressibly sad ; but, if true, it is not the whole truth. The "working classes" are by no means the only "classes" to whom literature makes no appeal ; the disease, if it be one, is far more widely spread. Indeed, the trouble is not one connected with *class* at all, but with *temperament*. By this I mean here that spiritual condition, inherited or spontaneous or environmented, which prefers simplicity to complication, quiet to noise, contentment to ambition, wisdom to knowledge, safety to speed, reflection to investigation, refinement to brutality, self-respect to unreservation. Putting the matter from the other side, a literary temperament is obscurantist where it should be modern, dull where it should be lively, satisfied where it should be discontented, platitudinous where it should be critical, slow where it should be fast, musing where it should be sceptical, finical where it should be rough, secretive where it should be open. It is entirely out of place in this century.

Now this does not concern class at all ; nor does it primarily concern poverty or wealth. Bad economic conditions may indeed prevent this temperament from coming to its own, may in some cases embitter it ; but it is much more sure of its grounds than class is. It shows itself everywhere, in the cottage, in the tiny hamlet, in the crowded city and in the bored countryside ; it is continually being re-born, without the slightest reference to the poverty, manners, tradition, wealth, chances of the place apparently assigned to it. All people who go intimately among their fellow men are continually "knocking up against it" ; they do not make the mistake of confusing it with this religion or that, with this sect or that, with this nationality or that ; with this sex or that. But they cannot fail to recognize it ; and what is more, its very enemies, though they brush it aside, are most awkwardly conscious of its disturbing presence. The literary temperament is an intolerable nuisance.

Probably it is a constant force, eternal so far as man is

eternal ; and it operates as all forces must, "cutting both ways." In certain periods of the world's history—when great changes are taking place and when immense passions are sweeping over immense areas—it has to take its place as a very silent partner ; it finds its strength, its numbers, its convictions, sometimes weakened, sometimes going over to the enemy ; for it is capable of assuming kaleidoscopic forms, just as do the other forces of the world.

The business of the teacher—when he believes in its importance and when he recognizes it before him—is to hearten and stiffen it ; and one way of doing this is to set before it not all literature, but those parts of literature which seem suitable to it. On these it seizes, feeling that something has been handed down that amid all the worry and hurry and skurry of its surroundings it can understand and find useful. This it is that helps it to identify itself not perhaps with the life of its village, or even of its country, but with Life. Even without literature it would still "dree its weird" ; with it, it enters on a new world.

It comes to this then : some people can be led to recognize and love literature, and others cannot. That is true ; but the best teacher will know how often his forecast is proved wrong. He can not "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not."

Class is afraid of it—and of literature ; unless literature will suffer itself to become a changeling, a thing of dates and movements and developments and criticisms that change with the moon ; but of literature that in any sense means life as a whole, class is very properly afraid ; for literature has never concealed its neglect of class-pretensions, aristocratic, plutocratic, democratic, communist ; literature—though reflecting all thought—is outside it ; it does not fit in for any length of time with the herd.

I have stressed this for the story-teller without hoping to convince or rather to persuade him that his job has in it something special ; the matter cannot be dealt with in two pages ; but perhaps in quiet moments, thinking of the strange readers he has met—strange readers of strange books—and

of the strange beings he sees before him as he tells his simple stories, he may try to restate in some way more agreeable to himself the opinion I have hazarded to express. There is, at any rate, no sort of doubt that the literary temperament is continually being re-born.

It follows obviously that, if story is to be of the use which has always been assigned to it, it must be adequately presented ; with at least some shadow of the force, the vim, the agony, which gave the original story birth. It is ridiculous to try to imagine the story of the Good Samaritan having been originally told without white-hot conviction ; and it is equally ridiculous to think of a Platonic myth or a chorus of Aristophanes or an Ode on the Intimations of Immortality having been penned in careless, slovenly, uninterested mood ; we have to try to recapture what we feel must have been present in the moment. Sincerity (so the moderns say) is everything.

But even when the conviction on the part of the teacher is granted, when all is in train for the story to work its work, then it will be found that one story appeals and a better one does not ; and, to speak of an extreme but quite possible happening, a child hitherto unapproachable by literature may have the course of his reading all changed by a chance cadence or a lilt of a song. There is no prophesying possible ; watchfulness alone and a certain insight will reveal the person to whom story and literature have something to say.

I give a very brief outline of the method here advised, and I take for children of eleven or twelve a story which some people do not know—for all its fame—and which they would consider too hard for the young ; I mean the " *Knights Tale* " of Chaucer.

Chaucer is far easier for children to understand than is Shakespeare or Wordsworth or Spenser ; he is quite as easy as Longfellow, who, in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, is a lineal descendant. It is true that the quotations demand a slight modernization, but the required alterations are slight and the music is best left as Chaucer made it.

If an introduction be desired—and perhaps it should be—

a reference may be made as a beginning to some story known to the class ; the Monk Felix, of Longfellow, will do as well as another. The Monk Felix was taken, as so much of Longfellow's work was taken, from another writer, another poet. Here, perhaps for the first time in the literature story-work, the class will become acquainted with a custom, almost a principle, in literature ; the custom of borrowing plot, characters, and even verse. It is important that the story-teller should make this clear ; it forestalls later disappointments when the *Merchant of Venice* is found to be plotted on three distinct stories, none of them original with the dramatist and all of them quite old. The principle, when understood, links the old world with us ; until people grasp it and follow it out—which of course children cannot do—they do not appreciate our debts to the past. When children come to try original work they will feel themselves quite at liberty to go to the Bible or, better still, to that part of the Bible called Apocrypha, to Mythology, to the various type of folk-tale, and thence to take their plots. A good deal of the hesitation displayed by the young teacher in “ making up ” stories would be saved if it were known that among the great writers it is the exception and not the rule to be original in plot. Chaucer is one of the world's borrowers ; he “ borrowed ” this tale.

The tale is told by the Knight ; in Blake's picture or in Stodhart's he is to be seen ; but so he is in Chaucer's verse—

A Knight there was and that a worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To ride out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.

[It is supposed that the teacher has learnt to read the lines as they should be read. The word “ time ” is of two syllables, but the last is but a whisper ; the word honour is accented on the second syllable. A very little practice will enable the uninitiated to hear Chaucer's music ; his pronunciation may largely be left alone.]

He had been everywhere and had fought in fourteen battles ;

but he was as quiet as a maiden, and instead of rapping out oaths, he

Never yet no villainy had said
In all his life unto no manner wight,
He was a *very perfect gentle knight*.

You would expect him to tell some story of fighting and romance. He did. It came, as Chaucer says plainly, from older stories, and it was about the Greek Theseus.

In one of his campaigns Theseus met and overthrew Creon, the king of Thebes, and when the fight was done there were found upon the field, not fully quick, not fully dead, two young knights, Arcite and Palamon; it is of these knights that the story is told.

When the two were recovered, they were sent by Theseus to Athens, there to be kept in prison perpetually. Athens was the home of Theseus and of his queen Hippolyta, and of her sister Emelie; and on a certain morning in May this Emelie had risen from bed early to gather flowers—

Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back a yarde long I guess,
And as an angel heavenly she sang.

The two captives in the strong tower heard and saw her, and in a moment fell in love with this radiant vision; but in another moment they were quarrelling as to which had seen her first, and which had the right to be considered her lover. It was silly, for they were both condemned to prison for their lives. They knew that it was foolish of them to quarrel.

We strive as do the houndes for the bone :
They fought all day and yet their part was none,
There came a kite while that they were wroth,
And bare away the bone betwixt them both.

But fortune willed that both of them should be freed from prison. Arcite was known unto a friend of Theseus and the duke set him at liberty on condition that he should never put his foot in Athens; he is able now to wander where he will, but not near the place where lives Emelie. The other, Palamon, stays in his prison. I could not tell you all he suffered—

Who coulde rhyme in English properly
His martyrdom ? Forsooth it am not I.

At last, by the help of a friend, he escaped ; and in a wood one day met his old fellow Arcite, who had broken his given



word and returned to Athens. The two are mortal enemies for the sake of Emelie, who knew nothing at all about either of them ; and having obtained armour and horses they proceed, as knights must, to fight.

Each one of them helpeth to arm the other
As friendly as he were his owen brother,
And thenne with their sharpe speares strong,
They thrusten each at other wonder long ;
Up to the ankle fought they in their blood.

[When most serious Chaucer smiles ; the story-teller must be on the look-out for this ; " up to the ankle " shows the smile.]

Well, I will leave them fighting and see where Theseus is this morning. He has come out to hunt—

With his Hippolyta, the faire queen,
And Emelie clothed all in green.

They must needs take their way to the grove where the two lovers were—

And when this duke was come into the ground,
Under the sun he looketh, and right anon
Was ware of Arcite and of Palamon,
That foughten fierce as it were boares two.
The brighte swerdes wente to and fro
So hideously, that with the leaste stroke
It seemeth as it wolde fell an oak.
And at a start he was between them two
And pulled out a swerd and cried, Hoo,
No more on pain of losing of your head.

Then the knights must needs tell who they were and why they were fighting. One of them had broken his oath and one had escaped from prison. The duke soon gave his answer to them—

" Your own mouth by your own confession
Hath damned you both.
Ye shall be dead by mighty Mars the red."
The queen anon for very womanhead,
Gan for to weep, and so did Emelie,
And all the ladies in the company.

[This then is the introduction of the tale ; and if the story be divided up, the first pause may be made here. I have of course now gone through some 900 lines, and the teacher may lengthen this part at will. But there is nothing that requires explanation and if only the final " e " be attended to where marked, the music is largely kept.]

But more remains, and as soon as the second part begins, we have difficulty. The wonderful description of the three

temples built in honour of Venus—because Theseus ordained that Arcite and Palamon should fight in a tournament for love's sake—of Mars, because the fight was a fight, and of Diana, because after all, Emelie must be consulted and she might choose to marry neither of them and to remain maiden ; these three temples are to be seen as the story-teller keeps as close as he may to Chaucer's words. Let us try to show the temple of Mars—

First on the wall was painted a forêt
In which there dwellèd neither man nor beast,
With knotty knarry barren trees old,
With stubbes sharp and hideous to behold,
In which there ran a rumble and a moan.

Lower on the hill this wall led to the temple itself, with doors of adamant through which the northern light did shine ; and by this light—for window there was none—in and out among the great, round, iron pillars, I saw the pictures of death and war. Pale Fear, cruel Wrath, dark Felony,

The smiler with his knife under his cloak,
The stables burning with the blacke smoke,

the laughing madman, the slain tyrant, the town burnt to the ground, the ships on fire, the hunter dead with the lion standing over him, and, amid all, the accidents of every day—

The carter over-ridden by his cart,
Under the wheel full low he lay a-down.

There was the statue of the great god Mars, and at his feet a wolf eating a man ; and out of the temple came continually a blast of wind and the gates rose and moved with it.

[For sheer picturing and power, these lines surely may stand by the production of any brush on canvas.]

The " Faerie Queene " is, as all readers of poetry know, crammed with story-picture. The very first book gives us the Cave of Error, the Making of the Dream, the Lion Champion of Una, the House of Pride, the Porter Ignorance, the Cave of Despair, the House of Holiness, a Fight with a Dragon, and a fitting ending to the music and story of it all is contained

in a stanza which may be used again and again by the story-teller who is dealing with literature—

Now strike your sails, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet road,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her load,
Here she a while may make her safe abode
Till she repaired have her tackles spent
And wants supplied ; and then again aboard
On the long voyage whereto she is bent,
Well may she speed and fairly finish her intent.

It is true that the later books are not so full of suitable story as is the first ; but the " Empty Palace " in Book III may at any rate in part be described ; the silences and the well-known refrain stamp it on the memory.

The maiden Britomart, all in her armour, approached the great doors ; before her there blazed fire and smoke ; but though her companion, Sir Scudamour, fell back, the maiden held her shield before her face and the flames gave her a passage. Upon the walls hung tapestry of gold and silk and the gold now hid itself, now showed itself

Like a discoloured snake whose
hidden snares

Through the green grass his long
bright burnished back declares.

This was the palace in which all the love stories of the world were woven into pictures—

Kings, queens, lords, ladies, knights and damsels gent,
Were heaped together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the rascall rabblement
Without respect of person or of port.



and at one end of the great hall an altar, and on it an image of massy gold with wings of more colours than the rainbow or the peacock's tail ; blindfold the image was ; with bow and arrows in his hand ; and some of the arrows were tipped with gold and some with lead. Over the door was written BE BOLD ; but she could not understand, and pressed forwards into the next hall, a hall hung with spoils of mighty conquerors and captains strong ; but no man came, no footfall was heard ; wasteful emptiness and solemn silence was over all the place ; and no guard stood to keep safe the treasures of gold. Again over the farther door was written, BE BOLD, BE BOLD, and everywhere BE BOLD. Then at the very end of the second hall she spied another iron door and over it written BE NOT TOO BOLD.

Thus there she waited until eventide,
Yet living creature none she saw appear ;
And now sad shadows gan the world to hide
From mortal view, and wrap in darkness drear.

So all night long she waited ; she would not take her armour off nor fall asleep ; and when the universal cloud of Night had fallen, all on a sudden she heard a shrilling trumpet sound and through the rooms of the palace went a whirlwind that opened and shut the doors, and then—a Figure came forward and beckoned and made gestures to an unseen company, and withdrew as softly as he had come.

The masque is played ; the actors go ; the enchantment is overthrown, and when after her battle with the magician Britomart returns through the halls, they are vanished utterly and all their glory quite decayed ; the flames are quenched ; all doors are open. But, alas, her knight, Sir Scudamour, thinking her lost in the flames, has gone.

I have here omitted the whole of the Masque—of which a skilful story-teller could make an admirable picture, especially if he were allowed to enlarge a little upon the brief descriptions of the allegorical figures. The whole scene requires of course to be treated carefully ; but this warning is needed everywhere, and, with all our wish to introduce children to the great books

of the world we have to recognize that the books were not written for children. At the same time there hangs before us the injunction **BE BOLD** ; for if children do not gain some introduction to the great books when at school, who is to hope for any introduction afterwards ?

Although grading goes on, the method here suggested may be applied in all the introduction to literature that is desired. How often we who are older have wished that someone who has read and who knows the heart of certain books were near us to give a clear, vivid account of them, quotation being interspersed. The wish may be characterized as the wish of an idle mind, but it is impossible for us to read all that we would read. It is true that such outlining of important items in literature do not make up for their total absence from our reading ; but the mere hearing of an outline well done may lead us to the actual poem or story ; and if we never do see the original, the outline may have left a valuable impress. " Distilled books," says Bacon, " are like distilled waters, flashy things." The epigram always poses as the true ; and this is a singularly unfortunate one. There is no getting away from the fact that a story-teller with a well-filled wallet is an asset everywhere, provided he keep his wallet closed till he is asked to open it. In this section I speak of literature only, and I can but regret that those who " taught me " literature never claimed or admitted an acquaintance with the books of the world. Things are better to-day ; but either from want of reading or from want of pence or from want of an ability to set a book, poem or prose work of value before an audience in a dozen or twenty or a hundred lines—so that the book or poem or prose work lives—teachers miss the chances at their hand. The objection that we cannot know a very large number of books is a real one ; but with the help of a recording notebook there is no reason why we should not know at least ten times as many as we do. We have no background.

I give here a short list of books (poems, short works), all of considerable interest in themselves, all important as touching literature on more sides than one ; all likely to be heard of

in lessons or in casual notes. Let the reader ask himself whether he is able, whether most teachers whom he knows are able, to reproduce them in story form with occasional quotation ; and, if this seem an absurd demand, whether he could even with an hour's retreat to his own library or his own notebooks produce the story required. The honest answer of most of us would be " I only wish I could."

Æneas in the Underworld (Æneid, Book 6) ; the Story of Dido (Æneid 4) ; " The Ancient Mariner " ; the story of Antigone (from Sophocles' play) ; *Aucassin et Nicolette* (in three translations, Andrew Lang, Bourdillon and Eugene Wason) ; the story of the Bacchæ ; the Burial of Hector ; the Ceres Myth ; the Prologue, Knightes Tale, Prioresses Tale, Clerkes Tale, the tale of the Man of Law, the Squire's Tale, the Franklin's Tale, and one or two others from Chaucer (all require a little emendation) ; Cupid and Psyche ; extracts from Gogol's *Dead Souls* ; *Don Quixote* ; Eclogue 4 of *Virgil* ; *Everyman* (the Morality) ; " Faerie Queene " (especially in the first two books) ; the story of Doctor Faustus ; passages from Caxton's *Golden Legend* ; the Grail (apart from Tennyson) ; *Gulliver* ; the Book of Job (see Moulton's *Bible as Literature*) ; *John Inglesant* (there are one or two great passages, the greatest being the Appearance to Charles I of the Ghost of Strafford) ; *Lavengro* (there are great passages all through the book) ; *Myths of Plato* (especially the story of Er at the end of the Republic) ; the *Niebelungenlied* (done in prose by Miss Armour and in verse by Lettsom) ; North's *Plutarch* (almost any life provides story ; this is the most story-crammed book in the world, but the teacher must get North and no other) ; Odysseus and his travels (the best translation in prose is that of Butcher and Lang, and there are many helps, such as the *Myths of the Odyssey in Art*, by Miss Harrison) ; Parables (these must be hunted for far and wide ; there are no books on the subject) ; Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, abridged ; *Piers Plowman* (there are one or two modernized versions and the poem contains a large amount of rough descriptive story) ; *The Prelude* (full of story and with many references to childhood and youth) ; *Prometheus Unbound* (containing little story but a large amount of wonderful description) ; the Robin Hood Saga ; Tasso's *Jerusalem* ; *Vathek*.

It may very well be objected that this list introduces us only to that part of literature which contains story ; and that

this is scarcely the more important part ; to which I would reply that the non-story part is best approached by reading aloud, by repetition without book, and by the discussion to which so many references have already been made. It is, however, astonishing how near to story even a lyric may be, if to " story " a wide interpretation be given.

This brings us to what I may call story-paraphrasing in the treatment of more advanced work. Readers are often heard to confess that they never understood such and such a poem until they heard a paraphrase, especially when after the paraphrase the whole poem has once more been read, or, better still, given without book. To make my meaning clear I will attempt to give some explanation of part of a difficult poem—the " Hound of Heaven "—claiming that the method is essentially a story method. Obviously the class is not a class of children.

The poem may or may not be read aloud by the guide in the first instance. Or it may be read silently. Or it may be read in divisions, each reader of a division being the only person in possession of the book. Or the poem may have been taken home and studied before any help is offered. It scarcely matters which of these methods is adopted ; unless the " class " be really advanced, the main drift of the poem along with the melody is all that will be gained. It may be contended that nothing more is ever needed, but with this attitude towards literature this book is not concerned.

Whatever preparation is made—or even if no preparation is asked for—the paraphrase always precedes the reading or the re-reading in class of the actual words.

The Hound of Heaven is the love of Christ following in the track of the human soul, which tries vainly to escape.

The soul is speaking in the first " stanza."

I knew that He was following me, and I fled ; neither by night nor by day would I think of Him ; and the days changed to months and years. Still I fled. I argued with my own mind ; I wept over my own griefs and laughed over my own joys ; anything to keep Him away from me. I filled the future with hope ; I went

down to the depths of gloom and fear ; anything to keep Him away from me. Still I heard the sound of the following feet.

[Then the stanza is said, " I fled Him down the nights and down the days."]

I gained friends, pleading to be taken into their hearts, their hearts and the charities surrounding them just like the heart in the body, red with blood and trellised over with love. I was afraid He wanted me all for Himself ; and it was so ; He kept following. . . . Then I wrote, to make myself forget, poetry about moon and stars and morn and eve ; but they all turned against me ; they were His servants. If I took the wings of the morning and sailed upon the winds, He followed.

[Then the second stanza is said, " I pleaded outlaw-wise. . ."]

I left men's and women's friendship and turned to the little children. But they were taken from me. . . . Then I bethought me of Nature's children, the dewdrop and the cloud, the sunrise and the sunset ; and I learned their secrets, playing with the tresses of Nature under the blue skies. It was of no comfort to me ; the sunrise and the sunset cannot speak. Nature is no mother and she could not give me what I wanted—Love. And still the Feet came on.

[Then the third stanza is read, " I sought no more. . . ."]

So, through the whole of a difficult poem goes the paraphrase followed by the words. It must not be thought that this inadequate explanation of Francis Thompson's poem is intended for the well-read reader ; I am writing mainly for beginners and I make my apology even to them. It will be found interesting to take a poem such as " Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," or even " The Ancient Mariner," which looks so simple and is so deep, or the last act of *Prometheus Unbound*, which seems to defy any paraphrase, any explanation, or some of the speeches in the third act of *Troilus and Cressida*, or the Epistle to the Hebrews. The objection often urged that such things cannot be explained, that they will not bear any paraphrase, cannot be listened to ; we wonder what Browning or Coleridge or Shelley or the unknown author of the epistle would have said to such a plea.

It is easy to see how this story-paraphrasing in good hands

opens a way through all literature that has often till now been barred. The barrier was not originally set up of purpose ; it has arisen through vocabularies, diction, involution ; through casual allusions unknown to us ; through special veils of literary history, periods, conditions, thought, criticism ; and only by careful slow explanation, at one time enlarging an epithet into a paragraph, at another lightening up a foreign or an ancient word by a synonym, does the poem tell us what it was meant to tell. It was said of a writer lately dead that he "brought to the common man some understanding of what hitherto has been supposed to be the property only of academic circles." But did Browning and Shelley and St. John and Francis Thompson write only for the academy ? If they did, then those who wish to understand must join the ranks of the academicians or they must avoid such writers altogether. But is there no third way for the growing number of people who would understand, but who shun the academy ?

MYTHOLOGY

A NUMBER of references have already been made to mythology and the story-teller. The advice given has amounted to this, that the teacher should not trust the smaller books, but should go to the larger dictionaries and collections ; that whenever possible he should amass parallels ; that he should not neglect the time-honoured names of Hercules and Midas and Baldur and Siva, but that he should watch everywhere for beautiful narrative and index it for further use.

I think we may say that for the story-teller the word mythology means the stories that have accumulated round the gods, and their relations either with one another or with human beings. The school is not the place in which to study the differences among myth, legend, folk-tale and mythe. Mythology is asked for by all who would understand literature ; it is not enough for us to know that Apollo was a sun-god, or that Ceres lost her daughter, or that Baldur was killed with a sprig of mistletoe. A good deal of writing is sealed to those who know no more. But the story-teller is not primarily interested in the doings of the gods, reputable or disreputable ; it is of far greater importance for him to find out if he can what is at the back of these god-stories or what meanings men have from time to time read into them. And I do not refer to the meanings read into them by theorists, but rather the parabolic meanings after which mankind hankers. It comes to this : did the myth-makers when they invented Prometheus and hung him in the Caucasus for having helped mankind, and passed him on to Æschylus in Greece and to Shelley in England, have anything at the back of their minds except an ugly story of tyranny ? Is Greek mythology “ a tongue of the imagination—a living tongue of the universal imagination of men ” ?

The reader who would follow the various interpretation of myth in Greece knows that he has a whole volume devoted to the subject in Grote's history, but the conclusion to which

he will probably come is that while it is dangerous as always to hunt morals and more dangerous to assume that early man was much interested in such things, yet, as a fact, a large number of the myths do seem to touch modern life and even child life at certain points. Therefore if we want plain story we have it in abundance; if we want story with a meaning we have that in abundance, though the meaning is not heavily to be stressed; while it must be confessed that a good deal of myth is best left to the obscurity of an original language or to a note half a line long. On the other hand no story-teller can safely neglect the parallelisms that seem to run through early human thought in Greece, India and Teutonic Europe.

This last remark brings home to us what everyone knows; namely that except for the savant there are only three great mythologies; that of India, Greece and Teutonic Europe. Others are either at present too shadowy or they are so closely connected with religion as to be religious. The Roman mythology has largely vanished; that of Egypt was the religion of Egypt; apart from Teutonic Europe, neither England nor France ever had a mythology, and Islam needed none. Up to now, the Indian mythology has had few sympathetic interpreters, but with the advent of books such as the *Cradle Tales of Hinduism*, by Sister Nivedita, and *Myths of the Hindus* by the same author, it is possible that more intelligent attention may be given to a series of stories for which so much is claimed. There is a volume on Hindu myths published by Harrap, and part of the Ramayana and the Pandav Princes are edited by Wallace Gandy for Macmillan (1s. each). Miss Sorabji has told for younger children the *Tales of the Great* (Blackie). *The Light of Asia*, which turned the general reader's attention to the story of Buddha Gautama, may be used—and used well—for the Renunciation; but there appears to be a double difficulty in making these ancient stories interesting to the West; to us there is too much of the miraculous, or perhaps of a certain kind of the miraculous; and, secondly, we cannot yet make friends with the Indian names. No one can possibly fail to admire the form of the stories as given by Miss Noble and Miss Sorabji; they remove a difficulty which is apt to make

itself felt in translation of or in the popularizing of all Eastern work. If the story-teller desires to make a trial he cannot do better than tell the beautiful story of Savitri, the Indian Alcestis ; if this succeeds there are other stories in the volume (*The Cradle Tales of Hinduism*) which may well be told ; the Indian stories of F. W. Bain are not for the school, but the parables in his books are particularly beautiful.

The Teutonic mythology, or, as most people call it, the Norse mythology, is nearer to us ; but, inasmuch as its influence on literature is slight in comparison with that of Greece, even the Norse gods and heroes would scarcely have become familiar if it had not been for Longfellow's translations, Morris's prose, and Wagner's music. Greece had been so long in the field. Now, however, there is a determined attempt, at least in certain parts, that Odin and Freya, who are supposed to be moral, shall dispossess Zeus and Aphrodite, who are supposed to be immoral. We can hardly think of a world that will have turned its back on the old Greek gods and demigods ; and yet with the decay of the study of Greek will go a rejection of Greek history and literature ; and the mythology will be lost. Some of the best detailed guides to story-telling come from the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, and in these the Norse myth is very fully worked up. In England we cannot have better help than that given by Cox and by A. and E. Keary (*Heroes of Asgard*, Macmillan) ; ten editions of the book have been published, and it goes back to mid-Victorian days. It is little less than tragedy to the teacher to find that the Kearys and the Dasents of the world are so few. If the disappointed story-teller is discouraged he may remember that it is the exception and not the rule to find any modern prose author able to tell a tale ; the very good short story in print is almost as rare as the good translation. The names of the great should be carefully noted.

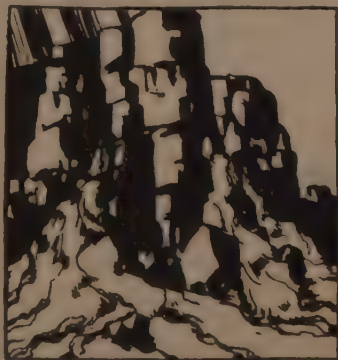
If the reader does not know the *Heroes of Asgard*, one extract will be enough to show him that the Norse myth needs no better introduction than is here given. I choose part of the "Weeping" ; but this chapter is no better than the rest ; there is an equality of quality throughout the work of the Kearys :

Then the father of the Æsir called to him his messenger maidens—the beautiful Valkyrior—and sent them out into all worlds with these three words on their lips, “Baldur is dead!” But the words were so dreadful that at first the messenger maidens could only whisper them in low tones as they went along, “Baldur is dead!” The dull, sad sounds flowed back on Asgard like a new river of grief, and it seemed to the Æsir as if they now wept for the first time—“Baldur is dead!”

“What is that the Valkyrior are saying?” asked the men and women in all the country round, and when they heard rightly, men left their labour and lay down to weep—women dropped the buckets they were carrying to the well, and, leaning their faces over them, filled them with tears. The children crowded upon the doorsteps, or sat down at the corners of the streets, crying as if their own mothers were dead.

The Valkyrior passed on. “Baldur is dead!” they said to the empty fields; and straightway the grass and the wild field-flowers shed tears. “Baldur is dead!” said the messenger maidens to the rocks and the stones; and the very stones began to weep. “Baldur is dead!” the Valkyrior cried; and even the old mammoth’s bones, which had lain for centuries under the hills, burst into tears, so that small rivers gushed forth from every mountain’s side.

“Baldur is dead!” said the messenger maidens as they swept over silent sands; and all the shells wept pearls. “Baldur is dead!” they cried to the sea, and to Jötunheim across the sea; and when the giants understood it, even they wept, whilst the sea rained spray to heaven. After this the Valkyrior stepped from one stone to another until they reached a rock that stood alone in the middle of the sea; then, all together, they bent forward over the edge of it, stooped



down and peeped over, that they might tell the monsters of the deep. “Baldur is dead!” they said; and, the sea monsters and the fish wept. Then the messenger maidens looked at one another, and said, “Surely our work is done.” So they twined their arms

round one another's waists, and set forth on the downward road to Helheim, there to claim Baldur from among the dead.



Now, after he had sent forth his messenger maidens, Odin had seated himself on the top of Air Throne that he might see how the earth received his message. At first he watched the Valkyrior as they stepped forth north and south, and east and west ; but soon the whole earth's steaming tears rose up like a great cloud, and hid everything from him. Then he looked down through the cloud, and said, " Are you all weeping ? " The Valkyrior heard the sound of his voice as they went all together down the slippery road, and they turned round, stretching out their arms towards Air Throne, their long hair falling back, whilst, with choked voices and streaming eyes, they answered, " The world weeps, Father Odin ; the world and we."

The Greek mythology, which was for the most part borrowed by the Romans, has been treated so fully in books that it may be said to be known in some of the schools. At any rate, the names of Hercules, Orpheus, Diana, Mars, do stand for something ; but even here the myth will bear re-telling. It is

unnecessary to say that choice must be made, and even then certain episodes in the story must be omitted.

Hawthorne's famous *Tanglewood Tales*, lately re-edited (Macmillan) still have their admirers, and they bring the great names very near to children; but it may be doubted if the manner in which the stories are told and the very length of them give us the introduction we seek. I would rather turn the reader's attention to two half-forgotten books, Bulfinch's *Age of Fable* and Cox's *Tales of Ancient Greece*. Bulfinch was no classical scholar; and consequently is by his very success an incentive to the majority of teachers. Here is a man who has by sheer force of reading and adaptation accomplished what many with far greater learning have tried in vain to do. But—and this is infinitely more important—Bulfinch is the story-teller; his form is admirable; he is to be named along with Dasent, the Kearys, Andersen, Perrault, Kalila and Dimnah, Joseph Jacobs, Sir Thomas North, Crofton Croker, the author of *Reynard*, Bunyan, Foxe, Cervantes, Herodotus, Tusitala, the writers of the Bible, and all the rather small army that can tell a tale. By the words the "rather small army," I mean an army of printed writers; the army of mothers, sisters, fathers, nurses, and even children, who can fashion and tell a tale is an army exceeding great.

Let me give an example or two from this humble writer, Thomas Bulfinch—

The world being furnished with inhabitants, the first age was innocent and happy and was called the Golden Age. Truth and right prevailed, though not enforced by law, nor was there any magistrate to threaten or punish. The forest had not yet been robbed of its trees to furnish timbers for vessels, nor had men built fortifications round their towns. There were no such things as swords, spears or helmets. The earth brought forth all things necessary for man without his labour in sowing or ploughing. Perpetual spring reigned; flowers sprang up without seed; the rivers flowed with milk and wine, and yellow honey distilled from the oaks.

Then came the Silver Age, inferior to the golden, but better than that of brass. Jupiter shortened the spring and divided the year into seasons. Then first men had to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and houses became necessary. Caves were the first

dwellings, and leafy coverts of the woods and huts woven of twigs. Crops would no longer grow without planting. The farmer was obliged to sow the seed and the toiling ox to draw the plough.

Next came the Brazen Age, more savage of temper and readier to the strife of arms, yet not altogether wicked. The hardest and worst of all was the Iron Age. Crime burst in like a flood ; modesty, truth and honour fled. In their places came fraud and cunning, violence and the wicked love of gain. Then seamen spread sails to the wind and the trees were torn from the mountains to serve for the keels of ships to vex the face of ocean. The earth, which till now had been cultivated in common, began to be divided off into possessions. Men were not satisfied with what the surface gave, but must dig into its bowels and draw forth thence the ores of metals. Mischievous iron and more mischievous gold were produced. War sprang up, using both as weapons ; the guest was not safe in his friend's house, and sons-in-law and fathers-in-law, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, could not trust one another. Sons wished their fathers dead that they might come to the inheritance ; family love lay prostrate. The earth was wet with slaughter and the gods abandoned it one by one till Astraea, the goddess of innocence and purity, alone was left, and at last she too took her departure.

In the vale of Enna is a lake embowered in the woods which screen it from the fierce rays of the sun, while the moist ground is covered with flowers and Spring reigns perpetual. Here Proserpine was playing with her companions gathering lilies and violets, and filling her basket and her apron with them, when Pluto saw her, loved her, and carried her off. She screamed for help to her mother and companions, and when in her fright she dropped the corners of her apron and let the flowers fall, childlike, she felt the loss of them as an addition to her grief. Pluto urged on his steeds, calling them each by name and throwing loose over their heads and necks his iron-coloured reins. When he reached the river Cyane and it opposed his passage, he struck the river-bank with his trident and the earth opened and gave him a passage to Tartarus.

That fair field

Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.

Then Orpheus passed through crowds of ghosts and presented himself before the throne of Pluto and Proserpine. Accompanying the words with the lyre, he sang: "O deities of the underworld, to whom all we who live must come, hear my words, for they are true. I come not to spy out the secrets of Tartarus, nor to try my strength against the three-headed dog with snaky hair who guards the entrance. I come to seek my wife, whose opening years the poisonous viper's fang has brought to an untimely end. Love has led me here, Love, a god all-powerful with us who dwell upon the earth, and if all old traditions speak true, not less so here. I implore you by these abodes of terror, these realms of silence and uncreated things, unite again the threads of the life of Eurydice. We are all destined to you and sooner or later must pass to your domain. She, too, when she shall have filled her term of life, will rightly be yours. But till then, grant her to me, I beseech you. If you deny me, I cannot return alone; you shall triumph in the death of us both."

If it be maintained that Bulfinch has only copied from translations, the reader may again be reminded how much better it is to go to the fountain head than to rewrite entirely in our own words, or in an English that never existed anywhere, the perfect patterns left us in Greek and Latin verse. "We hope," says Bulfinch in his introduction, "to teach mythology not as a study but as a relaxation from study; to give our work the charm of a story-book yet by means of it to impart a knowledge of an important branch of education." If this seems antiquated and stilted, then let the teacher take Bulfinch as a model and work out the matter by Bulfinch's method.

It is almost impertinent to praise the *Tales of Ancient Greece*, a book so well known fifty years ago. The writer, the Rev. G. W. Cox, wrote much about mythology and at least two of his books, the *Tales* and *Gods and Heroes* are reprinted to-day by Nelson and by Kegan Paul. Mr. Cox, unlike Bulfinch, was a scholar, and kept closely to his authorities; he allowed no infusion of quotation from any other literature than that of Hellas; and indeed his direct quotations from the old books are hidden. The charm of the work lies in its form and in the spirit in which it was written. What that was may be

gained from the words of his preface to an 1877 edition. They are of the greatest importance to the story-teller.

"Less than ever are these tales mere idle tales to please the fancy or while away a weary hour ; less than ever are they worthless fictions which the historian or philosopher may afford to despise. These legends taken as a whole present to us a form of society and a condition of thought through which all mankind had to pass long before the dawn of history. Yet that state of things was as real as the time in which we live. They who spoke the language of these early tales were men and women with joys and sorrows and interests here and hereafter not unlike our own."

EPIMETHEUS AND PANDORA

There was strife between Zeus and men ; for Prometheus stood forth on their side and taught them how they might withstand the new god who sat on the throne of Kronos ; and he said " O men, Zeus is greedy of riches and honour ; and your flocks and herds will be wasted with burnt-offerings if ye offer up to Zeus the whole victim. Come and let us make a covenant with him that there may be a fair portion for him and for men." So Prometheus choose out a large ox and slew him and divided the body. Under the skin he placed the entrails and the flesh and under the fat he placed the bones. Then he said, " Choose thy portion, O Zeus, and let that on which thou layest thine hands be thine for ever." So Zeus stretched forth his hand in haste and placed it upon the fat ; and fierce was his wrath when he found only the bare bones lying beneath. Wherefore men offer up to the undying gods the bones and fat of the victims that are slain.

Then in his anger, Zeus sought how he might avenge himself on the race of men ; and he took away from them the gift of fire, so that they were vexed by cold and darkness and hunger, until Prometheus brought down fire which he had stolen from heaven. Then was the rage of Zeus still more cruel, and he smote Prometheus with his thunderbolts ; and at his bidding Hermes bare him to the crags of Caucasus and bound him with iron chains to the hard rock, where the vulture gnawed his heart with its beak.

But the wrath of Zeus was not appeased, and he sought how he might yet more vex the race of men ; and he remembered how the Titan Prometheus had warned them to accept no gift from the gods

and how he left his brother Epimetheus to guard them against the wiles of the son of Kronos. And he said within himself, "The race of men knows neither sickness nor pain, strife or war, theft or falsehood; for all these evil things are sealed up in the great cask which is guarded by Epimetheus. I will let loose these evils and the whole earth shall be filled with woe and misery."

So he called Hephaistos, the lord of fire, and he said, "Make ready a gift which all the undying gods shall give to the race of man. Take earth and fashion it into the shape of woman. Very fair let it be to look upon, but give her an evil nature that the race of men may suffer for all the deeds that they have done me." Then Hephaistos took the clay and moulded from it the image of a fair woman and Athene clothed her in a beautiful robe and placed a crown upon her head, from which a veil fell over her snowy shoulders. And Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, gave her the power of words and a greedy mind to cheat and deceive the race of men. Then Hephaistos brought her before the assembly of the gods, and they marvelled at the greatness of her beauty; and Zeus took her by the hand and gave her to Epimetheus and said, "Ye toil hard, ye children of men; behold one who shall soothe and cheer you when the hours of toil are ended. The undying gods have taken pity on you because ye have none to comfort you; and woman is their gift to men; therefore is her name called Pandora."

Then Epimetheus forgot the warning of his brother, and the race of men did obeisance to Zeus and received Pandora at his hands; for the greatness of her beauty enslaved the hearts of all who looked upon her. But they rejoiced not long in the gift of the gods; for Pandora saw a great casket on the threshold of the house of Epimetheus and she lifted the lid; and from it came strife and war, plague and sickness, theft and violence, grief and sorrow. Then in her terror she set down the lid again upon the casket and Hope was shut up within it so that she could not comfort the race of men for the grievous evil which Pandora had brought upon them.

[For fear any reader should hold up hands of horror at my selecting a passage such as this, I would hasten to add that a right understanding of the myth seems to divide the troubles of the world and the responsibility for them pretty equally between Adam and Eve; and if the Bible as well as Greek antiquity be accused of being in any way unjust to woman, the reader may once more turn to his useful index and look up

some of the stories that have clustered round woman and womanhood—

Alcestis, Amazons, Andromache, Antigone, Artemisia, Atossa, Deborah, Gorgo, Hannah, Iphigenia, Judith, the Lady of Shunem, Mary, Nitocris, Penelope, Proverbs 31, Psyche, Rizpah, Ruth, the Alma Venus of Lucretius, not to speak of the thousand instances from Greek and Roman and other history.]

A great deal remains to be done by anyone who, using as a basis the large dictionaries of mythology and keeping in front of him the best translations of the classics, can yet add touches from modern literatures, from pictures, and from coins and all works of art. The beauty of Greek mythology is inexhaustible; no other mythology approaches it; and it happens to be the mythology to which European art has gone for inspiration.

PICTURES

UNDER this heading may be grouped all the aids to story-telling that are outside the voice and the gesture. The picture shown, the coin handed round, the model, the statuette, the bit of weaving, jewellery, handwork from a traveller's store, the plant, stone, fossil, bone ; the goblet perfect in form, and the ugly savage doll ; round these and a hundred other things of the same sort excellent story may be woven. The teacher knows all this, but the things are hard to come by and nothing more than general advice can be given. It is an admirable thing for schools to have their portfolios in which treasure trove may be loosely placed or mounted ; postcards and cuttings from magazines are within the reach of the poorest schools. For schools that can afford a little money or for those schools in which the teacher is willing to spend privately, the portfolio is a never ending source of story. I know of only one great educational authority that has even begun the lending of such portfolios from a central stock ; but I know of more than one school which has started the project for itself. Size and shape of such portfolios must be left to taste ; perhaps it is better on the whole that any item should be instantly detachable, that it may be put up where it can be seen, or that if small it may be handed round.

The story-teller hardly needs to be told that the use and sight of any of the treasures must be occasional ; things always on display in a school are always passed by.

I have set down alphabetically a few sources for the visualization of details referred to in story—

BOOKS. Batsford's catalogue is crammed with good—and expensive—works. Lacroix's books on the Middle Ages, Wright's *Homes of Other Days*, Quennell's *Everyday Things*, Gosse's *Illustrated History of Literature*, Green's large *History of England*, Menge's *Antike Kunst*, and Hutchinson's lately published *Wonders of the World* (24 numbers), I mention, though I am well aware that the school rarely gets a chance of seeing these beautiful things. There

is no end to such books, for those who can buy or borrow them ; and a few of them may be found in reference libraries.

A capable story-teller would be able to make much with the wonderful *Book of Kells* (published again by the Studio), or with Skeat's *Specimens of English Manuscripts*, or with Pogany's *Ancient Mariner* (Harrap), or with Tuer's *Book of Japanese Stencils*.

BRITISH MUSEUM. The only way to see the wealth of illustration is to go and inspect the books of postcards on all conceivable subjects connected with history, literature and art. They are very small, but they are cheap enough. The 6d. series of photographs (sculpture) and the profusely illustrated Guides must also be seen. It is not generally known that replicas of coins may be obtained at about 3s. each ; they are in durable metal. Photographs may be taken of anything.

CHALLENGE BOOKSHOP (Great Russell St., London) has an admirable and cheap collection of pictures ; especially to be noticed are the Bible pictures. The Sunday School Union and the National Society are well known.

NATIONAL GALLERY. There is an extensive set of postcards ; for larger reproductions it is perhaps as well to go to big picture shops which stock portraits, etc., from most European galleries.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. Postcards and larger reproductions.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM (S. Kensington).

STATUETTES. Robertson (Piccadilly), the Victoria and Albert Museum, and for ecclesiastical subjects, Washbourne (Orchard St., London).

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. The portfolios here are for the teacher most wonderful ; especially fine are the furniture and the embroideries.

The Archaeological Aids side of the Association for Reform of Latin Teaching (J. Meek, University College School, Hampstead), lends models and pictures.

Pictures of places (other than English) are not easy to get, but travelling friends take snaps and magazines produce some wonderful work. (Mr. W. Mansell, Elfin Works, Teddington, keeps a large stock of foreign photographs.)

Most museums issue illustrated catalogues ; these are very useful.

Pictures to illustrate literary story-telling do not exist.

They simply have never been put on the market. You can buy slides to illustrate architecture, the Bible, Greek art, various branches of science, and even history ;— very good slides these all are ; scenery and portraits and many industries have been slided for lecture purposes. But the literary slide is fifty or seventy years old and bad at that. Even where a story has been lavishly illustrated, you cannot get the pictures. The teacher who wants slides must get his own pictures and have them photographed.

It is almost unnecessary to say that slides such as were used for penny readings and temperance meetings long ago (I think they are sometimes used still) had better be left alone.

If, however, the story-teller really wishes to use slides, and is fortunate enough to discover a sympathetic artist, the result is worth all the trouble. The story is told ; the lights are lowered, and then, not one or two, but twenty pictures are put on the screen illustrating one short tale. I suppose it has to be said that in no case may the picture be shown when the story is being told. Yes, in one case ; that is when we are showing pictures, not when we are telling story.

RE-TELLING AND RE-FURBISHING OF STORIES

THE teacher who is in any doubt about the capacity of children in the matter of story-telling has but to read Miss Finlay-Johnson's *Dramatic Method in Teaching*, or Mr. Caldwell Cook's *Playway*, to discover that, when the reciprocal method is begun early and kept going, children respond readily. It is of course well to begin with little stories; the exact wording need not be demanded, but from the first the simple gesture is accepted; the taught gesture and taught elocution should be absent.

No sort of progress will be made until the whole of the story-telling be put on its natural basis: "I will tell you a story or two and then you take your turn; we talk about the stories I tell you and we will talk about yours as well."

Children differ in the ability and in the willingness to re-tell. *My own experience is that most classes will re-tell stories told them by one who a few minutes before was a total stranger; and I am afraid I regard any statement that children do not like to re-tell stories with complete disbelief.* If the original teller, whether it be teacher or inspector or casual visitor, be sticky, self-conscious, rigid, unwilling to fool a little, then the same bad faults will show themselves in the children—if they can be induced to try at all; *qualis domina talis ancilla.*

It is not well to press the entirely unwilling child; in time, if left alone, he will come round. Indeed, the successful teller will often find that repression rather than encouragement is needed; while, if pictures are added to the story, a new version may be expected composed of the story as told, the story as understood, and the story as pictured; the whole having passed through the hearer's brain in three streams which flow finally into one.

Real fun with considerable utility begins when teacher and class take a plan or plot from folk-lore and proceed to clothe it with flesh; the outlines being carefully placed on the black-board and sifted. Then with names, localities, situations,

and climax all ready, the story may begin. When finished it may be re-told by the teacher ; and, if worth it, some record of the story may be kept.

The result is that speech, composition, power to address an audience, loss of self-consciousness, interest in story and in corporate production of story, are all combined.

I give as an example an outline of an advanced story that may be "made up" by teacher and class working together. The plot is from ordinary folk-lore ; and the story is made bit by bit on the black board. The final enlargement of it into a long or short story can be foreseen, I think, from these hints—

PLOT.

A promise is made to a child at birth.

[This may be done by fairies or by a prophecy, or—more intricately—by the implied chances in his heredity, position, environment. I give many opportunities to the story-makers, according to their ages.]

This is objected to by others who promise to do all they can to thwart its fulfilment.

[This may be done by malignant fairies, or by some inherited misfortune, or by the apparent hostility of Fate.]

The promise of success is definitely stated.

[It may be that at a certain age he shall win fortune, or marry grandeur, or obtain power or fame, or that he shall be able to win men to follow his lead. The suggestions of the class, in case the child is a girl, may lie in the direction of marriage ; but some may be inventive enough to think that there are other possibilities in life.]

The malignant powers or the objecting powers succeed in making the child a most unlikely person to succeed.

[Here comes in comedy. The child is ugly, and the ugliness is described ; or silly, and the specimens of early silliness are given ; or unlucky, and the unlucks and mishaps are told ; or bad-tempered, or in some other way unsuited to success.]

The good power that promised something bides its time and the child grows.

[Here, if the teacher would like to suggest it, there is the chance of a description of a child who, with things against him, somehow feels that something better is in store.]

At a given age—according to the original arrangement—the child is told of the promise and the anti-promises made when he was a baby.

[Here it may be objected that the hero seems too much a pawn for others to play with. The skill of the teacher will show itself in his guiding his class to tell their story so that the child understands the “forces” round him and sees that he can take a hand in the game.]

Knowing that there are certain classes of success in front of men, he tries one after another ; he is now growing up and is a young man ; therefore he makes a bid for fortune, and fails ; for a rich bride, and fails ; for fame, and fails ; even for good temper or for some other form of goodness, and fails. The malignant powers have won.

[There is no harm at all in picturing disappointment and possible despair.]

He thereupon, as a last resort, decides to find out the one who promised the good ; and to discover exactly what the promise was and why everything has gone wrong.

[Here the ordinary folk-lore journey comes in, with its strange scenes ; or if the story have no “fairies” in it the journey is of a very different kind.]

The journey is accomplished, and at last he learns and understands what it was that was promised him.

This may be revealed in the tale or not. At any rate he knows what it was. He returns joyfully and success begins. He had had the gift all the time without knowing it. He tells his story and people throng to his side.

Of course the idea at the back of it is that it is just the stubborn refusal to accept failure that was the original promise.

ROMANCE

THE best guide to Romance, that is, to medieval romance-books, is the fifth chapter in *English Literature from the Conquest to Chaucer*, by Prof. Schofield ; but the special value of the chapter lies in the appendix. Prof. Saintsbury, chap. IV, *English Literature*, gives lists. Eugene Wason (in *Early French Romances*, published by Dent) gives the text in admirable form. We have also L. Spence's *Dictionary*, Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, and the old-world book by Ellis, *Early English Romances*. Greek romance, quite late, is best avoided by the story-teller ; it seems to the present writer that it does the Greek genius no service to eulogize Greek romance ; though it may be that students require to notice it as they must notice Mrs. Aphra Behn. " Latin " romance exists in *Cupid and Psyche*, but in nothing else ; and with this exception we may leave all the older world and come to Arabia and Europe. Romance as we understand the term, is chivalry in literary form, and if we would further ask for the origin of romance, we must ask for the origin of chivalry. The books tell us that chivalry is a production of Christianity and feudalism ; the story-teller will, we hope, not accept such a statement, which would limit the existence of romance to lands in which Christianity and feudalism flourished.

Of one thing we may be certain, and it is this : we, in this island, never invented Romance ; the thing is of foreign growth. The claim of Arabia to a share in the romantic idea has of course been put forward and rather superciliously ignored ; it may be worth while quoting the words written in the preface to *The Stealing of the Mare*, which dates from A.D. 900. In this preface, Mr. W. Scawen Blunt says—

This is not only an excellent example of the Medieval Epic in its Eastern dress, but is old enough to have been itself perhaps a model from which Europe took its romantic inspiration. It is not generally remembered how immense an influence the Arab invasion of Spain in the 8th century had on European thought,

political, religious, literary. From Arabia, through Spain, the idea of Christian chivalry sprang, the romance of the horseman of noble blood armed with the lance as contrasted with the baseborn citizen on foot. The knight-errantry of our middle-ages was purely Arabian; the championing of the distressed, especially of women, by wandering adventurers, the magnanimous code of honour in war, even the coats of mail-armour and the heraldic bearings. . . . The romantic cycle of Abu Zeyd may very well have been known to the first singers of the cycle of Charlemagne and King Arthur, and have suggested to them their method.

The teacher who wishes to include romance in his story-telling falls back on Malory; and from Malory the following stories may well be taken: The Taking of the Sword; Balin and Balan; Beaumains; the Appearance of the Grail and the Departure of the Knights; the last pages. But it is difficult to know where to begin and where to stop. The story-teller should refer to a full Malory, and should make up his mind in what way old romances such as these are to be dealt with. Probably he will come to the conclusion that the stories, though written in prose, are essentially poetry, and that the voice should treat them as such. The best example of this poetry is seen at the close, where Malory seems to be lifted above himself. *A Selection from Malory*, made by H. Wragg and published by the Clarendon Press, gives six items from the Tristram story and four from the Grail, along with many others, the idea being to print those portions specially which have had the greatest influence on later writers; Mr. Wragg also prints the fine apostrophe beginning, "O ye mighty and pompous lords shining in the glory transitory of this unstable life. . . .," which is not in all the editions of Malory.

The medieval romance does not begin or end with Malory. Those who wish to see the Grail in an earlier or different form may tell stories from Evans' *High History of the Holy Grail* (2 vols., Dent); and so great is the admiration for Sir Gawain and the Green Knight that, though the story is one of love-temptation, the book has twice been edited for schools; as a tale it "goes" wonderfully. It also has the merit of restoring Gawain to his proper place in the history of the Round Table.

One edition is by Miss J. Weston, published by D. Nutt, and the other, more elementary, is published by Harrap. Miss Syrett has told *Stories from Medieval Romance* (Clarendon Press), in which the Seven Sleepers, Floris and Blanchefleur, Amys and Amile, and Robin Hood, find a place ; but Robin Hood deserves a volume to himself, and so far that volume is not forthcoming, though we have Majd Marian, from Peacock (*English Literature for Secondary Schools*, Macmillan) and a general telling of the outlaw's life by C. Wilson (Harrap).

The teacher who is not afraid of longer work has several versions of *Aucassin et Nicolette* to choose from. Black, Dent, Kegan Paul, L. H. Hill and Foulis all publish versions ; perhaps those of Lang and Bourdillon are best known. Of this, Mr. Eugene Wason, that accomplished translator, says—

A single copy of *Aucassin*, transcribed in the thirteenth century, and preserved as by miracle, has retained for us not only a charming tale, but also an unique specimen of the minstrel's craft. . . . It seems to suggest an Eastern origin, and to-day in any Moorish coffee-house the tales of the *Arabian Nights* are delivered in a manner very similar to that witnessed in Provence seven hundred years ago. . . . The dainty little classic is equalled by no work of its period.

THE STORY TELLER IN HISTORY

IT remains to say a word or two about this elusive person who has been present all down the ages but whom we cannot easily catch at his trade. There is, as far as I know, no study of the history of story-telling; Mr. Ransome's book *A History of Story-Telling*, is written on another subject, or perhaps we should say on another meaning of the word story-telling. The custom of telling stories has been so ordinary that no one has taken the trouble even to describe it; and I have to offer an apology for the thinness of the references which I have come across. Let me arrange them chronologically.

Prof. Flinders Petrie tells the Tale of Baufra—an excellent story which may be called the oldest story in the world; and in this story there is a reference to collections of stories older still. By these collections the kings of those days were freed from boredom.

Perhaps in Greek literature the palm must be given to Odysseus; for after the blind bard has chanted his song and Odysseus is called on for his "story," he tells one that lasts through several books, and he begins in words copied by Æneas a thousand years later: "What shall I tell the first, what last, for God has given me trouble enough? First I will tell thee my name; perchance some day when I have escaped my troubles thou mayst be a guest of mine. I am Odysseus."

We can almost feel the silence that rustled down upon the hall at the sound of the name of one whose fame "reached unto the heaven."

Of course, the Greek children had their story-tellers, with terrible ghost tales, and of course Plato and Aristotle and Plutarch denounced the people who put such ideas into the little ones' heads. What would Plato have said to Bluebeard?

It is said that the Rhapsodists told in monotone or perhaps in a high chant, the sections of the Iliad and Odyssey entrusted to them; and that Herodotus recited—the word does not fit Herodotus and it must be "story-told"—his history at the

assembly, part religious, part athletic, held at Olympia, and that the boy Thucydides, who was present, was moved to tears. No one believes this, but we may well believe that Herodotus was an excellent story-teller, and could be pathetic and humorous at will. Socrates (or Plato) must have been a story-teller; the stories of Er and of the Cave would alone prove it. The early followers of Buddha were certainly tellers of a kind of parable; and it is to them that we owe the beginnings of such story as came eastward from India to China, and westward to Persia, Baghdad and Constantinople. Our Lord must have been a great artist in this art, and an enthusiastic critic says that if He had not written or said anything but the story of the Wasteful Son, He would have been entitled by that alone to one of the first places in literature. The Gospels were read and the stories in them told, in humble meeting-places and among very humble folk. The East expected story and not a manuscript; the human voice had not yet abdicated. When, later, the beautiful Mohammedan parables were scattered about, the voice told them and the memory kept them. We do not know from what source, custom or country the troubadour came, the bard and the minstrel in the hall; they were all story-tellers. Dante, and after him Wycliffe, denounced the custom of telling stories in sermons—a custom which we should like to see renewed to-day. “At night after supper,” says the famous *Gesta Romanorum*, “as is usual in great families during the winter, the household assembled round the hearth and occupied the hour in telling divers tales.” The statutes of New College, Oxford, order that the students shall sit round the fire and tell stories of the wonders of the world. The “Golden Legend,” that strange mixture of Biblical story and saintly marvel, was read and said from memory in the medieval pulpits. We still have collections of the illustrations, or *exempla*, with which the medieval preacher enlivened his sermons and which called down on him the rebuke of the pious, for loud laughter often followed these amusing little tales. Perrault tells us that he took down his *contes* from the lips of a nurse; and Mr. Hartland, in the first chapter of the *Science of Fairy Tales*,

adds information about the modern story-teller, part of which I here make use of. He shows us the Arab beginning with prayer, then telling his tale, "advancing, retiring, wheeling about, illustrating every point with pantomime, his features, voice and gestures are so expressive that even Europeans who cannot understand a word of Arabic divine the meaning of the tale." This is a quotation from Burton, while from Dr. Pitré comes a similar description of a Sicilian woman, who has told stories to three generations: "She cannot read, but then she knows so many things that no one else knows. She witnessed my birth and held me in her arms; hence I have been able to collect from her mouth the many and beautiful traditions to which her name is appended. The reader will only find the cold words; but her narration consists more than in words, in the restless movements of the eyes, in the waving of the arms, in the gestures of the whole person . . . and in the voice, now soft, now excited, now sweet, now hoarse, as it portrays the voice of the various personages."

Brittany, Scotland, Russia, India, and indeed all countries, still tell the tale, or till lately they told it. The great edition of the folk-tales of Russia made by Afanasiev, gives us as frontispiece a picture in which people of all ages are listening to the tale; a book of yesterday dealing with Nigeria does the same; there is little difference, except that the Russians look very cold and the Nigerians very hot; a book from Canada represents the old man telling stories to the child as Uncle Remus did in South Africa; for though we are accustomed to think that women only tell these tales and hand them down, it seems that boys and men take their full share. A full picture is drawn by Mrs. Steel of the story-telling in an Indian village, where the story-teller is a boy. Scotland in its outlying islands is no whit different from Madagascar or from the Indians of Guiana. The story is *told* all the world over; and the artistic story-teller is found in New Zealand and in Borneo.

When Verdi went back to his native village, dispirited at the failure of his music, he was in great demand because he could story-tell so well; and there is scarcely a family in which some name is not treasured for the same reason.

Hajji Baba of Ispahan (*Everyman Series*) shows us the dervish story-teller in modern Persia.

These seem trifling hints, and they tell us little of method and manner, the truth being that the true story-teller has his own method or want of it, and that his manner is his own. All that he really needs beside the story is a love of it and an entire forgetfulness of everything else, while the story holds the field. With this love he can defy rules.

The reader should, if he will, think over the following descriptions of actual story-telling and compare them with any particularly successful examples that have come under his notice.

The scene is an infants' school, rather old and behind the times, but the teachers are as bright and fresh as the school ought to be. A map "adorns" the wall; a stuffed monkey and a wooden elephant regard the children; the children, also stuffed—for there is but little room—regard the man who regards them. What is he thinking of? His story? Oh no. There are running in his head the lines of Walt Whitman—

And these I see, these sparkling eyes,
These stores of mystic meaning, these young lives,
Building, equipping like a fleet of ships, immortal ships,
Soon to sail over the measureless seas
On the soul's voyage.
Only a lot of boys and girls,
Only the tiresome writing, reading, ciphering lesson,
Only a public school.
Ah, more—infinately more.

But the children wait and the teachers ranged round the walls wait too, to see what they can pick up for later use.

And the man begins Mrs. Angus's (Miss Marzial's) story; in which the talented authoress has just taken a nursery rhyme and woven a story round it. Quite easy, till you try to do it for yourself. This story comes from *Stories for the Story Hour* (Harrap); there are two other volumes by the same author.

"A Patch of Snowdrops." The title is repeated, as it always should be, and the story begins with no word but with a gesture. The gesture holds the room; no one knows what it means, but with the very first words a ripple of child laughter is heard.

One—misty—moisty—morning—

That's enough; the story has not begun, but it has won the day. "Misty—moisty" is too much for them.

The scene is laid; the February morning, the old beggar man, the dog, and the salutation of the old beggar—

And how d'you do, and how d'you do, and how d'you do again.

Each "how d'you do" has its shake of the hand; and the story goes on till in the darkness some snow is seen and the man bends down, takes some of it up, rolls it carefully in his hand—very slowly, all the infants watching—and aims the snowball at the tip—of the tail—of the beggar man's dog. The snowball is thrown. PLOP! (Interval for a shriek of delight.) Then the story immediately turns into poetry, though the little ones only dimly feel this.

The story is finished, but the old refrain is quoted once more

One—misty—moisty—morning,

When cloudy was the weather . . .

Two more stories follow; and the man—oh, what a funny man—says "Good-bye," but he doesn't forget the teachers;—he says "Good-bye" to them with a word or two that the children don't grasp; then he says "Good-bye" to the children, who shout the word; and lastly he looks round and solemnly shaking hands with the wooden elephant and the stuffed monkey, says "Good-bye, Elephant, Good-bye Monkey," and disappears, leaving transports of "Lets-pretendia" laughter behind him.

The scene changes.

There is another school, a boys' school in a poor quarter. The head is a woman; the school is Catholic. The man who has come to see the boys is fresh from the infants' laughs and the stuffed monkey; he wonders what will be asked for here.

The headmistress names a story that she had heard from him before ; and he stares. " What ! Boys of this age to hear a story intended for adults ? Will they understand the King's Evil, that semi-mystic tale from *Seven Stories of the Lesser Redemption* ? " " Try them," she says ; and the story begins. Outside, trams, lorries and motors scrape and roar and screech, making thought and speech impossible ; inside, the quiet flowing English of Laurence Housman and the dead hush of forty of the army of the poor. Have they understood the meaning of the Leper King and his sacrifice ? Did they see that the last of the beggars who put his feet out to be washed was Our Lord ? The man asked a question or two to assure himself that this unlikely audience knew the meaning of the tale ; but there was really no need for the question ; the faces of the boys told their own tale. It is difficult to say " Good-bye " ; the world of the Leper King and the Washing of the Feet is all round us ; what matter the idle fury of the streets ; *fumum et opes strepitumque Romae*.

Again the scene changes. There are no poor people here ; three hundred girls in a secondary school who know what they like and what they don't like. The story-teller is just finishing a long programme and gathers into one story, which he purposely mangles, all the mistakes that a story-teller can possibly make. The first mistake causes a superior smile ; the second a laugh ; and as error after error follows—all recognized—the fun becomes furious. The story-teller, quite serious, holds absurd conversations with himself and pretends to be of seven and eight years old, interrupting his own story with the irrelevant remarks of imaginary children. The audience wriggle with laughter ; hold on to chairs or to one another ; are beside themselves with joy ; even the staid preceptors standing round are surprised into what you might rudely call an occasional splutter. " Psychologically unsound," says the academist ; " Can't you give us another like it ? " cry the girls. The story-teller can't ; that is, he won't. He, as well as the dry academist, knows what is psychologically sound.

The scene is changed. There are no children present ; only a crowd that goes on coming in, though there is no more room. The story-teller is asked if people may sit upon the platform ; and on the platform they do sit in such a way that he has to be careful in one of his stories not to stamp on the hands of young teachers or wave his arms too near a bald head. At the end of each story the room is darkened and the story-teller sits down for safety ; explaining the pictures that are flashed upon the screen. Story first, pictures after, that is the almost invariable rule. The audience cry out, asking that certain pictures may stay a little ; the story, and the pictures, and the story-teller, and their own interpretation of all in combination, are growing, altering, making something new that will remain with them, a general impression that neither the speaker, nor the pictures, nor the voice, nor the mass-suggestion of the crowded room can of itself produce. And some of the pictures cry aloud : " Do not explain *me* : Let *me* speak alone : the sunset and the rainbow 'speak in silences,' and why not I ? "

The lights go up. The futile applause and votes of thanks drive stories and pictures and glamour back to their hiding-places : the Immortal Hour is passed.

Once more the scene is changed. The story-teller is old, very old. He is regarded as half-mad ; the Celestials—that is the Olympian parents—do not quite approve of him. At least that is the impression given by Richard Middleton, who in his book of Essays called *The Day Before Yesterday*, has described this strange person, the friend of the Giants, the interpreter of all the unfortunate dragons, the musical voice that recalls the birds' song and the whisper of the wind, the practical dreamer at whose bidding " we were no longer afraid of the dark when he had told us how friendly it could be to the distressed. Hitherto we had vainly sought to find the colours and sounds of romance in life, and, failing, had been tempted to sum up the whole business as tedious. After he had shown us how to do it, it was easy to see that life itself was a story as romantic as we cared to make it. Our daily

official walks became gallant expeditions and we approached Arithmetic with a flaming sword."

I have, of course, given only the better side ; I have meant the reader to understand that the story-teller, though referred to as man, is, with us, oftener woman ; and I have omitted more than I have told. But the essence of the thing is there, as any story-teller knows.

ADDITIONAL SHORT STORIES SUITABLE FOR TELLING OR FOR EXPANSION

THERMOPYLAE

THE Greek poet Simonides wrote as an epitaph over the Spartan soldiers who died at Thermopylae, these words: "Stranger, go, tell the men of Sparta that we lie here—we have obeyed orders."

SIX MONTHS ABOVE THE EARTH, SIX BELOW

When Demeter (Ceres) had lost her daughter Persephone (Proserpina) she never laughed or smiled because of her great grief. And even the earth and the things that grew upon the earth mourned for the sorrow that had come to her. There was no fruit upon the trees, no corn came up in the fields, no flowers blossomed in the gardens. Then Zeus looked down from his high hill and saw that everything must die unless he could soothe the grief and anger of Demeter. So he sent Hermes down to Hades, the dark and stern king, to bid him send Persephone to see her mother Demeter. But before Hades let her go, he gave her a pomegranate to eat, because he did not wish her to stay away from him always, and he knew that she must come back if she tasted but one seed. . . . The sun was sinking in the sky when Hermes left Persephone, and as she came near to the fountain of Eleusis she saw someone sitting near it in a long black robe and she knew that it must be her mother. And as Demeter heard the rustling of her dress she lifted up her face and her daughter stood before her.

Again and again she held Persephone in her arms and asked her about all that had befallen her. And she said, "Now that you are come back to me, I shall never let you go away again; Hades shall not have my child to live with him in his dreary kingdom." But Persephone said, "It may not be so, my mother; for before Hermes brought me away, Hades gave me a pomegranate, and I have eaten some of the seeds; and I must go back to him when six months have passed by. And, indeed, I am not afraid to go; for although he never smiles or laughs, he is very kind to me. But do not be sorry, my mother, for he has promised to let me come up

and stay with you for six months every year, and the other six months I must spend with him in the land beneath the earth."

[This is taken from the well-known and admirable *Tales of Ancient Greece* by G. W. Cox ; a few words are altered. The teacher who knows the myth of Demeter may easily expand the long story till it becomes an excellent introduction to the many stories that seem to be based on the changes of the seasons. It is to be noted that Hades is a person, not a place.]

A BUDDHA STORY

It is told us that the King of Benares was a great hunter, and that at last the animals remonstrated, and promised to supply him with one animal a day if he would give up the chase. The king consented, and lots were drawn for the first animal to be given. The lot fell on a dog that was going to have puppies, and the dog protested, saying that if she were killed more lives than one would be sacrificed. The king of the animals then offered himself in her place ; and the King of Benares, touched by this self-sacrifice, promised to hunt no more in the forest.

This king of the animals was Buddha himself.

MIDAS

When King Midas wished to rid himself of the curse of gold he was told to go and wash in the river Pactolus. He did so, and the stream took the gold and carried it down its course—and all men shared in it.

THE POOR MAN'S BELL

It is said that, near a certain town in Northern Europe, there is a village sunk beneath a lake ; and on some days when the water of the lake is low the tower of the sunken church may be seen. And the people of the town did their best to take from the tower the church bells, but could not. On a day, some children seeing the tower uncovered by the water, rowed out in a boat, and a girl laid her handkerchief upon the bell. Thereupon the people, and above others the rich people, of the place made one more attempt ; but the bell would not be moved. And when they had departed, a peasant, coming down from the mountains with two oxen, took a boat and a rope, and fastened one end of the rope to the bell and the other to his oxen on the shore. Then he cried, " Pull, my

oxen ; pull, my oxen. The rich and poor are one to God." And the oxen pulled and the bell came from the lake, and they set it in their own church tower.

And nowadays, when any poor man dies and his friends cannot afford to pay for the ringing of the bells, this bell begins all of itself, and it sets the others ringing, and as they ring they seem to say, "The-Rich-and-Poor-Are-One-to-God."

THE FIRST MUSIC

An old tradition says that Japhet invented the first musical instrument by listening to the murmur of the water and the rustling of the leaves.

THE LAND OF THE LOTUS

For many a day the sailors rowed until a wind from the north drove them to the Land of Forgetfulness. The blue hills glimmered in a dreamy haze. The trees bowed their heads in a peaceful slumber ; the waves sank lazily to sleep. They were weary of all their wandering ; Troy was left far behind and Ithaca seemed so far in front of them ; and they cried one to another, " Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will no longer roam."

And Odysseus, their leader, said within himself, " Surely some spell is on this land " ; yet he bade three of his men go forth and ask the name of the land and of the people who dwelt there. Then went these three men forward, and they came where men and



maidens were lying on the soft grass, and in front of them a banquet with rich and rosy fruit, and some slept. "Eat," said a maiden, "O strangers, of the fruit which kills all pain. Eat, and forget your labours, for all who eat of this fruit remember no more toil and strife and war! So they ate of the fruit, and on their ears fell the echo of a dreamy music, and they said one to another —

We will return no more
Then all at once they sang: Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.

A long time Odysseus waited for the three, and at last he rose up and went quickly on the path by which his men had gone. And when he had found them in a deep dell, they called to him and said: "Stay here in the land of forgetfulness; sit down and eat of this fruit and forget all your cares." But Odysseus hurried back to the ship and bade the other men come with him and bring ropes and bind the three. Then they bound them and they paid no heed to the people of the land. And they brought the men bound down to the ship, and set sail quickly and rowed out to sea. But the palm trees of the land of forgetfulness seemed to be beckoning them back again, and a deeper peace settled on the land. The men who were bound moaned, and begged to be taken back again; but Odysseus would not listen.

[The whole of this story is told beautifully in Cox's *Tales*; and if an antidote be needed, the teacher may well make into a story the stirring poem of Ulysses, by Tennyson, which is an answer to all idleness and dream.]

CAMILLA

We are told in old story that there was once a king named Metabus, who lived in Italy. His subjects revolted against him and drove him from the land. And to save his life he had to flee, he and his little daughter. His enemies pursued him, and his one thought was for the baby girl, Camilla. So in his trouble he cried to the goddess Diana, and promised her that if she would only help him to save the child he would dedicate Camilla to the service of Diana. This meant that the girl should grow up and live in the open; that she should know nothing of the cares of a household; that she should, like the goddess Diana, hunt the lion and the bear upon the mountains. Like Samuel and Samson and John the Baptist, she should be a dedicated child. There are many stories of children

who, even in the oldest days, and outside the pages of the Bible, were thus set aside to be the servants of some pagan god or goddess. And as Metabus fled he was thinking that Diana was sure to help him. But in his very path there rose something he had not seen—the river Amasenus. What could he do? Should he try to swim the river with the baby on his back? Should he float the baby on the stream and trust to the goddess to bring her safe to land? You will not guess what this king did. He fastened the child to the shaft of his spear and threw her as far as he could into the water. Then he entered the river himself and swam to the farther shore; and when he reached it, to his delight he found the child safe and tied to the spear. There he knelt down, and after this he went upon his way and saved his own life and that of Camilla.

But he did not forget his vow that he had made; and when he was received in a more friendly land he brought his girl up in the service of Diana. Oh, she was a strong child; she knew that she would never take a needle in her hand and never sweep a room, or sit at the weaving or plait the baskets that would hold the flowers at some religious festival. Instead, she lived upon the mountain side, and learned to run and jump and swim and throw a dart, and kill the lion and the bear. The old writers who tell of her are fond of saying in their strange way that she could ripple over the tops of the corn and never hurt the ears, and flash along the tops of the waves like a dolphin. She was promised to a goddess who never let any of her servants marry; but she would let them hunt and fight in war. So we hear that when Italy was invaded by Æneas, who was afterwards to be the founder of Rome, Camilla was one of those who joined the great army against the Trojans. It was sad; even the goddess Diana did not want her dear Camilla to fight like an Amazon in the ranks of the rough soldiers. But other women have done the same, and Joan of Arc is not the only girl who has put a helmet on her head and fastened a sword at her side. Many a lady in the land would have been only too glad to see Camilla marry her son, but the war called her and her fate. With other maidens whom she had trained, she was in the very forefront of the battle, and after many deeds of daring she fell wounded, and with a last message to her general she sank from her horse. Then "tenfold round her body the noise of battle rose," but even yet the goddess had not forsaken the brave girl, and Diana sent a messenger to avenge Camilla and bring her dead body from the battle. Upon the walls of the town the women had seen all

that Camilla had done, and they in their turn took up darts and clubs and stakes, and fought for their Fatherland. Camilla, as I told you, was by no means the only woman who fought as a man, and the old books of the world tell us of many more instances than the books of to-day do : you may ask me to tell you of Artemisia and of Judith.

A HARD-WORKING ORATOR

When Demosthenes was a boy of seven his father died, and left the child to the care of three guardians, who neglected his property and left him pretty much to his own resources. It was this that made the boy determined to get on, and always afterwards he hated injustice of any kind. We always find that great men gather round them a set of stories, some true and some, if not true, at least pointing out what the people of their day thought might have happened to them. There are any number of stories about King David, Romulus, Napoleon, Alfred, Shakespeare, Peter the Great, Charlemagne. So with Demosthenes. The boy determined to be a speaker in the courts, but a very bad speaker he turned out to be : he threw his arms about, he arranged what he had to say in a very confusing fashion, and, worse than all, he stammered or at least he had something the matter with his voice. He would go away from the court quite dejected, for the people had merely laughed at him, and nothing could possibly be worse for an orator or for a story-teller either. He used to cover his head and go away and fall into great distress. But one day an actor met him and asked him to repeat some verses to him, just as anyone to-day might ask a speaker to say a speech out of a play of Shakespeare. And when Demosthenes had done so, the actor gave the speech himself, and at once Demosthenes saw what a difference there was in the two ways of saying it. He began by trying to cure his bad speaking, and went down to the shore and put a pebble in his mouth and tried to speak in such a way that he could be heard, for, said he, if they can understand me when I have a stone in my mouth, they will much more easily understand when there is nothing there. He used to walk up hill and even to run up hill and talk as he went, and, better than that, he practised before a looking-glass, so that he could see when he used silly gestures. He is said to have built himself a room underground where he could practise speaking ; and, more than that, he would go on studying there month after month, shaving one side of his hair so that he might not be tempted

to go out and so waste his time. He would take a speech of someone else's and improve it, and then he would learn it word for word. It is most wonderful that a man with all these things against him, a kind of stammer, bad gestures, timidity, and a great difficulty of saying anything upon the spur of the moment, should have at last become so famous that he is supposed to have been one of the greatest, if not the greatest, orator in the world. History is full of the names of people who accomplished immense things and yet seemingly had almost everything against them. I could tell you of King Alfred, of Moses, of Pascal, of Herbert Spencer, of Alexander Pope, of Milton, of the historian Prescott, and most wonderful of all, of Dostoeffsky and Helen Keller. They overcame their weaknesses and triumphed.

COBBETT'S WIFE

When I first saw my wife she was 13 years old, and I was within about a month of 21. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. It was my habit when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out in the snow scrubbing out a washing tub. "That's the girl for me," said I when we had got out of her hearing.

From the day that I first spoke to her I never had a thought of her being the wife of any other man more than I had the thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolutions at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission. . . . But, alas, the artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she with them, and now it was that I acted the part of a sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her; and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others,

in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her if she found her home uncomfortable to hire a lodging with respectable people, and at any rate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes and to live without hard work until I arrived in England. As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time. At the end of four years, however, home I came and found my little girl a servant of all work at five pounds a year ; and without saying a word about the matter she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken.

The following short list of ideas for story is partly taken from the large collection of medieval tales and outlines to be found in the *Catalogue of Romances* in the British Museum. I suppose that there are not fewer than twenty thousand of such little things. The Middle Ages were full of the quaintest imagination and it is a great mistake to label them ages of faith, of naïve beliefs, of imperfect science, and then to think we have done with them. In their strange way they used the knowledge they had, a good deal of which was inaccurate, to carry meanings which are universally valuable. Thus they, and not the Puritans, not the theologians, not the philosophers, are the lineal descendants of the speaker of the New Testament parables.

The eternal wisdom of man is always constant ; the knowledge fluctuates. I have spoken elsewhere of the unwillingness of the modern pulpit to use the acknowledged method of the Gospels in approaching large audiences ; if anyone would seek to apply that method I do not know what better textbook can be found than the *Catalogue of Romances*. The contention that the cloth of the stories is outworn rags is not pertinent ; the method of the Gospels shines through these tiny tales. We need not take their actual plots and we cannot speak of them as facts ; but they not only make us think, they let us see, through a coloured window, what the old times were like.

A lawyer pretends he cannot plead for or against, as the case

may be, because he has a sore throat ; the real reason being that he has been bribed.



A fool dressed in a new tunic cannot recognize himself in the glass. So, when Homer is refused an audience of the king on account of his new clothes, he goes and puts on fresh robes, is heard, and then takes the clothes off and bows to them for having obtained an audience for him.

[Clothes stories are many ; it is said that the poet, Francis Thompson, was refused entry to a London library because of his dress—whereas, now, if he could claim admittance, we should be glad to lay a carpet down in his honour. Andersen's story of the emperor's new clothes is well-known.]



A bishop gives his nephew a cure of souls, but will not trust him with a few pears.

[This forms the motive of a large number of stories, and the meaning behind it (which is that so long as matters don't touch us personally we don't care, and we don't look forward to possibilities) is capable of carrying a good deal of story. It also hints at the very peculiar position which the transference of property by way of gift, loan, trust, etc., takes on among people who are—for all their professions—essentially niggardly in money matters.]

An abbot abandons a lawsuit because of his adversary's sadness.

[This is a very pretty motive and may be expanded. It shows a sweetness quite different from mercy or pity or magnanimity.]

A jar is filled as penance with a single tear.

[Old stories often astonish us by their insistence on the *reality* and not on the *amount* of penitence. A look, a silence, a handshake, will do.]

[There are many stories of Invisible Fire. The meaning is clear, but the idea requires or invites some study. The visualization of a punishment or an expiation taking place under our eyes, *with no kind of outward sign*, is capable of carrying a plot.]

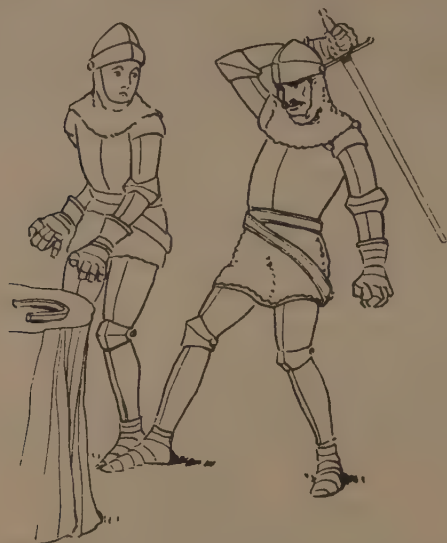
A woman in London shrank from confessing a grievous sin. Christ appeared and thrust her hand into His side. "Show me thy heart as I have shown thee Mine." Her hand remains red until she has confessed.

[Old miracle stories may be told as they are, or they may be camouflaged. They abound, and I give but one or two instances; the meaning behind and not the surface improbability has to be hinted at. An audience that is miracle-proof is quite alive to meaning.]

A man on going through a cemetery, always repeats the *De Profundis*. Later, when he is flying from his pursuers, the grateful dead rise and help him to escape.

[This medieval truth (not fact) is capable of carrying very fine and differing stories.]

The crucifix bows to a merciful knight.



A knight who can cut a horseshoe in two with his sword, lends the sword to another who cannot even cut a nail. He explains that though he lent the sword he cannot lend his arm.

The Devil names himself *Claudens aurem* (Shut-ears); and his companions he calls *Claudens cor* (Shut-heart), *Claudens os* (Shut-mouth), *Claudens bursam* (Shut-purse).

William in Villa Murelli (Muret in Toulouse) was devoted to children; and all the children in the town watched by his corpse.

[It is customary to say—but I believe it is not true—that older days made no great fuss about children and their ways, and that till our enlightened time children were unhappy. It is incumbent on the story-teller who loves children to collect the traces of children in history; where "little footsteps lightly print the ground." Becker's *Gallus and Charicles* will

supply something for Greece and Rome, and there are one or two Roman epitaphs; the scanty notices of the Children's Crusade, if it occurred; the *Babees Book*; the Widgery Library of the Teachers' Guild in Gower Street; and the very scattered references in historians, beginning with the child-lover Herodotus, and the hints in numberless biographies, will lead the searcher forwards, till he finds that the mass of material is not inconsiderable.]

A little girl, reproved for laughing in church, said by way of excuse, "When the priest lifted the Host, my Sweetheart smiled at me."

A man left an ass for the use of his three sons, in turn, day by day; each of them trusts to his brothers to feed it.

A man left his estate to the laziest of his three sons. When each had asserted his superlative laziness it was announced that he had disinherited them all.

The Day of Judgment will come when all the seats in heaven are filled.

The following from Halliwell is not perhaps a story, nor is it much of a riddle, but I set it down for its music.

I have four sisters beyond the sea,
Para-mara dictum domine;
And they did send four presents to me.
Partum quartum paradise tempum,
Para-mara dictum domine.

The first it was a bird without e'er a bone,
Para-mara dictum domine;
The second was a cherry without e'er a stone.
Partum quartum paradise tempum,
Para-mara dictum domine.

The third it was a blanket without e'er a thread,
Para-mara dictum domine;
The fourth it was a book which no man could read.
Partum quartum paradise tempum,
Para-mara dictum domine.

How can there be a bird without e'er a bone ?

Para-mara dictum domine ;

How can there be a cherry without e'er a stone ?

Partum quartum paradise tempum,

Para-mara dictum domine.

How can there be a blanket without e'er a thread ?

Para-mara dictum domine ;

How can there be a book which no man can read ?

Partum quartum paradise tempum,

Para-mara dictum domine.

When the bird's in the shell there is no bone,

Para-mara dictum domine ;

When the cherry's in the bud there is no stone.

Partum quartum paradise tempum,

Para-mara dictum domine.

When the blanket's in the fleece there is no thread,

Para-mara dictum domine ;

When the book's in the press no man can read.

Partum quartum paradise tempum,

Para-mara dictum domine.

" Paradise " is, of course, four syllables. The little thing may be taken in parts and the sham Latin may be chorused ; the whole may even be acted.

The mare of the Corinthian Phidolas, which was called Aura, though its rider fell off at the beginning of the race, yet ran straight and turned at the goal, and when it heard the sound of the trumpet ran on all the faster and beat all the other horses by the decision of the umpires and knew that it had come in first ; then it stopped running. And the people of Elis proclaimed Phidolas victor, and allowed him to set up a statue of this mare.

Glaucus was the son of Demylus and they say originally he was a husbandman, and once when the ploughshare came off his plough he put it on again, using his hand instead of a hammer. And Demylus marvelled at his son's strength,

and in consequence sent him to Olympia as a boxer. And then Glaucus being unpractised in that kind of contest, was badly handled by his antagonists, and when boxing with the last of them seemed likely to faint away from his punishment ; and they say his father cried out, " My boy, remember the ploughshare." Then Glaucus put in a terrible blow at his antagonist and won the prize.

One of the celebrated Gotham men bought a trivet in the market and carried it home. Becoming tired of carrying it, he



put it down and said, " You have three legs and I two ; stand still if thou wilt, and follow me if thou wilt. I will tell thee the right way to my home."

The Schildburg men, who correspond with the men of Gotham, once built a council-house without windows. They first brought in torches ; next they carried in sunlight (in tubs), then they took off the roof ; but at last one saw some light through a crevice and they decided to make windows.

When Catana was destroyed by Etna, two sons took their father and mother on their backs and fled. People say that the flames divided to let the boys pass.

I have myself seen, says Pausanias, a dolphin so full of gratitude to a boy by whom he had been healed of a wound received from some fisherman, that he was obedient to his call and carried him on his back over the sea wherever he wished.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT

There was once a shepherd, who found a tiny blue flower so beautiful that he thought he had never seen anything like it in his life before. He tied it to his crook and went on home. All of a sudden there met him a fairy of the wood, who said to him :

"O you lucky man, what a treasure you have got to be sure. Take it with you and go and put it down and touch the rock with it (there's the rock), and the rock will open out, and inside you'll find gold and silver and diamonds, Take as much as you like, but remember: "Don't forget the best, don't forget the best."



Then the shepherd went and laid the little flower close to the rock, and the rock opened, and the shepherd went in and took the flower with him. Then he put the flower down and looked round, and saw

gold and silver and diamonds, just as the fairy had told him. All in heaps. They shone so beautifully that he was blinded and didn't know what he was doing. Then he stooped down and gathered as much as he could. And while he was doing it he heard the fairy say outside, "Don't forget the best, don't forget the best." But the shepherd didn't trouble about anything but the gold and the silver, and the diamonds. And when he had gathered all he could, he went out of the rock and left the little flower behind.

Then the rock closed behind him with a crash. Off he went home to show his treasure to his wife and children. But what a change. When he opened his sack to take out the gold, there was nothing there but dust and ashes. Then he remembered that he had left the best inside the mountain ; he had forgotten the little flower. Don't forget the best. He hurried back, but the mountain was closed and the flower could not be seen, and there was no way of getting there again. Forget-me-not, forget-me-not.

(From the German.)

THE DESERT ISLAND

A rich man who wished to make a slave of his happy, gave him his freedom and a shipload of merchandise. "Go and sail to other countries, and all thou receivest shall be thy own." The freed slave sailed away, but before long a storm overtook him ; his ship was driven on a rock and went to pieces, and all were lost excepting this slave alone, who swam to an island near. Sad, and with nothing in the world, he traversed the island until he approached a great city, and was met by crowds, who cried "Welcome, welcome ! Long live the King !" They placed him in a chariot, carried him to a palace and addressed him as their king. The man was dazed, and thought it all a dream, and at last asked of one who waited on him what it all meant.

"Sire," said the man, "this island is inhabited by spirits. Long since, they prayed to God to send them yearly a son of man to rule over them, and He answered their prayer. Yearly He sends them a son of man, whom they receive and place upon the throne, but his power lasts but for a year. At its close his royal garments are taken from him, he is placed on board a ship and carried to a vast and desolate island where he finds neither friend nor subject, and spends a weary and miserable life. Then they choose a new king, and so year follows year. The kings who went before thee were careless and indifferent ; be wiser thou."

The new king listened, and said, "Advise me, O Spirit of Wisdom, how I may prepare."

"Naked thou camest, naked thou wilt go ; but at present thou art king. Send, therefore, workmen to the island and let them build and till and beautify. People will journey there to live, and thou shalt have subjects to welcome thee. The year is short, the work is long."

The king did so. And at the year's end the island that was desolate had become pleasant and beautiful.

The day of his dethronement came ; he was deprived of his authority ; with his power he lost his royal robes ; he was placed naked on a ship and the sails set for the desolate isle.

But, when he approached its shores, the people who had gone before him came to meet him with music, song and joy.

(From the Talmud.)

DEMOSTHENES

When Demosthenes wished to speak to the Athenians on a matter of public policy, they would not listen to him. So he asked leave to tell them a story. And when they had given him leave, he said : " One day, a young man, wishing to go from Megara to Corinth, hired an ass. The day was very hot, and the young man walked along in the ass's shadow. The owner of the ass objected to this and said that the young man had hired the ass, but not its shadow. The young man said——" Then Demosthenes went home. And the Athenians followed him, wishing to know the end of the story. " You see," he said, " when I tell you a story of an ass's shadow you want me to go on ; but when I talk to you on matters of public importance, you will not listen."

THE HUMMING-TOP

Count Geierflug, the mightiest minister of the realm, had breathed his last. His final moments on earth had left him looking somewhat pale and worn, but had not lessened his pride or the aristocratic elegance of his bearing. Dressed in a gold-laced coat such as ministers wear when lying in state, he started off on the direct road to heaven.

Stepping out well, he presently overtook a little group—three wretched people, a white-haired old pauper woman, a youth, from whose neck still dangled the rope which he had brought with him from the last scene of his life on earth, and a little hump-backed consumptive boy, six years old, who kept looking at a toy clasped in his thin hand.

The Count arrived at the gate of heaven and politely addressed St. Peter.

"Would your Reverence kindly tell me the way——"

"It's not your turn. Those three you passed on the road come first."

"Before *me*?—My name is Geierflug, the Prime Minister. I bear the title of Excellency, am knight of several orders, member of several learned societies."

"We don't recognize those things up here."

"But your Reverence was a kind of knight yourself and wielded a dashing blade in that affair with Malchus."

St. Peter stared.

"And your Reverence was a sort of scholar, or author, or——"

"No, I was a poor fisherman."

"Yet your Reverence's epistles are even more celebrated than the letters of Madame de Sévigné."

"Who?"

In the meantime the three pilgrims had arrived.

As soon as St. Peter saw the crippled boy he said kindly: "Run in, little one; this is the right place for you."

He then turned to a thick book, on which was written in big gold letters "Ledger."

"What's your name?"

"Brigitte Stegmaierin, if you please, holy St. Peter," she said with a curtsy.

"Precisely, Brigitte Stegmaierin,"—and he pored over the ledger. "Debit, 'She has a bitter bad tongue of her own.' While, h'm, charged to her credit, is: 'She's grievously poor.'"

"Poor," cried the old thing, flinging up her arms. "God's my witness, that's true enough, holy St. Peter, and you know, no one better, that poverty's a gnawing pain; poverty sweetens no one's temper."

"Well, well," said the apostle gently; "go in, granny, go in, in there. You won't find any more poverty or pain in there."

"What's your name?"

"Veit Kratzner."

"You stole a gold bracelet; item, a purse full of money; item, you stole the contents of the poor box at St. John's Church."

St. Peter scowled fiercely at the youth, who shook like a leaf in the wind.

"Credit, credit; He did it all at the instigation of his sweet-heart, and got hanged for it.' H'm, I suppose you were very much in love with this—person?"

"Ah," faltered the boy; "I can't tell you how much."

"Well, don't tell me about your love affairs. And you did get hanged for it. Be off out of my sight. Be off."

"In there?"

"Well, yes, only make haste or I may call you back."

Through the briefly-opened gates could be seen something that put a hand out and took the rope from the boy's neck.

"Now we're ready for you," remarked St. Peter, turning over leaf after leaf of the ledger, and suddenly exclaiming: "This looks promising indeed. Column after column of debit items, while nothing standing to your credit, absolutely nothing."

"I have advanced the commerce, manufactures and agriculture of my native land. I have protected and promoted the arts and sciences. I have built churches, schools, orphan asylums—and poorhouses——"

"All that's charged fast enough, not to your credit but against you, because it appears to have been done from ambition, selfishness, ostentation, and hypocrisy. That's what it says here."

"My life's great work. How I made my fatherland glorious, beyond all lands on earth, I do not need to mention, for I presume my fame has long ago ascended here."

"Your fame," replied St. Peter, "has not reached us; but there have been plenty of groans from battlefields and from mothers and brides; and I tell you, Count, if you've nothing better than this,—Hey, what are you back for, my little man?"

"Mithter Peter, Mithter Peter, have you seen my new humming-top?"

And the little cripple pulled the string and sent the top spinning with a jolly hum at the feet of the Count and the apostle.

"'Pon my word," said St. Peter, "a real humming-top. I don't remember seeing a humming-top up here before. It's a long time since I've seen a humming-top. How did it come here?"

"Mother put it in my grave with me," said the boy, seriously. He picked up the top, re-wound the string and holding it out temptingly to the apostle said, "Mithter Peter, if you'll let the Count go in there with me, I'll let you spin my top."

"Why, do you know the Count, child?"

"It was the Count who gave me my humming-top."

"This Count gave you your humming-top?"

"Yes. Once I was sitting at our door, eating my bread. And when I'd finished, I was crying. Just then the Count came driving

by in a coach with four grey horses. And the carriage stopped and the Count said : ' Are you hungry ? '

" I said : ' I'm lonely. Father and mother are off to work early and don't come back till late, and the boys won't play with me because I'm so slow.' Then he said he'd bring me something to play with, and he drove off and came back with the top. And we made it spin, the Count and me."

St. Peter buried his head in the ledger again and muttered.

" I know he's rather old-fogyish in his accounts, our old book-keeper, Gabriel ; still we've always been able to rely on him,—ah, I was sure of it. Here it is, on the very last credit page, in the corner : ' Gave a labourer's crippled child a toy, commonly called a kreisel or humming-top, and with great kindness showed him how to use it.' "

The next moment St. Peter took his red pencil and drew a broad line through several pages, and the child and the Count and the humming-top entered the door.

(From the German, by BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.)

THE TEST OF TRUTH, OR THE PICKLE

There was once a young man who was in love with a farmer's daughter, and the farmer's wife didn't think much of him, but the farmer said he'd *do*. So one night he comes to the farm and the girl's mother says to him, " You want to wed our Mary ? " " I do," says he. " Well," she says, " if you want to wed our Mary, you'll have to submit to the Test of Truth." " I'll submit to owt," says he. " Well," says she, " my father he submitted to it and my husband he submitted to it, and my grandfather he submitted to it ; and if you want to wed our Mary, you'll have to submit to it, too. Sit tha dahn theer." So when he had sat down, she said : " There was once a girl who lived at Bingley who was comin' across moor on a very hot day ; and she had some eggs in a basket. And she got so hot that she looked round for something to drink. At last she saw a pool with a lot of green stuff growin' over it. She didn't like the look of it at all, but she was that hot she had to drink something, so she put down her basket and drank some of the watter. Then she went on home, and she hadn't got far before she felt that bad. ' Oh, mother,' she says, ' I do feel that bad.' So they puts the girl to bed and sent for a doctor, and she got worse ;

then they sent for another doctor, and she got much worse. At last they did what they ought to ha' done at first ; they sent for the wise man o' the village. ' Oh,' says he, ' I know what's the matter with that girl. Have you been drinkin' anything strange lately ? ' ' Well,' she says, ' the day I was took bad I drank some watter from pool at top o' t' moor.' ' That's it,' says he, ' the girl has swallowed a pickle.' ' Can you cure her ? ' they says. ' Get out o' bed,' says he. So he got the girl out of bed and put her in a chair and tied



her feet to the front feet of the chair and her hands behind her back ; then he makes up a great fire o' logs. And he drew the girl's chair rearer and nearer to the fire ; and her face got hotter and hotter, and her cheeks redder and redder, and by and by she shut her eyes and oppened her mouth, and a little wiggly thing puts its head out of her mouth. An' the wise man made a grab at it ; and the pickle put in its head again and the girl shut her mouth. ' Never mind,' says he, ' we'll have another try.' So he puts another log on the fire and he drew the girl's chair nearer and her face got hotter and hotter and her cheeks redder and redder, and by and by she shut her eyes and oppened her mouth and a little wiggly thing puts its head out. And it came down and down and down and down and down until its head was on the fender and its tail in the girl's mouth. And the wise man made a grab at the pickle and caught it by the

middle and threw it into the fire. And the girl began to get better. Now," she says, "do you believe that story?" "I do," says he. "No, but," she says, "you must believe all of it." "I do," says he, "it's all true." "Then," says she, "you may e'en go home, for you're too big a fool to wed our Mary."

(From Yorkshire.)

CLEOBIS AND BITON

Cleobis and Biton were boys of Argive race; their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the Games. And this tale is told of them. . . . There was a great festival in honour of the goddess Hera, at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now, the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five and forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshippers and then their life closed in the best possible way. For the Argive men, standing round the car, extolled the vast strength of the youths, and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed, and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the goddess, besought her to grant to Cleobis and Biton, the sons who had so mightily honoured her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple and never woke more, but so passed from the earth. And the Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made which they gave to the shrine at Delphi.

(From Herodotus.)

MISÈRY, OR S. PETER AND S. PAUL

Once in a village in Brittany there was an old man named Misery. He was very poor, very lame, and very discontented. There was only one thing to make him at all happy; he had a beautiful apple-tree; no such apples as his were known in the country. But always in the apple season a thief would climb up and steal some of his

apples ; and he was too poor to set a watch to catch the thief ; so this made him unhappier still.

One year S. Peter and S. Paul were going round the world, and they came to the village where Misery lived. And they asked for shelter from the rich man, but he drove them away. Then they went to other people, and they drove them away. And at last Misery gave them shelter. So in the morning, S. Peter said, " Now, Misery, you've been very good to us. You shall ask



for one thing, and we will give it you." And Misery said, " S. Peter, I've got a beautiful apple-tree ; no such apples as mine grow anywhere in the country. But always in the apple season someone goes up and steals some apples. Now, I should like this ; that the man who goes up into my apple-tree should stick there and not be able to come down again till I let him."

And S. Paul laughed and he said, " Why, Misery, why don't you ask for contentment or wealth or a little happiness ? " " No," said Misery, " you can give me that or give me nothing." " Very well," said S. Peter, " you shall have your wish " ; and S. Peter and S. Paul went upon their way.

Not long after, in the apple season, Misery was coming back from

his work and he saw someone up in the apple-tree. "Oho," he thought, "I've caught my thief." And he went and looked up, and whom should he see but the rich man of the village! "You villain, you," he said, "to think of a rich man like you stealing a poor man's apples. Now I shall bring all the village up to jeer at you." And he brought all the village up to laugh at the rich man; and afterwards he let him come down. But no more apples were stolen.

Soon after this, Death was going round the world, and he came to the village where Misery lived. "Come along with me," said Death, "I want you." "Oh, no, you don't want a poor old man like me. Go to the rich man; go to them that long to die; but don't come for me." "Come along with me," said Death, "I want you." "Well, I'll come along with you, Death," said Misery, "if you'll just do one thing for me." "What's that?" said Death. "If you'll just go up into my apple-tree and fetch me down an apple." Well, Death thought that was not much to do; so he climbed up into the apple-tree. "There you are," said Misery, "and there you'll stick till I let you come down." Well, Death prayed and prayed and prayed; but Misery would not listen. And after a time everything in the world began to go wrong. Those that ought to have died did not die, and those that longed for Death to come and free them from their sufferings could not die; and everything was in confusion. And at last Death said, "You see, Misery, everything is going wrong; let me come down." "Well, I'll let you come down, Death," said Misery, "on one condition." "What's that?" said Death. "That you leave me alone and never come for me." "Very well," said Death. So Death came down from the apple-tree; and he still does his work walking abroad through the whole wide world.

And Misery remains in it.

THE HEAVENLY HARMONY

In the Golden Age, when the angels still played with the peasant children in the streets, the doors of heaven stood wide open and its glory streamed down upon the earth like rain. From earth men looked up into the open heavens and saw the blessed ones walking among the stars, and men and the blessed ones greeted one another. But most beautiful of all was the wonderful music that sounded out of heaven. God Himself had written the notes and a thousand

angels played them on harps and cymbals and trumpets. When the sound of that music began a hush fell upon all the earth. The wind ceased and the waters of the sea and of the rivers stood still. But the children of men smiled at one another and pressed each other's hands softly, for when they listened to that music they were filled with such a wonderful joy as can scarcely be described now to poor humanity.

So it was in those days, but it soon came to an end. For one day God shut the doors of Heaven and said to the angels, "Leave your



music, for I am sad." And then all the angels were sad, too, and sat down each one on a cloud with his book of music and with their little golden scissors they cut the leaves into innumerable fragments and let them fall upon the earth. There the wind caught them and carried them like snowflakes over hill and dale, and strewed them throughout the world. And the children of men seized each a fragment, one a large bit and another a little one, and took great care of them and prized them highly, for they were parts of the heavenly harmony that had sounded so wonderful. But after a time they began to disagree and to quarrel among themselves, for each believed he had found the best, and at last each declared that

the bit he had was the real heavenly harmony, and all the others poor and valueless. Anyone who wanted to be thought clever—and there were many—added a great flourish before and after his notes and thought that the finest part of it. One whistled A and another sang B; one wanted to sing in the major and another in the minor key. In short, there was a din like Bedlam let loose—and so it has been till this day.

But when the Last Day comes, when the stars fall down to the earth and the sun into the sea and men crowd about the doors of heaven like children waiting for a Christmas tree—then God will send the angels to collect all the scraps of paper from His book of heavenly music, the large as well as the small, and even the quite tiny ones on which is only one single note. The angels will join all the pieces together and then the doors of heaven will open wide and the glorious harmony will ring out again as beautiful as ever. Then the children of men will stand and listen, wondering and ashamed, and will say one to another, "You had that bit and I had this, but now it sounds quite different and wonderfully beautiful—now that each note is in its proper place.

Yes—so will it be—there is no doubt about it.

(From the German; see Preface.)

THE THREE SISTERS WITH GLASS HEARTS

There are people with glass hearts. If they are gently touched they ring as sweetly as silver bells, but if they are roughly handled they break.

Once upon a time there were a king and queen who had three daughters and all three had glass hearts. "My dears," said the queen, "take care of your hearts; they are fragile things." And they did.

But one day the eldest sister leaned out of the window to look down into the garden and watch the bees and butterflies among the gilly flowers, and in so doing she pressed her heart against the window sill. Crack! it went, like a glass breaking, and she fell down dead.

And again, after some time, the second daughter drank a cup of very hot coffee. Then again there was a sound of cracking glass, only not quite so loud, and she too fell down in a faint. Her mother lifted her up and saw with joy that she was not dead, but that her heart was only cracked and still held together.

"Now, what shall we do with our daughter?" debated the king and queen. "She has a crack in her heart and though it is only a little one, still it will break one day. We must take great care of her."

But the Princess said, "Let me alone—cracked things often hold together for a very long time."

Meanwhile the youngest princess had grown up too. And she was so beautiful and good and kind that kings' sons flocked from all sides to woo her. But the old king had grown wise through trouble and said, "I have only one whole daughter left, and she, too, has a heart of glass. If I give her to anyone it must be to a king who is also a glazier and accustomed to such fragile wares."

But among all the suitors there was not one who happened to be a glazier as well as a king, so they all had to go away again.

Among the pages in the castle was one who had nearly finished all he had to learn. When he had carried the youngest princess's train three times more he would be a nobleman. Then the king would congratulate him and say, "Now you have quite finished. Thank you. You may go." The first time he carried the princess's train he noticed that she had a most royal walk. The second time he carried her train the princess said, "Let go my train for a moment—give me your hand and lead me up the steps—but gently, as is proper for a page who gives his hand to a princess." As he did this he noticed that she had a most royal hand. She also noticed something, but what that was I will tell you later. The third time he carried her train, the princess turned round to him and said, "How nicely you carry my train; no one has ever carried it so nicely before." Then the page noticed that she had a most royal way of speaking. And by that time he had finished and was a nobleman. The king congratulated him, thanked him, and told him he might go. As he went the king's daughter stood by the garden door and said: "You carried my train so nicely—better than anyone else. If only you were a king or a glazier." To which he replied that he would do his very best to become both—if only she would wait for him he would certainly come back.

So he went to a glazier and asked him if he wanted an apprentice. "To be sure," replied the glazier. "But you must serve me four years. In the first you will learn to fetch the bread from the baker, wash and dress the children, and comb their hair. In the second you will learn to spread the putty in the cracks—in the

third you will learn to cut and set the glass, and in the fourth you will be a master."

The nobleman asked if he could not begin at the other end—it would be so much quicker. But the glazier pointed out that a good craftsman always begins at the beginning, and to that he agreed. In the first year he fetched the bread from the baker's, washed and dressed the children, and combed their hair. In the next he spread the putty in the cracks. In the third he learnt to cut and set the glass, and in the fourth he became a master. Then he dressed himself again in his nobleman's clothes—took leave of his master and began to consider how to set about becoming a king.

As he walked down the street, deep in thought and staring at the pavement, a man came up to him and asked him if he had lost anything since he gazed so hard at the ground. He replied that he had not lost anything, but he was looking for something—namely a kingdom, and he asked the man if he knew what he ought to do in order to become a king.

"If you were a glazier," said the man, "I could soon tell you."

"But that's just what I am," he replied. "I have just finished my apprenticeship."

As soon as he had said this the man told him the story of the three sisters with glass hearts and how the old king would only marry his daughter to a glazier. "At first," said he, "the condition was that the glazier who won her must also be a king or a king's son—but as it was impossible to find anyone who was both king and glazier, he has had to yield a point—as a wise man always does—and make two other conditions instead. He must still be a glazier—there is no getting out of that."

"What are the two conditions?" asked the young nobleman.

"He must please the princess and he must have white hands. If a glazier comes whom the princess likes and who has white hands, the king will give him his daughter and later, when he dies, make him king in his place. Numbers of glaziers have been to the castle but the princess liked none of them. Besides, none of them had white hands, but coarse and rough—as indeed is only to be expected of ordinary glaziers."

When the young nobleman heard this he went to the castle, made himself known to the king, and reminded him that he had been one of his pages. He also told him that for love of his daughter he had become a glazier and he would like to marry her and succeed to the kingdom. Then the king sent for the princess and asked her if she

liked the young nobleman, and as she said "Yes" to this—for she had recognized him at once—the king asked him to take off his gloves and show whether he had white hands. But the princess said that was quite unnecessary—she knew he had, she had noticed it long ago when he led her up the steps. So both conditions were fulfilled and the princess married a glazier—and a man with white hands into the bargain—and he took such care of her heart that it lasted all her life.

And the second sister, who had the crack in her heart, became an aunt—and the very best aunt in the world—not only in the opinion of the children whom the princess and the young nobleman had, but also in the opinion of everybody else. She taught the little princesses to read and say their prayers and make dolls' clothes, and she inspected the little princes' reports. If they had good reports she praised them and gave them a present, but if one of them had a bad report she gave him a box on the ear and said, "What are you thinking about, you lazy prince? What is going to become of you later? Come—out with it." And when he sniffed and said, "K-king," she laughed and asked, "King Midas, eh, with two long donkey's ears?" Then he who had the bad report was very much ashamed of himself.

And the second princess grew to be very old too, although her heart was cracked. If anyone remarked on it she always said, "That which is cracked in youth and does not heal, often lasts a long time."

And that is true. For my mother has an old cream jug with little bunches of coloured flowers round it; it is cracked, and has been as long as I can remember, and it still holds together—and since my mother has had it ever so many new cream jugs have been bought and broken—more than I can count.

(From the German; see Preface.)

THE INVISIBLE KINGDOM

In a little house a quarter of an hour's distance from the village lived a young peasant named Samuel. He had so many acres there that no thought of sorrow ever crossed his mind. Behind his house on the skirt of the wood there was an old mill stone; so old was the wood and so old the stone that the grandchildren of the men who had put them both there were dead and buried now for a hundred years. And he would sit on the stone and look down over the valley and the noisy stream and the opposite hills. His head

would sink on his hands, his elbows dented his knees, and there he dreamed ; and they called him Samuel the Dreamer.

The older he grew the more silent he was ; and in the evenings he would watch till the moon rose over mountain and valley, and woods whispered quite differently from ordinary woods, and the ash, underneath which his father was buried, knew and said more than any tree ever knew or said before. And stars came out and came down and twinkled in the river and fooled and laughed at him till the keeper of the stars stopped them and said they were



thousands of years of age and too old to go on like that. It was a wonderful valley.

But only Samuel knew of it. The people were quite ordinary people, washing their clothes in the river and looking up at the stars to say, " It will be right cold to-night. I hope the potatoes won't freeze." Samuel once or twice told them there were other meanings in the river and the stars ; but they laughed. They were quite ordinary people.

And as he dreamed one evening there came a golden hammock down, hung by silver strings, and out of it looked a girl who threw him a rose, clapping her hands whenever the hammock neared the earth. And the strings drew the hammock upwards. And he woke, and on the mill stone lay a bunch of roses.

The next night it was the same ; the hammock, the girl and the roses. And at the end of a week Samuel said, " There is something in this " ; so he closed his cottage and wandered out to look for her.

After many days he came to a land where the clouds hung thick upon the ground, and in a deep wood he heard a cry of anguish ; and pressing forward he saw an old knight with a silver-grey beard, lying on the ground. And over him stood two splinter-naked fellows, trying to murder him. Samuel looked round for a weapon,



but found none, so he tore up a young shoot, with which he beat the fellows off. Then he lifted the knight, who thanked him.

" Who are you ? " he asked.

" I," said the old knight, " am the king of dreams and have wandered some way out of my kingdom into the land of my greatest enemy, the king of facts. He sent these fellows to murder me."

" Have you offended him then ? "

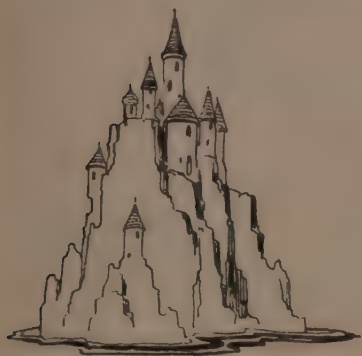
" God forbid ; but he is dead against everyone else. It is part of his character, and me he hates like sin."

" But why are these fellows splinter naked ? "

" Oh, nobody wears clothes in his kingdom—not even the king himself. They are a shameless crew. But now that you have saved my life, come. I will show you my land. It is the finest in the world and the dreams are all my servants."

So he went on and Samuel followed. They found among the hanging clouds a door half hidden in the bushes. Down five hundred steps they went and came to a brightly-lighted grotto, wonderfully adorned. It was the land of dreams. The country was peculiar. There were castles on islands and you called them if you wanted to climb into them ; there were gardens with flowers which only bloomed at night ; there were birds who talked to you. It was all so strange.

"Now I will show you some of my servants," said the king. "There are three classes : Good dreams, bad dreams, imps."



He turned towards a castle, so curiously built that you might call the architectural style comic. "Here are the imps, little conceited, tricky things. Come here, little one," he cried. "Now, you see this little fellow. When I send him out by night, what does he do, do you think ? He goes straight to a house where some pious man lies sleeping sound, drags him out, carries him up to the top of the church tower and throws him down headlong. Then he jumps down, gets to the ground before him, catches him, and dabs him down in his bed again—so that the poor fellow cries out and wakes. Then he rubs the sleep from his eyes and says, '*Ei du lieber Gott.* . . I thought I had fallen from the church tower.' "

"I know him," said Samuel.

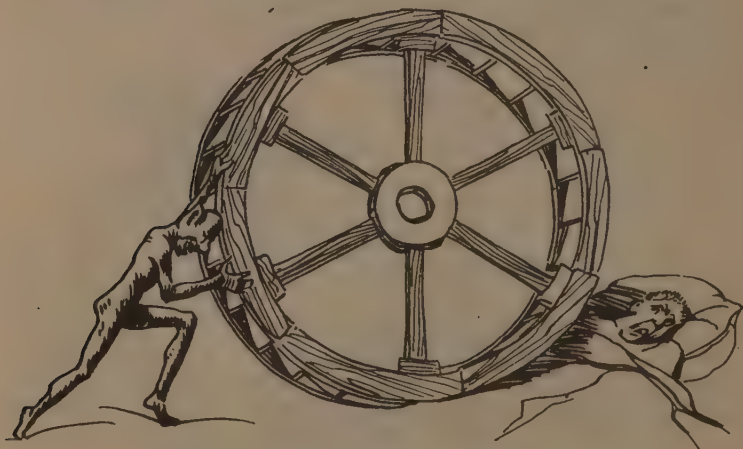
"Here's another," said the king. "Barks like a dog, and has the strength of a lion, and when people are in a great hurry in their dreams he ties their hands and legs, and they can't move."

"I know him, too," said Samuel. "He's often held me away from something."

"Here," said the king, "are the bad dreams." He called one of them. "Where are you going to-night?"

The dream came near, rolling a mill-wheel.

"I am going to the bed of a man who has let his father starve. 'Drive the beggar away,' he said to his servants when the old man asked for bread. And I shall roll him under the mill-wheel till his bones are broken short and small. 'See how you tremble, shaky man.' Then he wakes and his teeth chatter and he cries,



'Wife, get me another blanket.' Then he sleeps and I begin again."

Then the king led him to a garden and the kind dreams were walking there. One was like a pale girl and under her arm she had a Noah's ark and a box of tricks. "She is going," said the king, "to a child whose mother is dead. In the day he is alone and no one looks after him; at night, early in the evening, she goes and plays with him till morning. She is going now because he sleeps early. The others all go later."

So the king and Samuel paced the garden and watched the dreams—men, women, children, with kind faces, and carrying in their hands all things the heart can desire. All at once, Samuel stopped and cried so loud that the dreams came round him.

"What is it?" said the king.

"The girl," Samuel cried, "who brought me the roses."

"Of course it is," said the king. "She is the most beautiful dream I have."

There she was, sitting in her hammock, rocking herself.

As soon as she saw Samuel she sprang up. O, how many things there were to talk about, and the king of dreams walked up and down with hands behind his back, and sometimes looked at his watch to see how late it was. At last he came up to them and said, "It's very late, children. And I can't keep you here to-night, Samuel; I have no beds here, and dreams do not sleep, you know; and you, princess, you ought to be going. Come to me, my dear, soon, that I may tell you to whom to go and what you are to say."

Then Samuel stood up. "My lord," he said, "from this lady, my princess, I never go. Either you must keep us here or you must send her with me to the earth. I cannot live without her." Thereupon came a tear to his eye as big as a hazel-nut.

"But, Samuel," said the king, "she is the beautifullest dream I have. But you have saved my life, so I suppose it must be so. Take your princess and go with her to earth. And when you get there, take the silver veil from her and throw it back to my door in the bushes. Then your princess will be of flesh and blood and like a child of man; now she is only a dream."

Samuel thanked the king heartily and replied, "But, my lord, now that I have a princess, where is my kingdom?—it is impossible for a princess to have no kingdom. Please give her one, if it is only a little one."

"Your kingdom," said the king, "is an invisible one; I have no visible ones to give. Besides, suppose I had and you were king of it. In the morning your minister comes and says, 'Your majesty, I want 1,000 thalers to-day'; and you open your treasury and find nothing. Or you fight a battle and lose and the other king takes your princess prisoner and puts her in a tower. Now then, accidents like these can never occur in an invisible kingdom."

"But if we cannot see it," said Samuel, "how can it be useful to us?"

"You strange man," replied the king, "you and your princess see it already. Castles and gardens, meadows and woods; you see it all. It is only other people who do not see it."

Samuel rejoiced. He did not want the villagers to see him return with a princess and play the king. So he said farewell to the king of dreams, and they went up the five hundred steps together, out into the world, and then he took her veil and laid it by the door, and she became flesh and blood indeed. Then he tried to close the door, when all of a sudden it banged with such a noise that he was

half dazed. When he came to himself he was sitting on the millstone and the princess was at his side. And the moon rose and lighted the valley again, and the cloud rolled away as they sat there hand in hand. Below them, towns and villages, lakes, castles and woods glimmered and glistened. And when they looked where the cottage was it was a palace of delight with marble pavements and glass steps. Then they entered and servants thronged round them while trumpets sounded and pages strewed the flowers.

A few days after the news ran like lightning through the village that Samuel had returned and had brought a wife with him. "I saw her," said one of the peasants, "when I was going to the wood. She is nothing particular to look at ; a quite ordinary person, short and thin and poorly dressed. Not much of a match for Samuel."

So they spoke, the silly people, for they did not know that she was a princess. But Samuel lived in his kingdom well pleased with it and with the queen, and then children came to them, each more beautiful than the rest, and they were all princes and princesses. No one knew it in the village, for the village was made up of quite ordinary people, far too simple to understand.

(From the German ; see Preface.)

THE INDIAN ALCESTIS

Beautiful and gifted was the royal maiden, Savitri. And yet, at the mention of her name, the world thought only of her holiness. She had come to her parents as the Spirit of Prayer itself. For the marriage of her father Aswapati and his queen had for many years been blessed with no children, which thing was a great sorrow to them. And they were now growing old. But still, daily, the King lighted with his own hands the sacrificial fire, and chanted the national prayer *Savitri*, and begged of the gods that even yet he might have a child. It was in the midst of his worship one day, as he sang *Savitri*, and brooded deep on the divine will, that suddenly in the midst of the fire, he saw the form of a woman, that very goddess who was guardian spirit of the Indian prayer, and she blessed him and told him that his wife and he would yet have a daughter, whose destiny was high and whose name was to be that of the prayer itself. Thus, out of the devotion of two royal lives, was born the Princess Savitri.

Oh how good she was, and at the same time how strong ! Full of gentleness and pity, there was yet nothing wavering or foolish about her. True to every promise, faithful to all who were in need,

fearless and decided when difficult questions came up, she was a comfort to her parents and to all their people.

At last her father began to feel that it was time to think of her marriage. She was now seventeen or eighteen, and as yet no proposal had been made for her hand. Nor had her parents any idea to what prince to send the cocoanut on her behalf, as hint that a princess waited for his wooing. At this point, however, Savitri herself made a suggestion. Before making any attempt to arrange the marriage, let her go on a long pilgrimage ; pray at one holy shrine after another ; take the blessings and listen to the words of many holy men ; enter deep into communion with her own Guardian Spirit ; and on her return, if no direction had been vouchsafed her, it would still be time enough to deal with the question of her marriage. For these things are guarded by destiny, and it is not well to meddle hastily with high matters. Every one thought this idea admirable. To some of her father's councillors it may have seemed that in this way Savitri would receive an education fit for a great queen. She would see the country and do homage to its holy and learned men. Others may have thought of the advantages in health and beauty. But to her parents it seemed that even as she had come to them, so also she would enter her husband's home, out of the very heart of prayer.

So great preparations were made. Grey-headed old courtiers were told off to watch over the Princess, and numbers of servants were sent to attend on her. She was to drive in a carriage, gilded all over, and surrounded by curtains of scarlet silk, through which she could see everything without being seen. And a long train of men and elephants were to follow, bearing tents and furniture and food, as well as a palanquin for Savitri to use, instead of the car, when she should be travelling in the forest. They started early one night when the moon was new, that they might cross the hot dry plain in the dark hours, and reach the forests before day. The Princess had never gone so far before. She had wandered about the royal gardens all her life, and she had driven about the city and parks in a closed carriage. But this was quite different. She was setting off on an adventure, alone, free. She felt that she was being led somewhere. Every step was the fulfilment of a delightful duty. It was her first long separation from her father and mother. Yet she was happy, and the tossing trees and howling jackals and midnight sky filled her with joy, even at moments when the torch-bearers, at the head of the train, were startled at the roar of a tiger

in the jungle. On such a journey the starlit night becomes like a great mother-heart, and one enters it, to listen to a silence deeper than any voice.

The march had lasted till long after daybreak, when they reached the edge of a forest beside a stream, where Savitri could bathe and worship, and cook her own simple meal. They stayed there the rest of that day, and resumed their pilgrimage early next morning.

This life continued for many months. Sometimes they would encamp for a whole week within reach of a certain hermitage. And Savitri would enter her palanquin every morning and have herself carried before the hut of the holy man, to offer gifts and request his blessing. Then she would sit on the ground before him, closely veiled, ready to listen if he chose to speak, but if not, content only to watch, since blessed are the eyes that look upon a saint.

And all the time she was drawing nearer and nearer to the great day of her life, that was to make her name dear to womanhood throughout the ages.

Journeying one day in the forest she saw, through the curtains of her litter, a tall, strong young man. There was something about him that made her hold her breath. Across one shoulder he carried an axe, and in his other hand he held a bundle of faggots. He was evidently a forester. Yet his bearing spoke of courage and gentleness, and the courtesy with which he helped some one of her train, and then stood aside for them to pass, told of high breeding and great gentlehood of heart. Inquiries were made as to the name and parentage of this young man. And then the Princess and her train turned homewards. For Savitri knew that to-day her destiny was come upon her. Here stood that soul to whom through endless births she had been united. He might be a forester or he might be a king. In any case she, with her mind's eye cleansed by pilgrimage and prayer, had recognised him to whom in all her past lives she had been wife, and she knew that what had been should again be. Here was he whom she should wed.

Aswapati was in his hall of state, when at last his daughter entered his presence. Savitri would have liked to see her father alone, but beside him sat the holy man Narada, clad in his pink cloth, and the King bade her speak freely before him. "Has my child determined where she will bestow herself?" he asked gently, when the first warm greetings were over.

Savitri flushed crimson as she replied.

"Tell me all about this youth," said Aswapati the King eagerly

"In a certain woodland, my father," said the Princess timidly, "we met a young man who is living the life of a forester. His father is a blind king who has been driven from his throne in his old age, and is living in the forests in great poverty. This youth have I determined to marry. He is gentle and strong, and courteous, and his name is Satyavan."

As soon as Savitri had begun to describe her choice, Narada had looked startled and interested. But now he held up one hand suddenly, saying, "Oh no! not he!"

Aswapati looked at him anxiously. "Why not?" he said. "My daughter has wealth enough for two."

"Oh, it is not that!" said Narada; "but if Savitri weds this youth she will certainly become a widow, for Satyavan is under a curse, and twelve months from this day he is doomed to die!"

The Princess had grown very pale. For every Hindu woman prays to die before her husband. But when Aswapati turned and said to her, "This is sad news, my daughter! you must choose again," she said, "No, my father. One gives one's faith but once. I cannot name a second as my husband. It is sad to be a widow, but having taken Satyavan, I must face whatever comes to me with this husband of my choice."

Both the King and Narada felt that these words were true, and messengers were sent next day, bearing a cocoanut from Aswapati to the young prince dwelling in the forest. This meant that the King desired the youth to marry his daughter, and Satyavan and his parents gladly accepted, with the one stipulation that Savitri should come and live in their home, instead of taking her husband away from them in their old age.

So the wedding was proclaimed. The fire was called to witness their union. The iron ring was bound on Savitri's left wrist, and Satyavan and she had the veil and cloak knotted together, and hand in hand walked seven times around the sacred fire, while the priest at each circle chanted the ancient prayers of their people that that stage of life might be blessed to them both. Then they went away into the forest to live, and Savitri put away all the robes and jewels of a princess, and set herself to be a faithful and loving daughter to her new parents. Only she could never forget the terrible doom that had been pronounced upon her husband, and she never ceased to bear in mind the secret date on which Narada had said that he would die. For Yama, the God of Death, is the only being in all the worlds, perhaps, who never breaks his word,

and "as true as Death" has become such a saying in India, that Yama is held to be also the God of Truth and Faith.

This was the thought that made poor Savitri's heart beat fast. She knew that there was no hope of the curse being forgotten. She could see quite plainly, too, that no one but herself knew anything about it. It remained to be seen whether she could find a way to save her husband or not.

The dreadful moment drew nearer and nearer. At last, when only three days remained, the young wife took the terrible vow that is known as the *three vigils*. For three nights she would remain awake, in prayer, and during the intervening days she would eat no food. In this way Savitri hoped to reach a state of the soul where she could see and hear things that commonly pass unknown to mortals.

The blind King and his aged Queen implored their new daughter to relax this effort, but when she made the simple answer, "I have taken a vow," they could say no more. In that case her resolution was sacred, and they could only help her to carry it out. At last the fourth morning dawned, but still Savitri would not touch food. "No," she said, "it will be time enough at nightfall. Now I ask, as the only favour I have yet begged, that you should allow me also to go out into the jungle with your son, and spend the day." She was careful not to mention Satyavan's name to his parents, for that would have been forward and ill-bred. The old couple smiled gently. "The girl is a good girl," they said to one another, "and has yet asked for nothing. We certainly ought to allow her to go. Satyavan, take thou good care of our daughter." At these words Savitri touched their feet, and went out with her husband.

She had calculated that the blow would fall at midday, and as the hour drew near she suggested that they should stop in a shady spot and wander no further. Satyavan gathered grass and made a seat for her. Then he filled her lap with wild fruit; and turned to his work of hewing wood.

Poor Savitri sat and waited, listening breathless for the strokes of his axe upon the trees. Presently they rang fainter and feebler, and at last Satyavan came tottering up to her, with the words, "Oh, how my head pains!" Then he lay down with his head on her lap, and passed into a heavy swoon.

At this moment the wife became aware of a grim and terrible figure advancing towards them from the jungle. It was a stately personage, black as night, and carrying in one hand a piece of rope,

with a noose at the end. She knew him at once for Yama, God of Truth and King of the Dead.

He smiled kindly at Savitri. "My errand is not for you, child!" he said to her, stooping at the same time and fixing his loop of rope around the soul of Satyavan, that he might thus drag him bound behind him.

Savitri trembled all over as he did this, but when the soul of her husband stood up to follow, then she trembled no longer. She also stood up, with her eyes shining and her hands clasped, prepared to go with Satyavan even into the realms of Death.

"Farewell, child," said Yama, turning to go, and looking over his shoulder; "grieve not overmuch! Death is the only certain guest."

And away he went, down the forest-glades. But as he went, he could distinctly hear behind him the patter of feet. He grew uneasy. It was his duty to take the soul of Satyavan, but not that of Savitri. What was she doing now? Could she be following him? Why, in any case, had she been able to see him? What power had sharpened her hearing and cleared her sight? To most mortals, Death was invisible. Patter! patter! Yes, that certainly was a footfall behind him. Foolish girl! Was she striving to follow her husband? She must go home sooner or later. Still he would try to soothe her grief by gifts. "Savitri," said Yama, suddenly turning round on her, "ask anything you like, except the life of your husband, and it shall be yours. Then go home."

Savitri bent low "Grant his sight once more to my father-in-law!" she said.

"Easily granted!" said the Monarch of Death. "Now, good-bye! This is not the place for you."

But still the footsteps followed Yama. The forest grew denser and more gloomy, yet wherever he could go, Savitri seemed to be able to follow.

"Another wish, child, shall be yours!" said Yama. "But you *must* go!"

Savitri stood undismayed. She was beginning to feel herself on good terms with Death, and believed that he might give way to her yet. "I ask for the return of my father-in-law's wealth and kingdom," she answered now.

"It is yours," said Yama, turning his back. "But go!"

Still the faithful wife followed her husband, and Yama himself could not shake her off. Boon after boon was granted her.

and each time she added something to the joy of the home in which she had not yet passed a year. At last Death himself began to notice this.

"This time, Savitri," he commanded, "ask something for yourself. Anything but your husband's life shall be yours. But it is my last gift! When that is given, you are banished from my presence."

"Grant me, then, that I may have many sons, and see their children happy before I die!" said Savitri.

Yama was delighted. So Savitri was willing to flee from him, he thought! "Of course! Of course! A very good wish!" he said.

But Savitri was standing still before him, as if waiting. "Well," he said, "have I not granted it? That is all."

At these words Savitri raised her head and smiled. "My Lord," she said, "a widow does not remarry!"

The dread King looked at her for a moment. As God of Death, how could he give up the dead? But as God of Truth, could he urge Savitri to be untrue? A moment he hesitated. Then he stooped and undid the noose, while the whole forest rang with his laughter.

"Peerless amongst women," he said, "is that brave heart that follows the husband even into the grave, and recovers his life from Yama himself. Thus do the gods love to win defeat at the hands of mortals."

An hour later, under the same tree where he had swooned, Prince Satyavan awoke, with his head on Savitri's knee. "I have had a strange dream," he murmured feebly, "and I thought that I was dead."

"My beloved," answered Savitri, "it was no dream. But the night falls. Let us hasten homewards."

As they turned to go, the jungle rang with the cries of a royal escort, who had come out to seek them. For that very day, Satyavan's father had received word of the restoration of his kingdom, and the life of hardship and poverty was behind them all forever.

(From "Cradle Tales of Hinduism," by Sister Nivedita.)

THE RISE OF A CITY

Here, let us imagine, is an unbounded savannah, stretching off in unbroken sameness of grass and flower, tree and rill, till the

traveller tires of the monotony. Along comes the waggon of the first immigrant. Where to settle he cannot tell—every acre seems as good as every other acre. As to wood, as to water, as to fertility, as to situation, there is absolutely no choice, and he is perplexed by the embarrassment of richness. Tired out with the search for one place that is better than another, he stops—somewhere, anywhere—and starts to make himself a home. The soil is virgin and rich, game is abundant, the streams flash with the finest trout. Nature is at her very best. He has what, were he in a populous district, would make him rich ; but he is very poor. To say nothing of the mental craving, which would lead him to welcome the sorriest stranger, he labours under all the material disadvantages of solitude. He can get no temporary assistance for any work that requires a greater union of strength than that afforded by his own family, or by such help as he can permanently keep. Though he has cattle, he cannot often have fresh meat, for to get a beefsteak he must kill a bullock. He must be his own blacksmith, waggon-maker, carpenter, and cobbler—in short, a “jack of all trades and master of none.” He cannot have his children schooled, for, to do so, he must himself pay and maintain a teacher. Such things as he cannot produce himself, he must buy in quantities and keep on hand, or else go without, for he cannot be constantly leaving his work and making a long journey to the verge of civilization ; and when forced to do so, the getting of a vial of medicine or the replacement of a broken auger may cost him the labour of himself and horses for days. Under such circumstances, though Nature is prolific, the man is poor. It is an easy matter for him to get enough to eat ; but beyond this, his labour will only suffice to satisfy the simplest wants in the rudest way.

Soon there comes another immigrant. Although every quarter section of the boundless plain is as good as every other quarter section, he is not beset by any embarrassment as to where to settle. Though the land is the same, there is one place that is clearly better for him than any other place, and that is where there is already a settler and he may have a neighbour. He settles by the side of the first comer, whose condition is at once greatly improved, and to whom many things are now possible that were before impossible, for two men may help each other to do things that one man could never do.

Another immigrant comes, and guided by the same attraction, settles where there are already two. Another, and another until

around our first comer there are a score of neighbours. Labour has now an effectiveness which, in the solitary state, it could not approach. If heavy work is to be done, the settlers have a log-rolling, and together accomplish in a day what singly would require years. When one kills a bullock the others take part of it, returning when they kill, and thus they have fresh meat all the time. Together they hire a schoolmaster, and the children of each are taught for a fractional part of what similar teaching would have cost the first settler. It becomes a comparatively easy matter to send to the nearest town, for some one is always going. But there is less need for such journeys. A blacksmith and a wheelwright soon set up shops, and our settler can have his tools repaired for a small part of the labour they formerly cost him. A store is opened and he can get what he wants as he wants it ; a post-office, soon added, gives him regular communication with the rest of the world. Then comes a cobbler, a carpenter, a harnessmaker, a doctor ; and a little church soon arises. Satisfaction becomes possible that in the solitary state were impossible. There are gratifications for the social and the intellectual nature—for that part of the man that rises above the animal. The power of sympathy, the sense of companionship, the emulation of comparison and contrast, open a wider and fuller and more varied life. In rejoicing, there are others to rejoice ; in sorrow the mourners do not mourn alone. There are husking bees, and apple parings, and quilting parties. Though the ballroom be unplastered and the orchestra but a fiddle, the notes of the magician are yet in the strain, and Cupid dances with the dancers. At the wedding, there are others to admire and enjoy ; in the house of death, there are watchers ; by the open grave, stands human sympathy to sustain the mourners. Occasionally, comes a straggling lecturer to open up glimpses of the world of science, of literature, or of art ; in election times, come stump speakers, and the citizen rises to a sense of dignity and power, as the cause of empires is tried before him in the struggle of John Doe and Richard Roe for his support and vote. And, by and by, comes the circus, talked of months before, and opening to children whose horizon has been the prairie, all the realms of the imagination—princes and princesses of fairy tale, mail-clad crusaders and turbaned Moors, Cinderella's fairy coach, and the giants of nursery lore ; lions such as crouched before Daniel, or in circling Roman amphitheatre tore the saints of God ; ostriches who recall the sandy deserts ; camels such as stood around when the wicked brethren raised Joseph from

the well and sold him into bondage ; elephants such as crossed the Alps with Hannibal, or felt the sword of the Maccabees ; and glorious music that thrills and builds in the chambers of the mind as rose the sunny dome of Kubla Khan.

Go to our settler now, and say to him : " You have so many fruit trees which you planted ; so much fencing, such a well, a barn, a house—in short, you have by your labour added so much value to this farm. Your land itself is not quite so good. You have been cropping it, and by and by it will need manure. I will give you the full value of all your improvements if you will give it to me, and go again with your family beyond the verge of settlement." He would laugh at you. His land yields no more wheat or potatoes than before, but it does yield far more of all the necessities and comforts of life. His labour upon it will bring no heavier crops, and, we will suppose, no more valuable crops, but it will bring far more of all the other things for which men work. The presence of other settlers—the increase of population—has added to the productiveness, in these things, of labour bestowed upon it, and this added productiveness gives it a superiority over land of equal natural quality where there are as yet no settlers. If no land remains to be taken up, except such as is as far removed from population as was our settler's land when he first went upon it, the value or rent of this land will be measured by the whole of this added capability. If, however, as we have supposed, there is a continuous stretch of equal land, over which population is now spreading, it will not be necessary for the new settler to go into the wilderness, as did the first. He will settle just beyond the other settlers, and will get the advantage of proximity to them. The value or rent of our settler's land will thus depend on the advantage which it has, from being at the centre of population, over that on the verge. In the one case, the margin of production will remain as before ; in the other, the margin of production will be raised.

Population still continues to increase, and as it increases so do the economies which its increase permits, and which in effect add to the productiveness of the land. Our first settler's land, being the centre of population, the store, the blacksmith's forge, the wheelwright's shop, are set up on it, or on its margin, where soon arises a village, which rapidly grows into a town, the centre of exchanges for the people of the whole district. With no greater agricultural productiveness than it had at first, this land now begins to develop a productiveness of a higher kind. To labour expended

in raising corn, or wheat, or potatoes, it will yield no more of those things than the first ; but to labour expended in the subdivided branches of production which require proximity to other producers, and, especially, to labour expended in that final part of production, which consists in distribution, it will yield much larger returns. The wheat-grower may go further on, and find land on which his labour will produce as much wheat, and nearly as much wealth ; but the artisan, the manufacturer, the storekeeper, the professional man, find that their labour expended here, at the centre of exchanges, will yield them much more than if expended even at a little distance away from it ; and this excess of productiveness for such purposes the landowner can claim, just as he could an excess in its wheat-producing power. And so our settler is able to sell in building lots a few of his acres for prices which it would not bring for wheat-growing if its fertility had been multiplied many times. With the proceeds, he builds himself a fine house, and furnishes it handsomely. That is to say, to reduce the transaction to its lowest terms, the people who wish to use the land, build and furnish the house for him, on condition that he will let them avail themselves of the superior productiveness which the increase of population has given the land.

Population still keeps on increasing, giving greater and greater utility to the land, and more and more wealth to its owner. The town has grown into a city—a St. Louis, a Chicago, or a San Francisco—and still it grows. Production is here carried on upon a great scale, with the best machinery and the most favourable facilities ; the division of labour becomes extremely minute, wonderfully multiplying efficiency ; exchanges are of such volume and rapidity that they are made with the minimum of friction and loss. Here is the heart, the brain, of the vast social organism that has grown up from the germ of the first settlement ; here has developed one of the great ganglions of the human world. Hither run all roads, hither set all currents, through all the vast regions round about. Here, if you have anything to sell is the market ; here, if you have anything to buy, is the largest and the choicest stock. Here intellectual activity is gathered into a focus, and here springs that stimulus which is born of the collision of mind with mind. Here are the great libraries, the storehouses and granaries of knowledge, the learned professors, the famous specialists. Here are museums and art galleries, collections of philosophical apparatus, and all things rare, and valuable, the best of their kind. Here come

great actors, and orators, and singers, from all over the world. Here, in short, is a centre of human life, in all its varied manifestations.

(From "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George.)

PLASH LANE

Plash Lane is round the corner ; every day
I go to school that way.
Such a long lane ; but shorter coming back,
With big brown puddles in each deep wheel track.
I wake, you see, at dawn,
When the sun glows under the yellow eaves.
Waking the birds behind the window leaves ;
They're lighter sleepers
Than me, and chirp among the jasmine creepers
Before they sing to breakfast on the lawn ;
And yet folks say I chatter.
If you're a bird,
It doesn't seem to matter
That you are never seen before you're heard.

I'm very sleepy till I've had my bath
Down in the lily-brook ;
But always, when it's cold,
I hear the aggravating elm-tree rook,
Who's very cross and old,
Hopping behind me down the garden path.
And croaking " Coward, coward," with such airs
As if he liked the dew in his own nest.
He never dares
To wait till I am racing up and dressed,
But makes a sort of flop
Upward, and flaps me by,
Till I must stop
And throw the towel at his wicked eye.

Plash Lane is through the orchard. You must stalk
When you're an Indian, all down Mossy Walk
And through the currants to the corner bed,

Where flaming pokers clash above your head
And sunflowers hide the sun :
Or, if you are an engine, you can run
Down the two lines of box,
Past the red signals of the hollyhocks,
To puff against the stile.
The jungle orchard takes a long, long while ;
You cross it on your knees
Where all the grass is dark,
With lumps of amber gum on the grey bark,
And magic, twisted trees :
Suddenly, just beyond,
You slide into Plash Lane,
With puddles, after rain,
As big as the Pacific, or our pond.

On the left hedge there stands the Blackthorn Knight
Clattering haughtily at each windy gust,
And prickly armed for fight ;
All winter time he leans to thrust
His lances at the postman, or to spear
The milking cattle if they lumber near,
But in the summer he's a princely sight,
With cloak of peace and a great white plume to toss :
He bows and kisses finger-tips across
To the Laburnum Lady opposite.
She's veiled and shy in May
And shivers when he bows ;
But oh, in June she knows,
And cries in golden tears her pride away.

At the Long Pool you can't get round the edge,
Where shadow-grass trails sleepily from the hedge,
And sorrel shakes its head
To know if it is really green or red ;
You crawl along the cart-wheel ridge, that crumbles
In frothy towers, while your satchel tumbles
Clumsy from side to side,
Toppling the brave Horatius in his stride,
Plump into foaming Tiber. When you've crossed,
Comes Wailing Wood, with robins crackling leaves

To bury lots of babies, who get lost
But never die, when I
Am story-teller, for Pied Piper comes
(That's me)—with herds of beeves,
And gives them such a feed
With malmsey-wine and mead,
And flutes them happily
And ever afterwards to their long-lost homes.

At Crossways I can hear old Carrier's hoof
Changing along the lane, klip, klip, klop, kloof,
With klush, klush in the splash parts. Where the spring
Bubbles out of the barrel, round footprints
(But not our sheep) make mud-rims on the flints ;
For here the wild Moss-troopers, woundy and harsh,
Hoot like horned owls, and gallop through the marsh,
With pikes and rusty helms,
Lustily brandishing,
To vanish cunningly underneath the elms.
I rather like moss-troopers, they play fair,
And never haunt :
They ambush just for fun,
But past the gravel-pit I always run,
For that is Merlin's lair.
He's hidden in the hollow inky roots
Of the old thorns, knotted and wet and gaunt,
And full of grammarie :
And shakes the boughs, and shoots
A drip of awful spells,
Till hemlock and harebells
Shiver with terror as I tiptoe by.

Plash Lane has got a quiet open end,
Over Goose Common, close beside the school—
Mostly at half-past eight—
Sometimes a little late
If the bell isn't ringing at the bend,
Where the turf track
Runs round the corner to Forbidden Pool.
It's a man's duty, if he hears the quack
Of sacred ducks, to hurry to defend

The Capitol, with slatey stuff that skips ;
Or if he's good at building paper ships
And at forgetting,
He must embark, even at nine, to break
The power of the Invader :
Though Francis—that's the drake—
(They won't believe) is really half the worry.
He's got a fussy habit of upsetting
The British fleet, as well as the Armada,
And half my notebook's scattered
Before they're really battered
And wrecked upon the reeds at Tobermory.

It isn't only in dreams
That things can be both long and short ; it seems
A long way down Plash Lane :
But when I'm free and tearing home again,
It roars past like a railway-window : rush—
The woods are passed with never a brigand or brush
Splash through the puddles, spatter, on and out,
No wait for drawbridge, just a passing shout
For disappointed wizards (wild plum and cherry,
Whirl in a blur ; even the magic berry
Of spindlewood, Queen Mab's own pink coach wheel,
Rolls backward much too fast
For any passing Puck to stop and steal
The lucky linch-pin). Faster on, and past
The leaning Knight and the Laburnum Lady,
Still armed, and still in tears :
So through the garden gate
And lavender—with just a little wait
To tease old Tim, who doesn't like his ears
Turned inside-out ; there where it's grass and shady,
Under the cedar-tree,
A proper picnic tea.
With just Mother,
Who always understands
And doesn't bother
With " Child, where is your hat ? " and " Oh, what hands ! "

(From " *Freedom*," by G. W. Young.)

A PLANTATION FUNERAL

It was the last Sunday afternoon of June, 1864. The writer was standing in a negro burying-ground watching a funeral procession move slowly along the narrow plantation road towards the graveyard—a most beautiful situation. The summit of a high hill, which, through a vista of flowering rhododendron and dogwood, overlooked the river; a forest of huge oaks garlanded with grey moss; a carpet of livid green dotted with wild violets, bloom and sheepgrass, which Virginians call daisies. Shut in from all the world of sight and sound, the hill would have been lonely but for the luxuriant growth of untrammelled nature. No enclosure marked it as a cemetery; only at every step a small cleared space denoted a grave, most of which were sunken, and all unmarked. In the centre of the flat, an ugly red wound had been cut in the green carpet, and here were lying spades, a rake, and a little shovel.

The procession was headed by a rude plantation cart, in which lay a coffin (painted a bright red to indicate the youth of the occupant) and drawn by a pair of oxen, which patiently and slowly bore their burden up the steep hillside. A tall young negro driver walked behind, carrying a long whip, which he cracked now and then, when the coffin jostled from side to side. Immediately behind the driver was a negro woman with a patient, tearless face, dressed in her Sunday gown of clean cotton homespun, and holding by her hand a little girl in a coarsely woven linen dress, also evidently of plantation make, and a plaited straw hat of the same manufacture. A company of from four to five hundred negroes followed, all on foot (of all shades of colour, except white), all ages, all sizes. They were singing a hymn with that plaintive but cheerful refrain which is the heart of all negro melody—

We are walkin' in de light,
Walkin' in de light,
We are walkin' in de light,
Walkin' in de light of God.

How every echo in the valley below gave back the sound.

When they reached the grave, six young men, whom custom required to be of the same age or within six months of it, and if possible the same height as the dead man, stepped forward and lowered the coffin into its last resting place. It would have been a breach of the observances if any of these pall-bearers had been of his blood or connection. The mother, with the little white girl, took her place as chief mourner at the head of the grave, and the

preacher came forward. He was a tall, perfectly black man, of seventy-five, with long curling white hair, and with a sweet yet shrewd countenance. He was dressed from head to foot in a black broadcloth suit, which had evidently been the gift of one of the white family, and originally worn by a man of different size and build. But this did not detract from the dignity of his appearance or office.

He looked around on the placid scene, the blue Virginia sky peeping through the interlacing branches of the green oaks, the birds that hopped fearlessly from bough to bough, at the background of strangely tranquil faces, and began—

“Brethren, sisteren en sinners, ’tain’t worth wile for me to be a preachin’ of a sermon to you all on this ’casion. I gwine preach to-night, please God, en excuse the interference of mistress. I preach las’ night en many a night. Israel is here a-preachin’ to you. He is here before you—Here his feet—why don’t he walk? Here his mouf—how come he don’t talk? Here his eyes—how come he don’t see? *Nobody ain’t a-henderin’ of him.* Because, bretheren en sisters en sinners, Israel is dead. He ain’t got no life in him. I ain’t ’scussin’ of his sperrit; his sperrit is gone to de Lord what gif it him. I ’scussin’ of his body wich is like you sinners is now, dead in trespasses en sin. De Lord give us all a plant patch; He give us seed; He give us season. Me en Sis Nelly (turning to the bereaved parent) and Brer One-eye Moses, en a chance of folks here done work our patch en plant our seed en we’s a waitin’ fer de harves’. But dere’s a chance a you what ain’t stuck a spade in de ground; de seed done dried up; de season come en gone; you ain’t got no life in you, no more’n is de body ev dis young man, whar nobody ain’t a-henderin’ from risin’ ef he had life.

“Now, sinners, you ’member las’ week? Israel was in de ’bacca crop a singin’ of reel chunes; up to Dinah’s house on de hill he war shufflin’ of his feet; he warn’t a robbin’ of de water-mellin patches nor sassin’ of old pussins, but he war a-singing of reel chunes en a-dancin’. And when he were stricken down he were a *sinner*. But de Lord were gracious. I don’t git down on dese ole knees fur nuthin’. I wrastled for him; I wrastled for him a whole night, and de Lord heard His sarvant. Jess before Brer Israel go (he hadn’t made no sign o’ ’pentance till dat minit), he set up in de bed en he say ”—the breathless expectancy could be felt in the very hush of the birds—“ he say, ‘Dat you, Marse William?’ en fall back, dead.

"Brethren and sisteren en sinners, our young marster what was kilt in de war, and what de cannon blew into so many little pieces dat we couldn't get enough togedder to make a 'spectable corpse to bury in de gyarden—dis young Marse William had come for Israel. Now we all know—en you sinners better be a sharpen up your years, dey ain't but two places for dead folks. One on 'em is hebben, en de ter one 'tis a scandal to be a-namin' here. We all know Marse William ain't dar. So we git good 'sperence, if he come for Israel, he dun kar him to Abraham's bussum, whar he is hisself. But don't none of you sinners be taken to satisfyin' o' yourselves on account o' Israel makin' a death-bed 'pentance. Dar was 'bundance of sinners at de crucifyin' of de Lord en just dat one thief got into de kingdom. De nex time dar is enny nine-hour 'pentance in dis yer preacher's pinion 'twon't be more'n justice for one of Mars Paul's or Mars Walter's niggers for to get de chance. Dis plantation's dun hed its dyin' thief (excusin' Israel's bein' a thief). En mor'en dat, Marse William won't be comin' out of Abraham's bussum to fetch nobody but Israel, for him en Israel was partners from de time dey was little chillun and now dey's togedder for ever wid de Lord. Amen."

There was a pause. A carriage, drawn by two handsomely-groomed horses stopped at the bridle path and a tall, majestic woman of seventy descended, leaning on the arm of a black woman almost as majestic in her own dignity. The mistress wore a black satin gown and a widow's cap; the negroes silently stepped aside, making an aisle for her as she passed slowly and erectly towards the grave.

"My dear people," she said, in a distinct tone, "I have lost in Israel a good and faithful servant; he has gone to his Master and ours, and has his reward. He has already, perhaps, seen—my son. I have just heard of a repulse of our army and of the approach of the enemy. Troubles increase, but I can trust you all to defend and protect me and mine"—she glanced at the little girl.

"Yes, mistes—sholy, mistes," was heard through the crowd. She held out her wrinkled, jewelled hand to the lad's mother (who pressed it in hers), walked back to the carriage, and was driven away.

The preacher then again assumed command. Taking the child in his arms he filled the little shovel which lay among the ugly implements, with earth, and handed it to her. The little girl, seated comfortably on his shoulder, took it with quiet, grave

complacency and looked with mournful but unfrightened gaze into the open grave.

"Yearth to yearth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," said the preacher, and the child let fall the clods with a practised hand on the coffin. Awaiting the resurrection of the dead.

She then stepped down, put her hand in that of her nurse, and the process of filling the chasm began. When the last spadeful of earth was patted down and the tools—which the negroes always leave by a grave until needed for a similar occasion—were laid alongside, the whole company broke into a hymn. It was started by the little girl (who, evidently, next to the preacher and the corpse, was the most important person at all funerals) and taken up by the mother till one by one all joined in the burst of melody. There were no tears; tears were for the lost, the sinner; it was rebellious for Christians to weep; and so, singing, the procession wound down the hill.

On Canaan's calm and peaceful shore,
We ain't gwine die no more, no more—
We ain't gwine die no more.

By I. C. Cabell.

THE DREAM GARDEN

(Abridged)

On a little Exmoor bridge stood two men fishing; the one a country doctor, and the other a novelist and playwright.

"I suppose," said the doctor, "you often found your novels and plays on incidents from life, actual facts that have come under your observation."

"Bless my soul, no," said the playwright, "no audience, no reader of fiction, would tolerate on the stage or in the novel the things that happen in real life; they would be pronounced impossible. Real life, if life be real, is either too dull or too lurid for representation. People will do anything. Complex people are comparatively simple; it's the more primitive person that surprises you."

"I'm almost tempted," said the doctor, "to give you an example of that. Look at that man coming down the road." As he spoke there sounded on the road the creak of a cart. It was drawn by a very old brown pony; a man walked at the head of the pony,

his arm about it as though he loved it. "Look at him," said the doctor. "He lives away on Dartmoor, but in the early autumn he wanders through all the district with fruit and honey-comb."

The playwright looked. He saw a young man of 19 or 20 years. He was of middle height and extraordinarily lean; he had a thin, clean-shaven face, and light grey eyes, and a thick mop of reddish, curly hair. Just as a globe of a lighted lamp is chiefly seen as a medium for the light that streams through it, so this man's body looked like a channel for some force within that beat through it strongly. When he saw the doctor he gave a curious glittering smile; he went to the back of the cart and took a basket that had in it little wooden squares containing honey-comb, and he laid three squares on the stone-work at the doctor's side.

"Want me to pay for them, Simon Carhaze?" said the doctor.

The man laughed and shook his head, and went back to the pony who rubbed his nose against him and nibbled lovingly at his coat; and the two moved slowly away.

"That's a queer lad," said the playwright.

"He didn't look like that when I knew him first," said the doctor.

"The very moulding of his face has changed. You call him a lad; he's 40 years old."

"What?"

"He is. He is the hero of my queer story. When I knew him first he was a little older than he looks now; he was 22, and he was a convict at the prison where I was doctor."

"Tell me the story," said the playwright. "I promise you I won't dramatize it."

"You couldn't, if you tried," said the doctor.

Then the doctor told the story, as much of it as he knew. But I, who know it better than he, will tell it you now; not that I shall try to explain it. The purposes served by what happened to this man, Simon Carhaze, are unknown to me, just as all the causes in his past history are unknown, causes which made so mysterious a thing possible for him. Only, bearing in mind the beautiful life of the woman in the story, whom I knew, and who lived in the Garden of Dreams, I don't doubt that the marvel which she wrought on Simon Carhaze was holy, and that the powers that chose him for her successor in the garden were working in accordance with some law of righteousness which judges men as they are and not as they seem; and I've no doubt either that there are sacred places here on earth which do cleanse the bodies and the souls of

those that draw near to them. Doubtless in some strange way, Simon Carhaze did the work he was meant to do, though he went to and fro unknowing what that work was or that he was doing it at all. Some of us work consciously for good or evil, and some of us work with no knowledge of what we do ; and through these, perhaps, subtle forces play.

The mother of Simon Carhaze took her own life when he was one year old. She was his father's second wife, and for Simon, the child of this second marriage, his father felt an apparently causeless hatred. When the father died, he left the boy Simon, then ten years old, to the care of his elder half-brother, who was savagely cruel to him. Simon, partly owing to his brother's harsh ways, and partly owing to his loveless life and lack of training, became passionate, nervous, ill-balanced and highly strung. When the time for blows had passed, quarrel after quarrel followed between the brothers, until the younger stood in the dock charged with a carefully-planned attempt to murder his brother, by whose death he would, of course, get his father's money. The culprit professed no contrition ; he said he didn't want the money, but his brother's life, and sooner or later he'd have it. In spite of this, he was recommended to mercy because of the notorious ill-usage of his brother and the great provocation. He was sentenced to two years' penal servitude. In the prison, Simon's rage and excitement caused him to behave like a lunatic ; he was insubordinate and hysterical. When a year of his sentence had passed, he was working one day with a gang at some distance from the prison, and a thick fog came down. Three convicts escaped under cover of the fog, and Simon was one of them. Two were retaken next day, but Simon was not recaptured for six months, and then he gave himself up.

On the day he escaped, though it was June, it was cold, and Simon Carhaze lay dead-beat in the heather, stiff and half-starved. He stole out of the hiding-place in the dusk of the next evening, and he went on and on till he came to a goyal where the heather stopped. It was an eerie place. At last, girdled by hills and moor, stream and wood, he saw a small house lying all alone in the stillness. There was an orchard full of trees and of the promise of fruit and a garden full of flowers and a stretch of turf on which were ranged hive after hive of bees, and among the bees, with wild rabbits skipping and feeding round her feet, a woman stood, all alone, singing softly. She was dressed in a loose gown of grey ;

on one hand was a ring with a stone which changed colours, as stones will do. As she turned, her hair was snow-white, her skin fine and delicate in colour, like old ivory; her eyes were the eyes of a wise child. Now, to do the man justice, he did not mean to hurt her, but he had a thought of frightening her and getting food, clothes and money. Simon Carhaze was beginning to think of himself habitually as a criminal, so things were rapidly becoming possible to him which before were impossible. He stopped before her so that she could see him and the clothes he wore, which stamped him as one to be despised and feared. She looked at him, but did



not stop singing, and the rabbits did not move away. He began to reflect that her composure was due to the presence of able-bodied men with guns and dogs in the house. He changed his intention and threw himself upon her mercy, pleading that he was hungry, cold and ill.

"Come in, then," she said quietly.

She entered the house and lighted a little silver lamp and threw peats on the fire so that it blazed up. She then went to and fro and brought him food, and when he had finished he asked her to give him clothes.

"I'm sorry," she said, seriously. "You couldn't wear any of mine, could you?"

He suggested that she had men relatives.

"No man has lived here since my father died. No man has been here since, till you came. I was 20 when my father died; I am 60 now. I remember I gave away all his clothes to the poor people in the little town some miles away."

"Are you here all alone then?" said Simon.

"Well, you would say so. There's no man here but you, and no woman but me. No one ever comes here unless the people of the moor choose that they shall come. My father built this house and planted this garden where the people bade him. He left it to me, charging me to live here and never to barter it for money. When I needed it no more, he said I was to give it away. He thought I should be shown the fit person to receive it at the appointed time. Do you know it's in my mind that it is to you I shall give it, but not yet."

Then Simon saw that she was mad.

"If you can't give me clothes, can you give me some money?"

"I can do that easily," she said. She turned to a press and took out a box. In it was loose gold, about £50.

"I draw my money such as I want to spend, out of a bank at Plymouth once in two years, and I spend it in the little town. And I keep it till I've spent it all. How much would you like?"

"Can you let me have five pound?"

She counted it out, and then threw it back.

"To-morrow," she said. "To-night you must stay here; you're so tired."

A sudden terror seized him. It showed itself in an attempt to frighten her. He sprang up and grasped the box.

"Woman," he said, "who and what are you? I thought you were mad at first, but if you look after this place and go to the neighbouring town and control your own money, you can't be a lunatic. Don't you see I'm an escaped convict? I may be a reprieved murderer or a thief, or both. I tried to kill a man, and I'll kill him yet. You show me this money, you tell me you're alone. You ask me to stay the night here. Aren't you afraid of me? If you aren't afraid of me, why aren't you afraid?"

"My dear boy," she said, and she saw him start at the unfamiliar words, "you're much more afraid of me than I am of you."

"That's true," he said, "I'm afraid of the place. I think I'm going mad."

"Are you too much afraid to sleep here?"

He looked at her, growing whiter and whiter. "No," he said.

Then she turned and took sheets and blankets out of the press and made him up a bed in a little inner room and went out into the garden and came back with flowers in her hands.

"No one has slept there since my father died, but it's not cold or damp. There's your bed; good-night." Then she took the lamp, and from the other room where she had gone he heard a faint tinkle of music. He crept to bed shivering, and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was past mid-day; the house was empty. He saw how it was. He had been a fool; she had gone to the prison to betray him. He ran outside and hid in the bushes. Presently he heard her little cart coming along the track. He looked out; his hostess was in the cart alone. When he saw that, he grew ashamed of his suspicions and came out to meet her.

"I got up at daybreak to go to the town," she said, "to get you some clothes. It is an evil thing to refuse a guest."

He murmured his thanks.

"Poor boy," she said, "you still look tired. You should bathe in my tarn here."

"May I unharness the pony for you?" he said.

She nodded, and went into the house. He unharnessed the pony; then he took the clothes she had brought and went and undressed and bathed in the tarn. The water somehow was different from any he had touched before, and it seemed to wash away his evil memory. When he had bathed, he put on the clothes and went and got a spade and dug a hole and hid his prison clothes and forgot them.

And when he came to the house she put her hands on his shoulders and said, "Would you like to stay here?"

"Stay," he said. "Here? How long?"

"Oh," she said, "a day, a week, a life. Nobody brought you here and nobody will drive you away. Would you like to stay?"

"I can't stay," he said. "It's so near the prison. I should be taken."

"Nobody would see you here," she said. "You might work in my garden till the Day of Judgment and no one would see you unless They meant you to be seen."

"Who are THEY?" he said.

"The little people of the moor," she said. "There are hundreds of them, great and small, each one versed in knowledge hidden from all except those they love. Will you stay?"

"I can't stay," he said, "unless I tell you."

"Tell me, then," she said, as a mother would speak to her child.

Then he knelt at her feet and told her all he could remember of his boyhood and of his hatred of his brother, and how now it seemed to be an evil memory. And he told her how he had suspected her and feared her, and meant to rob her; and when he had finished, she bent forward and kissed his forehead; and he knew that he could stay. So he stayed, and did the work of the place; and she taught him how to care for the bees, and he used to put a pan of milk every night for the little people of the moor. But one evening in the winter, when he came in from his work, he found the woman lying on the hearth and her heart was beating, oh so gently. He raised her and put her on her bed, and then stood looking at her. He knew that if he did what he ought to do he would go back into the world again and the world would be ten times harder to bear than before. He knew that if he did what he ought to do he would go and find a doctor, and the nearest doctor was at the prison. At last he made up his mind and hurried off and found his way to the prison again and gave himself up, only begging that help might be sent to her. The doctor started immediately, and the people of the moor suffered him to find the place; he saw there nothing extraordinary, except that the water of the tarn was unfrozen, a fact which he attributed to the presence of springs.

The next morning, the doctor saw Simon Carhaze in his cell, and told him that the woman for whom he had given himself up was quite well again. "I think," he said, "she was in a sort of trance; she tells me she is subject to them. I don't think she's very strong; she's rather anaemic."

Before long, word went round the warders that the cell of Simon Carhaze (he was a number now and not a name) was haunted. It was not only that the fashion of the man's face was changed, but he seemed to see and hear things that other people could not see or hear. They said that now and then there was the smell of wild thyme and lavender in his cell, and a tinkle of faint music. And one young warder, a Highlander, declared that he had seen something that made him treat his charge with respect and even with deference. He said that when Simon was lying in his cell, he, the warder, had seen Simon coming across the moor between two people, a man dressed in green and an old woman, old—except for her eyes.

When Simon's time was out, he made his way one summer morning to the garden. She was waiting for him on the bridge.

"It is known to you now," she said, "that you are to succeed me here in this house and garden. Now I will tell you something. I have not told you before. You are never to sell any of the fruit or flowers, but to give them to those who would value them. And if anyone comes here you must not be dismayed by the fashion of his garments. I have here a deed of gift of the house and the garden. I think, I don't know, that I am going away."

Then she gave him the deed all properly made out, and put her ring on his finger, and next morning he found her lying dead upon her bed, with flowers strewn over her.

Now this story is partly true and partly false. That which is false will fall from it like bubbles, blown by a child. But that which is true is a two-fold truth, a waking truth and a dream truth. Some people think they are the same. Only, bearing in mind, as I said before, the beautiful life and the great purity of the woman in the story, I don't doubt that the marvel she worked upon Simon Carhaze was holy; and I don't doubt either that there are places here on earth which do cleanse the souls and the bodies of those that draw near to them, like the Garden of Dreams.

(By Michael Wood.)

THE ACADIAN SCHOOLMASTER

(Adapted)

Imagine yourself in a country sixty miles north of New Orleans, where the Mississippi runs due east and west. A small forgotten settlement, peopled mainly by those pathetic refugees, the Acadians, of whom we read so much in Longfellow's "Evangeline," is away from all modern progress; no railroad and no school, till the schoolmaster in this story came. He is to teach English. A curious English, of course; mixed with some more curious French. Being a devoted, self-sacrificing young man, he wins the heart of most of the villagers and the hearts of all his young pupils, including the heart of the eldest of his pupils, the girl Sidonie. But the beautiful little love-idyll, I am sorry to say, forms no part of what I have to tell you.

The little school progresses in its fashion; but there are some who would close it. And an opportunity arrives for shutting up

the school when an advertising agent, or, as we should say, a commercial traveller, Mr. George Washington Tarbox, comes to this forgotten place, Grand Point, trying to sell his "Album of Universal Information." Some of the villagers get at Mr. Tarbox, represent that the schoolmaster is an impostor, and beg Mr. Tarbox to conduct an examination of the school. The poor young schoolmaster, Buonaventure, agrees that if there be one single mistake by any one of the scholars, he, the schoolmaster, will go. It is a bargain.

"All right," said Tarbox, "all right. I'm the kind of State Superintendent you want. I like an adventure; and if there's anything I just love, it's exposing a fraud. I'll be on hand."

The schoolmaster knew by a hundred signs that this man was one who came from the haunts of men; from some great nerve-centre of human knowledge and power. His voice trembled with pent feeling as he spoke to the assembled children. "Be callm, chilrun, be callm. Who you behole befo you yondeh I ignoe. But who shall we expect to see if not the State Supeintendent of Public Education. We shall not inquire him; but as a stranger we shall show him with how small resouce how large result.

"Sir, we are honoured. Will you give yourself the pain to enter the schoolplace—I say not the schoolhouse; 'tis not fitly so nominated. But you shall find therein a school which the more taken by surprise not the less prepared."

"The State ought to build you a good schoolhouse," said the stranger.

"Ah, sir," cried the young schoolmaster, beaming gratitude, "I—I—I—would reimburst her in good citizen and mother of good citizen. And both reading, writing, and also cipherring, arithmeticaling in the English tongue, and grammatically. But enter and investigate."

Large numbers of the villagers, with Mian Russell, chairman, entered. A hush fell upon the school. Every scholar was in place, the little ones with bare, dangling feet, their shapely, suntanned ankles just peeping from pantaloons and pantalettes; the older lads beyond them, and off at the left the taller girls—and Sidonie.

The fateful moment had come. The master stood up, bell in hand. He gave it one tap and sat down.

"That, sir, is to designate attention." He waved a triumphant hand towards the spectacle before him.

"Perfect," murmured the stranger.

A look of ecstasy broke out on the master's face. "Chilrun, chilrun, he ponounced you perfect." He turned again upon the visitor, threw his right hand high, and cried: "At random, exclusively at random, state what class at random."

"I don't think I quite understand."

"Name any class exclusively at random and you shall see the chilrun take the exactly coect places."

"Oh, I understand you want me——"

"Any class, at you caprice."

"Well, the third class in spelling."

Silently as sleep the tiniest seven in the school, four pairs of pantaloons, three of pantalettes, with seven pairs of little bare feet at their borders, and hands pointed stiffly down at their sides, came and stood in a row.

"Now, sir, commencing wherever, even at the foot if desired, ask, sir, if you please, any English word of one syllable, of however difficult."

"No matter how difficult?"

"Well, they are timid as you see; advance by degrees."

"Very well, then," said the visitor kindly, "I will ask the little boy at the end."

"At the foot; but still 'tis well. Only, ah, Crébiche, everything depend. Be prepared, Crébiche."

"Yes," said the stranger, "I will ask him to spell hoss."

The child drew himself up rigidly, pointed his stiffened fingers down his thighs, rounded his pretty red mouth, and said slowly, in a low, melodious, distinct voice—

"O-double-eth—awth."

"Ah, mon ptit garçon, ah, my lil boy. Oh, sir, he did not hear the word precisely. Listen, my chile, to yo teacher. Remember that his honour and the school's honour is in yo spelling." He drew back, and gave the word himself—

"Horrrrus-seh."

And the child, winking at vacancy, spelled: "Haitch-o-rr-eth-ee—orthé."

The breathless audience read the visitor's commendation in his face.

"Another word to the same," cried the master.

"Mouse," said the stranger, and the master turned and cried—

"Mah-oo-seh, my noble lil boy," and Crébiche, a speaking statue, spelt, "M-o-u-eth-e—mouthe."

"Coect, my chile. And yet, sar, 'tis he they call Crébiche the crawfish, because like the crawfish, he advance rapidly backwards. Another word, another word."

Another class is up. Toutou is in it. He gets tremendously wrought up, leans out and looks down the line with a knuckle in his mouth as the spelling passes down, wrings one hand as his turn approaches; catches his word in mid-air and tosses it off and sees the pride in his master's face.

"But, sir, why consume the spelling book? Give Toutou a word not therein comprised."

The stranger ponders a moment and gives Toutou a word—"Florida."

"Flo-flo-warr-de-warr-da—Florida."

The visitor smiled, and from the back of the room came a voice: "He spell dat las' word right?" But the visitor with quiet gravity said, "Oh, yes, quite right, quite right."

The bell taps; the class retires. The reading class is up. The master explains.

"I am not satisfied, whilst the slightest accent of French is remaining. You shall judge, and you shall choose the piece."

Mr. Tarbox took the book and selected Jane Taylor's little poem, "The Violet," glancing at Sidonie as he read out the first two lines: "Down in a green and shady bed, A modest violet grew."

The master read the title and the page, and said, "Claude, proceed." And Claude read—

"Dthee Vyee-lit. Dahoon hin a grin and shad-y bade, A modest vyeelit gru, Hits a stalka whoz baint hit haungg hits hade, Has hif to haheed from vi-eoo, Hand hyet hit whoz a lovely frowr, Hits colours a braheet and faira, Heet maheet have grassed a rozzy bowr, Heenstade hof haheeding there a——"

"Stop!" cried the master, "you ponounce a word faultily. I call not that a miss, but no soon the slytest mispronunciation, I pas to the next. Sir, will you give yourself the pain for the encouragement of the children and devoid flattery what is your opinion of that specimen of reading? In two or three word only."

"Why, certainly. I think it is—I can hardly find words—its remarkable. I can truthfully say I never heard such a pronunciation."

"Sir," cried the glad preceptor, "'tis toil have produce it. Toil of the teacher, industry of the chilrun. But it has produce beside. Since one year commencing A.B.C., and now spelling words of eight syllable."

"Not this school?"

"Sir, you shall see, or more properly hear, First spelling."

The bell tapped, and they came forth to battle, his reserve, the flower of his army, dressing for the final charge. There was Claude, next him Sidonie and E'tienne, and Madeleine, Henri and Marcelline, all waiting for the words of eight syllables. Would any fail?

The master stepped down from the platform, opened the spelling book, scanned the first word, closed the book at the place, lifted it high above his head, and cried, "Claude, Claude, my brave scholar, always perfect, ah you ready?" He gave the little book a whirl round and dashed towards the chosen scholar crying, "Ineradicability."

Claude's face suddenly set in stony vacancy and he replied—

"Inerad, inerad-ica, ineradica—bi—elly, billy-ty—ineradicability."

"Right, Claude, my boy." The master drew back, opened the book, shut it again, and rushed at Madeleine with, "Madeleine, my dear chile, prepare. Indefatigability."

Madeleine turned to stone and said, "In-de-fatig, indefatiga-bi-elly-billy-ty, inde-fatigability."

The teacher then drew off for the third word. He looked at it twice. Then again. Then he said, "Ah, Sidonie, fail not you humble schoolmaster. Incomprehensibility."

A pause that followed seemed to speak dismay, but an instant later Sidonie had chosen between the two horns of her agonizing dilemma and began: "In-een-com-cawm-prehens-prehensi—incomprehensi-bil——"

"Ah, Sidonie. Stop! Arrêtez! Oh, listen, écoutez. Sir, it was my blame I spoke not the word with adequate distinction. Sidonie, maintenant, now."

There was a noise, but above it Mian's voice. "Asseyezvous, là, Chatoué. Shot op. Set dahoon yondeh."

Then came the word again. "Incomprehensibility."

She trembled like a red leaf but went on.

"In-een-com-cawm, prehen-prehen, si-bility, bility, incomprehensibility."

The master dropped his hands and lifted his eyes in speechless despair. Sidonie moaned and covered her face with her hands. All the people in the room rose.

"Lost!" cried the master, "Everything lost! Farewell, chilrun." He opened his arms and the little ones hurried to him.

The next moment Mian was on a chair. "Seet dahoon, seet dahoon, all han." He waved his hand to Mr. George Washington Tarbox.

"My friends," said the visitor, "I say that when a man makes a bargain he ought to stick to it." He paused for many of them to take in his English speech, with its unfamiliar idioms, and went on. "There was a plain bargain made. There was to be an examination; the school was not to know; but if one scholar should make one mistake, the schoolhouse was to be closed and the schoolmaster sent away. You made that bargain before I came and I have conducted the examination. Well, there's been a mistake made." Dead silence. He turned to Mian, "D'you think they understand me?"

"Dey meck out," said Mian.

"Well," said the stranger, "some people think education is a big thing and some think it ain't. Sometimes it is and sometimes it ain't. Now here's this man," he pointed down to where the master's head was sunk in his hands, "this man claims to have taught over thirty of your children to read. He claims to have taught some of them to write. Well, I knew a man in the penitentiary once who could write; he wrote too much."

"Ah, sir," cried the master, "it is not what is print *in* the books, but what you learn *through* the books.

"Yes; and so you hadn't never ought to have made that bargain you made. But it was made."

"Naw, sah," cried Catou. "Naw, he don't got to go."

"Taise toi, Catou. Shot op," said Mian.

"I say," continued the stranger, "a mistake's been made. Three mistakes have been made."

A dozen men rose protesting, and above their voices was Claude's.

"Naw sah, naw sah, waun meestek."

"The first mistake," said the stranger, addressing himself to the men who were standing, "was in the kind of bargain you made." He paused a moment and then went on with some of the exultation of a man who feels his subject lifting him above himself.

"I came to this building to show up that man as a fraud. But what do I find? A poor, unpaid, half-starved man, that loves his thankless work better than his life, teaching what not one schoolmaster in a thousand can teach, teaching his whole school four better things than were ever printed in any schoolbook—how to study, how to think, how to value knowledge, and how to love one another

and mankind. What you ought to have done was to agree that such a school should keep open and such a teacher stay if jest one lone child should answer one single book question right. Hold on there. Sit down!

"The second mistake," the stranger hastened to say, "was thinking the teacher gave out that last word right. He didn't. There's no such word as incomprehensibility. He gave it out wrong. And the third mistake was in thinking she answered it wrong. She didn't. She spelt it right. And a bargain is a bargain. The teacher stays."

The rumble of voices burst into a cheer. With trembling voice the teacher turned to the children.

"And now, chilrun, in honour of our eminent friend's visitation and of the excellence with which you have been examine, I ponounce the exhibition finish, dispensing with 'Twink, twink, lil stah., But stop! Sir, if some, if all, desire gratefully to shake hand."

"I should feel honoured."

The teacher turned to all the people in the schoolroom.

"Attention everybody. Make rank. Everybody by two and two, the schoolchilrun coming last, Claude and Sidonie resting till the end, pass roun shake, hand, walk out, similah to a funial."

(From "*Madame Delphine*," by G. W. Cable.)

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

There was once upon a time a boy named Jack, who lived with his mother, a widow. And at last one day she called him to her and said, "The time has come, my son, for you to go out into the world to seek your fortune. Take this sixpence; it's all the money I have, and take as much rye as there is left in the kitchen to make some rye bread for yourself, and go off into the wide world, and your mother's blessing with you."

Jack gave his mother a kiss, took the sixpence, took the rye from the kitchen—there was just a pocketful—and set off to seek his fortune. He had walked along the high road a very long way, when he sat down on a milestone and began to eat his apple. It was early in the year and there was a hard frost on the ground. A blackbird in a tree above Jack's head sang out, "Cheer up, cheer, up, cheer, cheer, cheery up," and even hopped about looking for worms.

"It's all very well for you," thought Jack; "you've only to look about long enough and you'll get a worm for your supper. I've got only a sixpence and a pocketful of rye. I can't eat the sixpence and the rye is no use unless I can get water and a fire and lots of other things."

He put his hand in his pocket and took it out full of rye and absent-mindedly began to scatter it on the road in front of him. Peck, peck, from the blackbird, and the rye was swallowed in a trice. "He may as well have all the rye," said Jack; "it may just as well do some good to somebody."

So he emptied his pocket out on to the road.

"Come on do, do, do, do; come on, do," sang the blackbird; then came another blackbird and another and another. Jack counted twenty-four; then he fell asleep and he thought he heard the first blackbird say—say, mind you, not sing—"You've helped us, we'll help you; cheer up, cheer up, cheer up."

Now the high road led to the town where lived the King of all that land. And it was one of this king's peculiarities that he must have a new pudding every evening. "What's the use of being a king," he said, "if I can't have a new pudding every day of my life." The list of puddings was kept in a book; or I should say several books—a whole library of them, in fact; and woe betide the unfortunate cook if by mistake he gave the King a pudding that was to be found in one of them. The cook was in despair, but the King had a brilliant inspiration. "Nothing for nothing," he said, "and precious little for sixpence; but we may as well try it." With these mysterious words he went off to consult the Lord Chamberlain.

The result of their deliberations was that the next morning in various parts of the town were to be seen large posters announcing, that whosoever should make a new pudding for the King should have as his reward the Princess's hand in marriage and half the kingdom besides. That as the King did not wish his daughter to marry a beggar there would be an entrance fee of sixpence; and that all unsuccessful competitors must eat their own puddings. What was the result?

First, the King's Counting House grew so full of sixpences that he had to keep ten special officers to count them. Secondly, the King's Banqueting Hall was full of puddings—puddings of every sort and of every kind; plum puddings, apple puddings, jam puddings, milk puddings, cream puddings, and every kind of pudding.

Orange jellies, pink jellies, fruit jellies, wine jellies, and every sort of jelly.

Apple tarts, jam tarts, treacle tarts, fruit tarts, and every sort of tart.

Apple fritters, banana fritters, nut fritters, jam fritters, and every sort of fritters. And among all this profusion of puddings there reposed in a little dark corner, a tiny plate with two slices of rye bread covered with honey.

The King tasted ten puddings every day, but every pudding he had seen before and they were all sent back to the people who had made them, each competitor having to eat his own pudding before he left the palace.

At last one evening, the King came to the little plate. "What's this?" he roared.

"If it please your Majesty," said the Lord Chamberlain, "I think it is bread and honey."

"It is not," said the King. "All bread is white."

"It looks like bread," said the Queen.

"Let us taste it," said the Princess.

So they all tasted it.

"It is certainly new," said the King. "I've never tasted such stuff before. Find out who made it."

So Jack was brought in, holding his head very high and the Princess turned very pink and looked at the floor.

"What's this?" said the King.

"Rye bread and honey, your Majesty," said Jack.

"Oh," said the King; "and where did you get the rye from?"

"If it please your Majesty, your Majesty's kitchen maid, her with the long nose, gave it to me."

"And where did you get the honey from?"

"If it please your Majesty, the Princess gave it me."

"What?" roared the King.

"If it please your Majesty, the Princess was making toffee in the kitchen and told me she would send some honey from the royal beehives. I think the Princess thought I was making the bread for myself, as I told her I hadn't had anything to eat that day."

"Well," said the King, "I cannot deny that this is a new pudding to me, but the Lord Chamberlain informs me that rye bread and honey are eaten every day by poor people in my kingdom. So your pudding isn't a new pudding. However," continued the

King, "in consideration of the fact that it was new to me, you shall receive both the rewards if within the space of twenty-four hours you provide me with a pudding that no one in this country or in any other has ever seen, tasted, or thought of before. Did we say there was to be a further entrance fee?" he said to the Chamberlain, "I think not, your Majesty, the Counting House is too full."

Poor Jack. He went into the garden, where the maid was hanging up the clothes. He thought and thought, and then suddenly he laughed, for a blackbird had perched on the maid's nose and then flew away. Back he came again though. "Hullo, old fellow," said Jack.

"Cheer up; we'll help you," said the blackbird. "Take the biggest pie-dish you can find and make the flakiest crust and put the pie-dish on the windowsill to-night at seven o'clock, and don't put any apples in."

Jack was too much disappointed to say anything. But he did as the blackbird told him, and what should he see but a blackbird step into the pie-dish, for all the world as if he had lived there all his life. Then another, then another; twenty-four of them in all. Jack put on the crust and finished off the pie and waited till eight o'clock.

The great doors opened and in marched Jack, carrying the huge pie. "Your Majesty," he said, "here is a dish to be set before a king."

"Apple pie," said the King; "how very dull."

A dead silence fell on all the company while the King opened the pie; and then the sound that broke on the banqueting hall was not one

made by human voices. A song, sweet, pure, true and clear, a trumpet call, came from the inside of the pie.

"Why, it sounds like blackbirds singing," said the Queen.

"It is blackbirds singing," said the Princess.

As for the King, he was so astonished that he could say nothing;



and still the song continued as one after the other of the four and twenty blackbirds flew out of the pie, along the hall, out of the window and away into the blue sky beyond ; and Jack heard, though no one else did, the last one sing quite plainly, " You've helped us and we've helped you. Cheer up . . . "



So Jack found his fortune, married the Princess, and had half the kingdom ; and the little kitchen maid with the long nose was promoted to be Royal Cook, and they lived happy ever after.

(From " The Land of Nursery Rhyme," by Ada Marzials.)

THE LITTLE ANT

A little ant, having woke up very early, when it was yet dark, to work at the storage of his provisions for the winter, set out from home. He had but arrived in the street when it began to snow. A little flake fell on him at that instant, freezing on to him and stopping his little feet.

The little ant began to cry, finding himself a prisoner, imagining that he was going to die, till at midday the sun melted the snow and consequently freed him.

Then the ant addressed the snow and said : " Snow ! how strong you are to hold my little feet fast."

The snow answered: "The sun is stronger, which destroys me."

The little ant addressed the sun: "Sun! you are so strong that you destroy the snow, the snow that holds fast my little feet."

The sun answered: "The wall is stronger that screens me."

The little ant spoke to the wall: "Wall! you are so strong that you shade the sun, the sun that destroys the snow, the snow that holds fast my little feet."

The wall answered: "The rat is stronger that gnaws at me."

"Rat! you are so strong that you gnaw the wall, the wall that shades the sun, the sun that destroys the snow, the snow that holds fast my little feet."

The rat answered: "Stronger is the cat that eats me up."

"Cat! you are so strong that you eat the rat, the rat that gnaws the wall, the wall that shades the sun, the sun that destroys the snow, the snow that holds fast my little feet."

The cat answered: "Stronger is the dog that bites me."

The little ant addressed the dog: "Dog! you are so strong that you bite the cat, that eats the rat, that gnaws the wall, that shades the sun, that destroys the snow, that holds fast my little feet."

The dog answered: "Stronger is the man that beats me."

The little ant then spoke to the man: "Man! you are so strong that you beat the dog, that bites the cat, that eats the rat, that gnaws the wall, that shades the sun, that destroys the snow, that holds fast my little feet."

The man answered: "Stronger is death, which kills me!"

The little ant then addressed death: "Death! you are so strong that you kill the man, that beats the dog, that bites the cat, that eats the rat, that gnaws the wall, that shades the sun, that destroys the snow, that holds fast my little feet."

Death answered: "I am so strong that I kill kings, princes, rich and poor, slaves and lords, men and women, levelling all, making all equal. I am so strong that I kill you!" . . .

And it killed the little ant!

THE TALE OF THE MAGIC GAREOS CUTIS

There was once a little girl called Joy, and she lived in a nice large comfy nursery, with a dear old comfy nurse. One day it rained and rained and rained, and Joy couldn't go out at all. And

first she got tired of her dolls, and then she got tired of her bricks, and at last she even got tired of her rocking-horse, and she felt so cross and miserable she didn't know what to do. And then, just as it was beginning to get dark, and Joy had been cross for exactly two hours and twenty-two minutes, Nurse said, "Go to the window, there's a dear, and see if you can catch me a nice red raindrop to put in my thimble, to make a Magic Gareoscutis to help me with all this sewing."

Now Joy hadn't the least idea what a Magic Gareoscutis was, and she had never heard of red raindrops before, but it sounded so interesting she went to the window to look. And just think how surprised she was when she found that all the raindrops were running down the inside of the window instead of the outside, and they were shining with all the loveliest colours in the world! There were blue raindrops, and green raindrops, and pink raindrops, and purple raindrops; and there were even some weeny-wee bright gold raindrops, and they were racing down the window as hard as they could go and vanishing at the bottom with a little tinkle. Joy saw at once that they must be magic raindrops, and of course she wanted to have one. She put out her little fat forefinger to catch a blue raindrop, but the blue raindrop slipped past her finger, and ran down to the bottom of the window and vanished with a little tinkle. "Oh," thought Joy, "the green raindrops are much prettier than the blue ones," and she put out her little fat forefinger to catch a green raindrop; but the green raindrop slipped past her finger, and ran down to the bottom of the window and vanished with a little tinkle. "Well," said Joy to herself, "the purple ones are the fattest, it will be easy to catch one of them," and she put out her little fat forefinger to catch a purple raindrop; but the purple raindrop slipped past her finger, and ran down to the bottom of the window and vanished with a little tinkle. "After all," thought Joy, "the weeny-wee gold ones are the best of all, I will have one of them," and she put out her little fat forefinger to catch a weeny-wee gold raindrop; but the weeny-wee gold raindrop slipped past her finger and ran down to the bottom of the window and vanished with a little tinkle!

Then Joy had a splendid idea. "I will get Nursie's pretty silver thimble that Mother gave her," said she to herself, "and I will hold it under a drop, and it will *have* to run into it." And when Joy looked round to where Nurse was sitting by the fire, dear old comfy Nurse had fallen fast asleep with her lap full of stockings and her

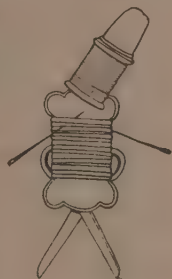
hands lying quietly on top of them. So Joy stole over very softly and drew Nurse's pretty silver thimble off her finger without waking her. Then she crept back to the window, and just as she got there she saw a great fat *red* raindrop coming slowly down from the top of the window. She held the thimble very carefully just underneath it, and the great fat red raindrop rolled right *into* the thimble !



Immediately the thimble gave a wriggle, and jumped quite out of Joy's little fat fingers, and fell upside down on the floor. Joy was so afraid the red raindrop would be spilled and all the magic lost, that she began to cry. But she hadn't had time for more than half a tear in each eye when she saw that the thimble was *moving*. She stooped down to look closely, and she found it was growing up from the floor like a little toadstool. And underneath it was the queerest little creature you ever saw ! Its legs were made of a pair of scissors, and its body was a card of mending wool ; its arms were

two large darning needles, and its head was a reel of cotton, and Nurse's pretty silver thimble was perched on top of its head like a hat; and, except for Nurse's pretty silver thimble, every bit of it all over was a bright glowing red!

Joy clapped her hands with delight, and cried, "Are you a Magic Gareoscutis?" "Of course I am," answered the creature; "get out of my way, little girl," and it gave three skips, and a hop, and landed on Nurse's knee all among the stockings. There it set to work so fast that Joy couldn't see what it did, but in three minutes all those stockings were mended and folded up, and put neatly on the table at Nurse's elbow. Next



second, the Gareoscutis hopped on to the fender, shook its head so hard that Nurse's pretty silver thimble rolled on to the floor, and then before Joy could stop it, it gave one jump right into the very middle of the fire, and disappeared! "Oh, Oh, OH!" cried Joy, and she made such a noise that nurse woke up. "Whatever is the matter, dearie?" said Nurse. "I do believe I've been to sleep." "Of course you have, Nursie, and the Magic Gareoscutis came and mended all those stockings."

"What nonsense are you talking, child?" said Nurse. "I mended all those stockings myself while you were looking out of the window; and more-by-token, here's my pretty silver thimble rolled off my lap on to the floor." "No, no, Nursie," cried Joy, "the Magic Gareoscutis shook it off his head before he jumped into the fire; I saw him quite plainly." "Did you, dearie?" said Nurse; "then I'll tell you what it is, that just shows it's time we had our tea. Wouldn't you like to make some toast for a treat, as it's been such a wet day? And if you look carefully in the reddest part of the fire, perhaps you'll see the Magic Gareoscutis again in there." Joy loved to make toast, so Nurse cut a big slice of white bread and put it on the nursery toasting fork, and Joy sat on a little stool in front of the fire and made some de-li-cious toast, and she and Nurse had a perfectly lovely tea. But whether she ever saw the Magic Gareoscutis again or not I don't know. Suppose you go and look in the reddest part of your nursery fire some day and see if he's *there*!

(By M. K. Atkinson.)

THE BIRD OF TRUTH

Once upon a time there was a poor fisherman who went out to cast his nets, and saw a crystal casket drifting down the stream ; in it were two little children, and a tiny bird was singing to them.

So, being a kind man, he took them out and carried them to his wife.

"What have you got there ?" she cried. "Haven't we eight children at home already ?"

"Well," he said, "what could I do ? I couldn't leave them there to die."

So the children stayed with the man and his wife ; they grew up and were so good that the fisherman and his wife loved them ; but the fisherman's children were very cruel to them. To escape from them the two little children would go out with a butterfly-net and stay on the banks of the river and talk to the birds ; and the birds taught them the bird language. And lots of other things, how to sing, and how to get up early in the morning.

At last they could stand the other children no more and they decided to run away ; and off they went and found at last a little house, quite empty, and they sat in the doorway and listened to the birds, their friends, talking.

The birds are such chatter-boxes, you know ; swallows and sparrows and linnets and thrushes, and a bird that had come from the Court (I don't know its name) that knew all the news. And the bird from the Court was telling a story, that the King had long before married a tailor's daughter and that the Court people were so vexed at this that when her children were very little they had accused the Queen falsely, and had persuaded the King to shut her up in prison and had taken the children and floated them down the river in a crystal cradle ; you may be sure the children listened to the story, for they knew that they were the children that the poor fisherman had found.

The bird from the Court went on : "But you know, the children are not dead ; a fisherman named Martin Fisher found them and took care of them."

"Then," said the other birds, "I suppose that when the children grow older, they will be able to go back again to the Court and find their father and get their poor mother, the Queen, out of prison ?"

"That's not so easy," said the bird. "There's only one way to do that. I know the way to do it, because I heard it from the cuckoo, who is a great conjuror."

"The only way is" (oh, didn't the two children listen?) "the only way is to find the Bird of Truth, who can speak the language of men, though they don't listen to him. He lives in the castle Go and Return Not; and the castle is guarded by a giant who sleeps only a quarter of an hour in the day. And the only person who knows the way is an old witch who will tell it to anyone who can bring to her from the castle the Water of Many Colours. She wants this water to use in her enchantments."

"Doesn't anybody else know where the Bird of Truth is?" said the other birds.

"Only a pious old owl, who lives in the desert, who knows only one word, 'The Cross,' which he learnt at Calvary."

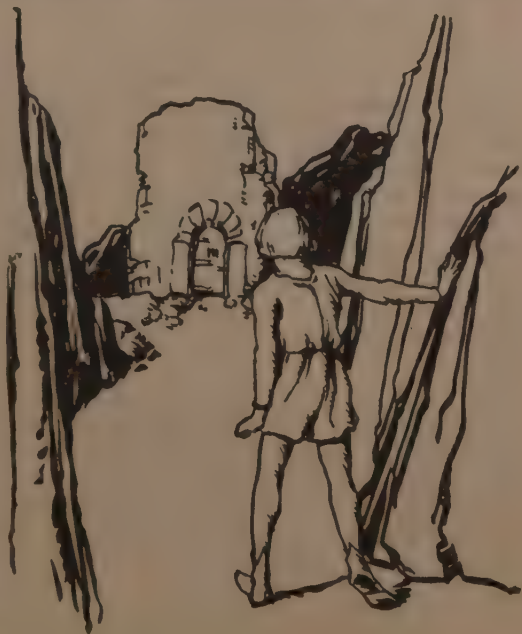
Then all the birds went to sleep and the children heard no more.

The next day they went on to a town and there a woman in a cottage was so kind to them, that she asked them to stay with her. The boy said that his sister might, but he was going to find the castle Go and Return Not.

For three days he went on from one track to another, till at last he heard a turtle-dove talking to himself. And he asked the turtle-dove if she knew the way to the castle.

"Poor boy," she said; "if you must go, follow the wind that is blowing towards it."

So the boy followed the wind that chopped and changed about; the country became sadder and sadder, and the path lay between black rocks, and



at the end of them you could see the tower where the witch lived.

When he reached the tower, he picked up a stone and struck the door and the rocks all round echoed.



Then the door opened and the most frightful old woman stood there with a candle ; all round her were an army of beetles, lizards, spiders, crickets and flies.

"What do you want?" she cried, "knocking at my door."

"Madam," said the boy, "would you please tell me the way to the castle Go and Return Not?"

"I'll tell you," she said, "if you bring me this jar full of the Water of Many Colours that flows from the fountain in the courtyard. And if you don't, I'll change you into a fly."

"Very well," said the boy. Then the old woman called a dog.

"Here. Show this good-for-nothing the way to the castle."

The dog snarled and off they went. And after two hours they saw the castle in front of them ; the dog began to howl and the boy was frightened and leaned against a tree.

"Heaven help me!" said the boy.

Then he heard a voice, "The Cross, the Cross," it said.

The boy looked up and saw the hermit owl. And in the language of the birds he cried, "O little owl, help me and guide me. I am going to get the Water of Many Colours and to find the Bird of Truth."

"Don't get the water," said the owl. "Fill your jar from the pure water that flows out of a spring near the Water of Many Colours, but don't touch the Water of Many Colours itself. Then go on to where you will find all the birds ; don't take any notice of the coloured birds, or of their screeching ; but look out for a little white bird alone. And take that one, it is the Bird of Truth. But be quick ; the giant is just going to sleep for his quarter of an hour."

Then the boy hurried on and did what he was told. First he

found the spring of pure water and filled his jar ; then he went on to where the birds were, peacocks, ravens, and all sorts of birds, all screeching out that they were the Bird of Truth. He did not listen, but looked round till in a corner he saw a little white bird ; he caught it, put it in his coat, took up his jar of water and ran. How he did run.

When he came to the witch's tower he gave her the jar ; and she threw all the water over him, thinking he would be changed into a fly or a parrot. But the water wasn't the Water of Many Colours, and he only became handsomer than before. And a good deal of the water splattered all over the lizards and the flies and the grasshoppers. And suddenly they all took their old shapes. The beetles became knights, the lizards princesses, the flies became boys and the spiders became girls (that's what the book says, I can't help it), and the bluebottles became clergymen. When the old witch saw that, she mounted on her broom and galloped off. And all the people thanked the boy and returned with him to the city.

When the news spread that the Bird of Truth had really been found, few people could sleep properly in their beds. Some people made fun of it ; others said it was painted white ; others tried to get it from the boy and put it into a cage. At last the news came to the palace of the King, and he sent for the boy. So the boy and his sister and the knights and the princesses and the clergymen all came to the Court. And when the Bird of Truth spoke and told all that he knew, the King found out that the children were his own. Then he sent and fetched the poor Queen out of prison and when she caught sight of her children she became as beautiful as she had ever been. Then they sent for the poor fisherman, and the King made him his chief Minister of Fishing, and they were all happy ever after.

(From the Spanish.)

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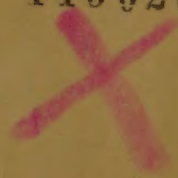
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